THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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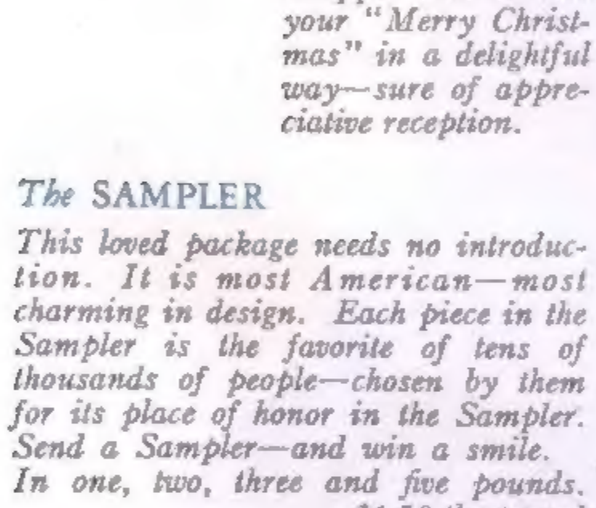

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"Use no soap except Palmolive" says NIRAUS, of Madrid

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Investment and Speculation

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

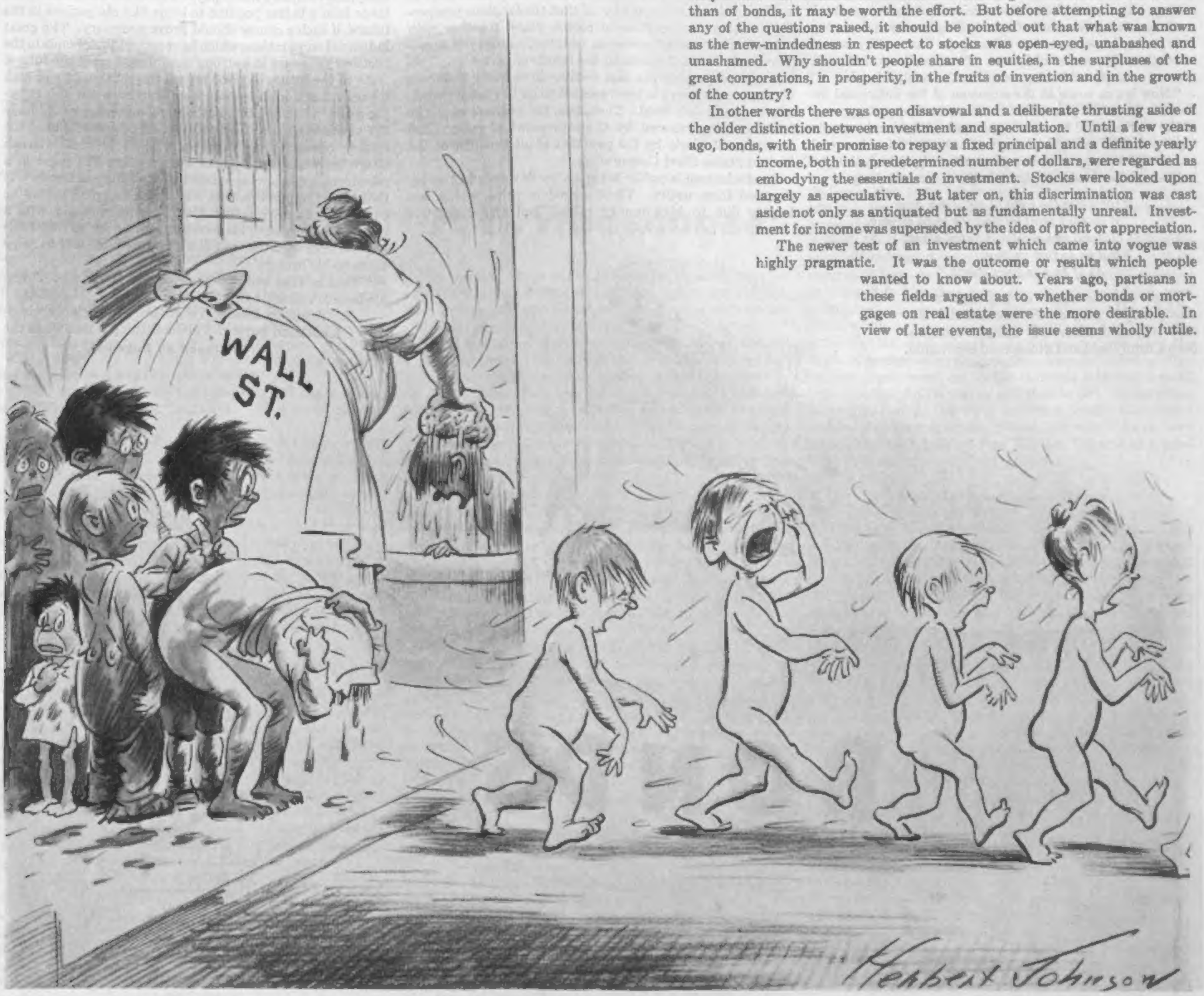
CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE extent to which people have interested themselves in the stock market in the past few years has been accepted up to a very recent date quite calmly and as an accompaniment of a new era. But regardless of what seems now the wisdom or foolishness of this participation, there is a corollary or reverse side which demands attention. As stocks rose to eminences in popular favor, so bonds subsided. Just as bonds were triumphant less than five years ago, so stocks before long took away the crown of conquest.

Here was a reversal profound in its consequences to a multitude of individuals as well as to the methods and structure of business itself. What were the causes of such a swift change, to what extent was it wise, and how permanent was it likely to be? The first of these questions has had a fair amount of consideration, but until very recently no one has bothered much about the second and third. The shift in emphasis from bonds to stocks was acquiesced in with singularly few doubts. It was rationalized as being a great popular or social movement to share in prosperity, and allowed to go at that. If we can dig a little deeper into this fashion of investment thinking in terms of stocks rather than of bonds, it may be worth the effort. But before attempting to answer any of the questions raised, it should be pointed out that what was known as the new-mindedness in respect to stocks was open-eyed, unabashed and unashamed. Why shouldn't people share in equities, in the surpluses of the great corporations, in prosperity, in the fruits of invention and in the growth of the country?

In other words there was open disavowal and a deliberate thrusting aside of the older distinction between investment and speculation. Until a few years ago, bonds, with their promise to repay a fixed principal and a definite yearly income, both in a predetermined number of dollars, were regarded as embodying the essentials of investment. Stocks were looked upon largely as speculative. But later on, this discrimination was cast aside not only as antiquated but as fundamentally unreal. Investment for income was superseded by the idea of profit or appreciation.

The newer test of an investment which came into vogue was highly pragmatic. It was the outcome or results which people wanted to know about. Years ago, partisans in these fields argued as to whether bonds or mortgages on real estate were the more desirable. In view of later events, the issue seems wholly futile.



MARGIN SPECULATORS' SATURDAY NIGHT

An investment made in either a few years ago would show no gain or profit in principal account today. Indeed, if the bonds were sold they might show a slight loss, and, in either case, the number of dollars obtained in principal and interest would be no greater than promised at the beginning and would probably buy no more of the things which people want than when the investment was made.

But if the same sum, assuming it to be a fair amount, had been invested in General Motors, General Electric or any number of other stocks, the owner would be in actual fact a millionaire, if he had kept his original holdings and all the stock dividends, extra dividends, split-ups and other benefits. Yet there were those who described the bond buyer as an investor and the stock buyer as a speculator. Contrasts and experiences like these served to sweep away fine-spun theories and abstract definitions. Such things happened or they did not happen, that was what counted.

Reaching for a Slice of Prosperity

OF COURSE, it was possible to be cynical about it, and to point out the old truth that people always insist they have been investing when they win and admit speculating only when they lose. Or, as a clever broker expressed the same idea, all speculation is called investment in good times and all investment is called speculation in bad times. But gibes like this fall like water off the proverbial duck's back when the market is soaring. As one Wall Street man said to me a few months ago:

"I know partners in bond houses who sit tight year after year, waiting for the bond business to come back. They are just like the Salem witch hunters as far as intelligence is concerned. Then there are others who engage in stock selling, but they feel like the receivers of stolen goods. I can't see the difference between selling bonds and stocks. It is just as important that industry be financed by means of stock as by means of bonds. The distribution of each type of security adds that much to the capital fund.

"Now let us come to the situation of the individual investor. Here is a prominent banker who does not approve of the market, and he says it isn't real. If he has been acting the way he talks, that means that he has missed several years, and he may miss five years more, by which time he is likely to be dead. It reminds me of the old ditty:

"Here lies the body of old John Jay,
Who died maintaining the right of way.
John was right as he sped along,
But he is just as dead
As if he had been wrong."

These are the words of the man in the street rather than of the economist. But they represent accurately enough what has been a firmly held and widespread conviction. No one knows, of course, how many persons made, in the sense that they will retain, substantial profits in stocks. But there can be no question of the vast extent of the opportunities presented. The largest investment organization in the world is the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and its president, Frederick H. Ecker, in a recent address on investments before an important convention of insurance men, though opposing the purchase of common stocks by life-insurance companies, was very careful not to question the wisdom of those individuals "who would have a slice of American prosperity." He cited cases of large profits made in stocks, and while speaking of them as exceptional, also used the phrase "probably not altogether uncommon." He added:

"Buying equities, in the parlance of the day, is the method of participating in the growth and prosperity of the country. No one—certainly not the speaker—would fail to recognize the wisdom of such a policy, adhering to the fundamental industries of the nation, for an individual or for a corporation, investment trust—call it what you will—organized for the purpose."

No class of institutions has suffered more from the public's eagerness to buy stock than the old-fashioned, conservative, mutual savings banks, formed for the very purpose of protecting the savings of the poor without profit to organizers or directors. Depositors have withdrawn enormous sums to buy stocks and yet not a few savings bankers insist that these investments have been wisely made, and that the movement is a wholesome, legitimate popular thrust upward. Indeed, there are savings banks which maintain departments to give free investment advice on stocks to their depositors.

Whatever forces of a different nature may have been at work, it is freely conceded by all that the fabulous prosperity of many corporations in recent years, together with the establishment of generous reserves, has served to improve the status of stocks in the minds of investors. This was more especially the case because in so many instances the corporate reserves have seemed to be beyond any definite or immediate need. Then, too, the position of stocks has been strengthened by the retirement of many bond issues, particularly by the payment of all the debt of the United States Steel Corporation.

As stocks rose in public favor, so bonds slowly but surely dropped from notice. They sagged in price, which was largely due to high money rates. But the distinctive feature of the bond market was not so much the lower price levels as the sheer dwindling of public interest and concern. In other words, the thinness of the bond market was largely due to the fact that the hearts and pocketbooks of potential buyers and traders were elsewhere. Bond houses shifted over to stocks and especially to investment trusts, holding companies, trading companies and other share media.

Dealers and traders reduced their lines of bonds or got out of them altogether. Quotations, either on the buying or selling side, were the result of comparatively few transactions, and institutions, compelled by law or custom to buy bonds, found themselves the mainstay of the market. It is not literally true that individuals stopped buying bonds, but their purchases, as compared with the period just prior to 1927, shrank to small sums.

So much for the past; now what of the future? I think it is safe to say that bonds are unlikely completely to monopolize investment favor again, as they did five or six years ago, unless there is a serious general setback in business. Nor should they be the only favorite investment. Such a condition is not sound or wholesome. To have industrial America burdened with debt is surely unwise.

What Makes People Buy Bonds

EVEN if the popularity of common stocks has been overdone, at least this much good has come out of it—that many corporations have got free of debt by raising new capital on which they are not compelled to write a definite promise. Many reasons favor stock rather than bond financing from the corporate viewpoint. There is no need of going into the subject in detail in this place, but, obviously, the company which pays off its debts when conditions favor is in a better position to incur like obligations in the future, if such a course should prove necessary. The great industrial corporations which have retired their bonds in the past few years are in a strong condition to meet the future.

As to the future of bond prices, the continuance of high money rates would depress them further, other things being equal, whereas a relaxation in money rates would have the opposite effect. I called upon an official of one of the leading organizations engaged in the sale of bonds one afternoon when share prices were melting like sugar in a rainstorm, to secure his opinion on the future of bonds. At that time the bond market was still lethargic. Before he could reply to my question his telephone rang and, with a grimace, he turned to his secretary, telling her to take $20,000 worth of securities out of his personal safe and to carry them to his brokers'.

"That is what will make people buy bonds again," was his laconic remark as he turned to me.

A drastic decline in share prices invariably stimulates bond buying. The same thing is true when the

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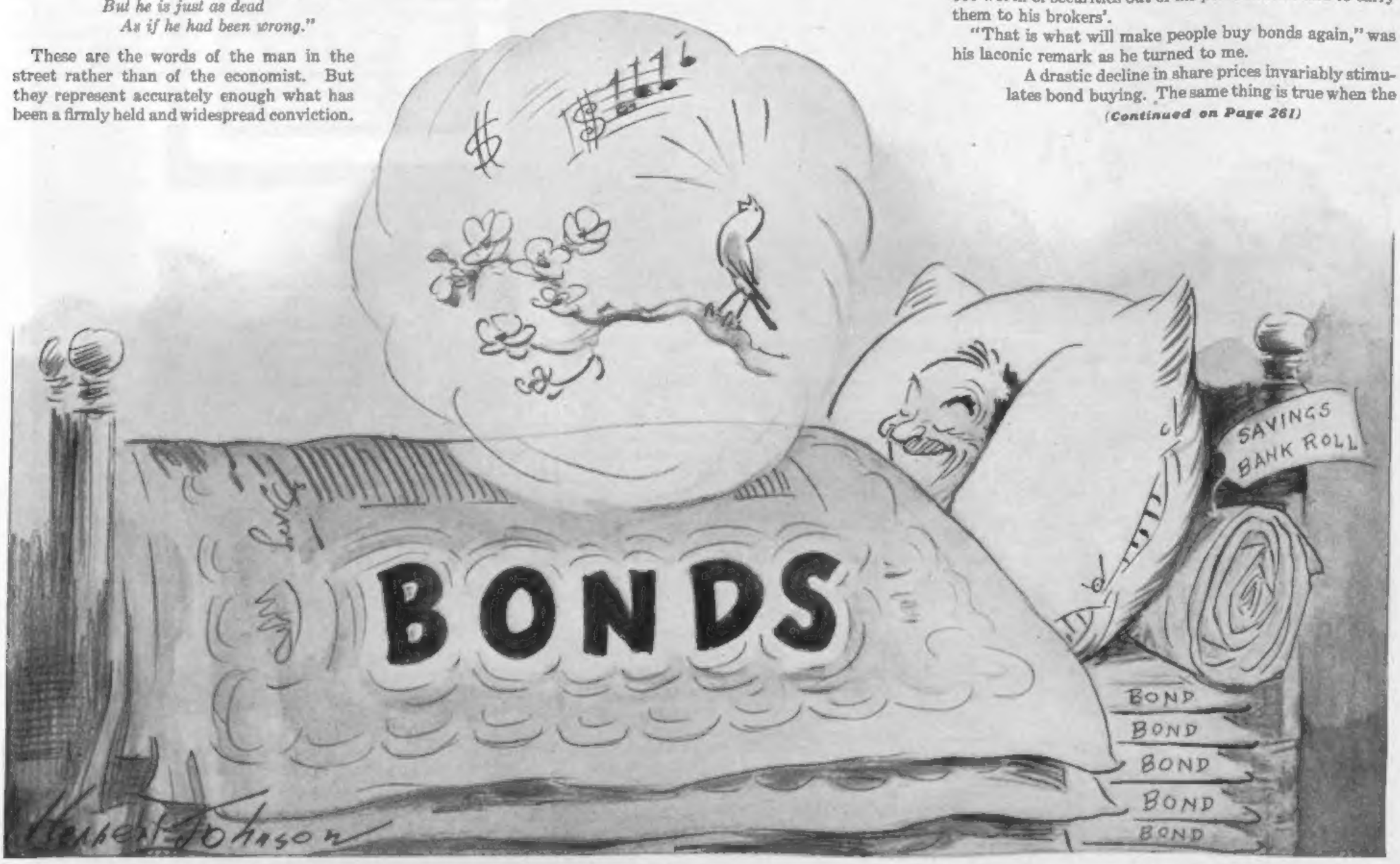

SLAVES OF HOLLYWOOD

By P. G. Wodehouse

EVERYONE who is fond of authors—and, except for Pekingese, there are no domestic pets more affectionate and lovable—must have noticed how scarce these little creatures have been getting of late in the Eastern States of America.

At one time, New York was full of them—too full, some people used to think. You would see them frisking in perfect masses in any editorial office you happened to enter. Their sharp, excited yapping was one of the features of the first or second act intermission of every new play produced on Broadway. And in places like the Algonquin Hotel and the Coffee House Club you had to watch your step very carefully to avoid treading on them.

And now what do we see? Just an occasional isolated one sniffing at his notices, and nothing more.

Time after time I have had fanciers come up to me during the past year with hard-luck stories.

"You know that novelist of mine with the flapping ears and the spots on his coat," says one. "Well, he's gone!"

"Gone?"

"Absolutely vanished. I left him on the steps of the club, and when I came out, there were no signs of him."

"Same here," says another. "I had a brace of playwrights to whom I was greatly attached, and they've disappeared without a word."

Well, of course, we took it for granted that they had strayed and had got run over, for authors are notoriously dreamy in traffic and, however carefully you train them, will insist on stopping in the middle of the street to jot down strong bits of dialogue just as the lights are changing. It is only very recently that the truth has come out.

They are all in Hollywood, making talking pictures.

The Tragic Tale of Captive Writers

WITH the advent of the talkies, as might have been expected, radical changes have taken place in Hollywood. The manufacture of motion pictures has become an infinitely more complex affair. You know how it was in the old days—informal, casual. Just a lot of great big happy schoolboys getting together for a bit of fun. Ike would have a strip of celluloid, Spike a camera, and Mike a friend or two who liked dressing up and having their photographs taken, and with these modest assets they would start the Finer and Supremer Films Corporation De Luxe and clean up with orgy scenes and licentious clubmen.

For talkies you require much more than that. The old, simple era has passed. You can't just put on a toga, press a button, and call the result The Grandeur That Was Rome or In the Days of Nero. An elaborate organization is needed. You have to surround yourself with specialists—one to put in the lisps, another to get the adenoid effects, a third to arrange the catarrh. And, above all, you must get hold of authors to supply the words.

The result has been one of the gravest scandals that has ever afflicted the body politic. And, to correct this scandal, it is time that some fearless square-shooter stepped forward and spoke in no uncertain voice.

In the first place, Hollywood is no fit spot for an author. The whole atmosphere there is one of insidious deceit and subterfuge. In Hollywood, nothing is what it affects to be. What looks like a tree is really a slab of wood backed with barrels. What appears on the screen as the towering palace of Haroun-al-Rashid is actually a cardboard model occupying four feet by three of space. The languorous lagoon is a smelly tank with a stage hand named Ed wading about in it in a bathing suit.

Imagine the effect of all this on a sensitive-minded author. Taught at his mother's knee to love the truth, he finds himself surrounded by people making fortunes by what can only be called chicanery. He begins to wonder whether mother had the right idea. After a month or two of this sort of thing, could you trust that author to count his golf shots correctly or to give his right circulation figures? Answer me that. Or, rather, don't. It is not necessary.

In the second place, if motion-picture magnates must have authors, they should not keep them in hutches. In every studio in Hollywood there are rows and rows of hutches, each containing an author on a long contract at a weekly salary. You see their anxious little faces peering out through the bars. You hear them whining piteously to be taken for a walk. And does the heart bleed? You bet it bleeds. A visitor has to be very callous not to be touched by such a spectacle as this.

After all, authors are people. They are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It cannot be right to keep them on the chain. Surely some sort of an honor system would be possible.

I do not say that all these authors, or, indeed, a majority of them, are actually badly treated in Hollywood. Indeed, in the best studios kindness is the rule. Often you will see Mr. Warner or Mr. Lasky stop and give one of them a lettuce. And the same may be said of the humaner type of director.

In fact, between the directors and these authors there frequently exists a rather touching friendship. I remember Mr. King Vidor telling me a story that illustrates this. One morning, it seems, he was on his way to his office, preoccupied, as is his habit when planning out the day's work, when he felt a sudden tug at his coat tails. He looked down, and there was his pet author, William Edgar—Strikes a New Note—Delamere. The little fellow had got him in a firm grip and was gazing up at him, in his eyes an expression of dumb warning.

Well, Mr. Vidor not unnaturally mistook this at first for mere playfulness, for he had often romped with his little charges. Then—he does not know why—something seemed to whisper to him that he was being withheld from some great peril. He remembered stories he had read as a boy—one of which he was even then directing for Rin-Tin-Tin—where faithful dogs dragged their masters back from the brink of precipices on dark nights. Scarcely knowing why, he turned and went off to the cafeteria and had a small malted milk. And it was as well that he did. In his office, waiting to spring, there was lurking a foreign star with a bad case of temperament, whose bite might have been fatal. You may be sure that William Edgar had a good meal that night.

Why Authors Leave Home

BUT this is an isolated case. Not all directors are like Mr. Vidor. Too many of them crush the spirit of the captives by incessant blue-penciling of their dialogue, so that they become listless and lose ambition and appetite. Neglect is what kills an author. Cut his stuff too much, make him feel that he is not a Voice, give him the impression that you think his big love scene all wet, and you will soon see the roses fade from his cheeks.

They tell me there are authors who have been on salary for years at Hollywood without ever having a line of their work used. All they do is attend story conferences. There are other authors on some of the lots whom nobody has seen for years. It is like the Bastille. They just sit in some hutch away in a corner somewhere and grow gray beards and languish. From time to time somebody renews their contract, and then they are forgotten again.

Conditions being as I have described, it may be asked, Why do authors go to Hollywood? The answer can be given in a single word—coercion.

In fairness to the motion-picture magnates, I must admit that they very seldom employ actual physical violence. Occasionally a more than ordinarily obdurate author will be sandbagged in a dark alley and shipped across the Mohave Desert in an unconscious condition, but as a general rule the system is more subtle.

What generally happens is this: A couple of the great film barons—say, Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor—will sight their quarry in the street and track him down to some

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ITXAS GAIN

By LEONARD H. NASON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"If You Think This Storm is Better Than it Was Yesterday, You Try to Hold a Blanket Against It!"

THE first gale of the autumn had lashed the coast of Spain from Algeciras to Huelva for a week. The rain drove straight before the wind like lowered lances. The sea, yellow white from boiling sand as far as the eye could see, thundered against the cliffs, ran far inland on low-lying shores, drove coastwise shipping to hasty shelter in the mouth of the Tagus or the Guadalquiver, wrecked fishing boats, destroyed breakwaters, flooded shore roads, and thundered and roared like a thousand lions, mad with hunger. Meanwhile, the wind, boon companion of the sea, rushed inland, whooping joyously, to uproot trees and scatter roof tiles like snowflakes.

On the eighth day the fury of the storm began to wear itself out. The struggling daylight, scarcely able to pierce the heavy masses of storm wrack, outlined a wall of iron cliffs, that, breaking suddenly into rolling plains, ran down to the dunes about the river mouth.

On their summit, tossed by the wind, struggling to make headway against the driving rain, appeared a horse and rider. They stood for a second against the full rush of the storm; then, unable to face the fury of the gale, they turned and made off inland.

The rider wore a high, sugar-loaf hat such as the Pilgrim Fathers once wore, a short, double-breasted, sheepskin coat, and a sort of leather apron, like a cowboy's chaps. His saddle, its sheepskin covering streaming with water, also resembled a cowboy's, except that the stirrups, large and square, were of iron instead of wood. This man was the chief *ganadero*, or herdsman, of the Duke of Penapobre, whose fighting bulls are justly celebrated throughout Spain, yielding nothing to any *bicho* of Murube, Veragua or Guadalest.

His name was Enrique Miguel, and he was abroad in the tempest in search of scattered bulls, who, seeking shelter from the storm, might be drowned by the rising river, or, driven before the blast, break their barriers and escape into the surrounding country. As the bulls were worth from five hundred to a thousand dollars apiece, the duke would be justly enraged if any of them were lost.

Once inland, and partly sheltered from the wind, he quickly unstrapped the brightly colored blanket that he carried before him on the saddle, and holding it aloft, allowed it to stream behind him, fluttering in the wind. This was a signal that meant "To me!" and another *ganadero*, following a distant ridge and seeing it, would repeat it, so that a third would see it and repeat it also, and they would know that someone had found a sick bull, or that two or more hidalgos were fighting, or that a bull was bogged, or that something else had happened that required immediate assistance. They would then rally, one by one, on the man that had first displayed the signal.

In the few instants that Enrique had been on the cliff he had espied, far below him, black against the boiling seas, a small steamer, close in, that, even as he watched, had taken ground and been so buried by the breaking waves that nothing but her funnel emerged from the smother. The next second and she was clear again, but Enrique had been blown inland and could no longer see her.

The ship had come ashore on the rising tide. The sea had carried her well in over the first bar, and she had taken ground on a long outlying bank. As the tide ebbed, the water under her keel shoaled, while she still had deep water under bow and stern. The result of this was that each succeeding sea raised and then dropped her on the bar, as a man would break a stick across his knee. She was old and her rivets drew through the plates as if they were cheese. The enormous strength of the sea crumpled her; then suddenly, falling slightly to seaward, a great gap opened in her side. From this gap strange objects began to tumble, like potatoes from a broken bag. The ocean became dotted with them, then, as the seas bore them away, littered far and wide with black dots. At this moment Enrique and the first herdsman arrived upon the beach.

"Mother and son!" cried Enrique. "She's gone! See! Broken in two! Keep your blanket flying, Eusebio, so the rest of them can see where we are!"

"What's all this in the water?" demanded Eusebio. "Are those men? They'll never get ashore! Look at those breakers!"

He held his blanket aloft with both hands and allowed it to stream in the wind. "If you think this storm is better than it was yesterday, you try to hold a blanket against it!"

"Those are cattle!" shouted the chief herdsman. "Flutter that blanket, boy! Listen! You burn the road back to the ranch house and get every man you can down here! If any of these cows get ashore and loose, *adios* the reputation of this herd! If you meet any of the boys, tell them to hurry! Fast!"

Eusebio swung his horse and was off with a slam of the spurs. Enrique meanwhile shoved his unwilling steed to the very edge of the foaming, thundering surf. The cattle were coming ashore fast, the sea was thick with tossing horns, but inside the first line of breakers there was no sign of them, save now and then a glimpse of dun-colored hide or a black flank, as a sea rolled high and broke in a shower of spume.

Suddenly, half hidden as she was by the spray, Enrique saw the wreck lurch once more, then parting in the middle like a paper box, slide off into deep water and disappear. He removed his hat and said a hasty prayer.

Two more horsemen arrived, and pulling up their panting horses, looked stupidly seaward. They could see the cattle, black lumps of wreckage, a boat that had been overturned, but no sign of the ship whence all this had come.

"Go up the hill a ways!" shouted Enrique. "Get upon high ground! There's a ship full of cattle has just sunk on the bar! Don't let any of them get loose! Keep them this side of the river if you can. Pepe! Ride down the beach and see if any are coming in alive farther down! I've sent for help, but that bunch of loafers at the ranch house may be hours getting down here!"

"How about the crew?" asked one of the horsemen.

"Any man that gets through that surf is protected by God, and has no need of us!" said Enrique grimly. "To work!"

The men from the ranch house, stable hands, cooks, *ganaderos*, even the house servants, arrived in less than an hour. Shortly after, a detachment of mounted Guardia Civil, or military police, and then, about noontime, a platoon of customs guards arrived. These men were all armed with carbines, and the few cattle that came ashore alive, but with broken legs or other injuries, were promptly dispatched.

The officer in command of the Guardia Civil had received word that the crew of a disabled vessel had been taken off by a tug at the mouth of the Guadalquiver, and while the wrecked cattle boat was undoubtedly the ship, still he wanted positive identification.

He and Enrique rode down to the beach and searched amidst the wreckage for anything that would identify the ship that had broken in two. There was a tremendous amount of loose timber, fragments of deck house and cabin, a table or two, broken chairs, mattresses, half of a boat, broken glass and crockery. At last they found a life buoy on which were the words, "Itxas Gain. Pasajes."

"That's the ship!" said the officer. "Well, I'm glad to know that the poor devils of sailors got off her all right. Queer name, that. It's not Spanish."

"It's Basque," said Enrique. "It means, 'Behold the Sea.'"

"Does it?" asked the officer. He peered closely at Enrique, lowering his bushy eyebrows. "And how do you know Basque?"

"I am a Basque," replied Enrique. "I come from Navarre." He walked a little bit apart and stared out to sea. The officer turned, and going toward one of his men, spoke from the side of his mouth.

"The chief here is a Basque," he muttered. "What is he doing in Andalusia?"

"Who knows the mind of a Basque?" quoted the *guardia civil*.

"By following a string, one often finds a ball!" replied the officer. "How long has he been here?"

"My captain, there is nothing wrong with Enrique! He has been a *ganadero* here for thirty years. He is fond of bulls. You know the saying, 'There are no bulls in Navarre'?"

"I know, but there are bulls there!"

"*Si*, my captain, but they are very small. A man might as well herd sheep."

"Well, well!" grunted the officer. "'Who knows the mind of a Basque?'"

Enrique still stood on the shore, facing the full fury of the wind, allowing the rain to beat upon his face and run in little rivulets down its seams.

"Itxas Gain!" How long since he had heard a word of Basque? Too long! When, a simple herder, he had gone with the bulls destined for a festival, it had always been to some southern city—Murcia, Malaga, Valencia, Cordoba or Granada, never farther north than Madrid. He had had no desire to return to his own country, but now he was growing old, and the Basques return to their own country to die. From the four corners of the earth they all go home, at the turn of the tide, to their native mountains with the unpronounceable names, to the little slant-roofed, balconied farms, and the sheep bells ringing amidst the gorse like distant chimes.

"Itxas Gain!" Behold the sea! Yes, behold it, strewn with cattle! Beef critters of unknown origin that might come ashore alive, and mixing with the duke's herds, destroy the purity of the race. Fighting bulls are raised with all the care that Thoroughbred racing stock receives in other countries, and with just as great an effort to keep the strain clean.

Enrique threw down the life buoy. To work! The mountains of Navarre were not for him!

The Itxas Gain had carried a cargo of beef cattle in her hold, destined for the packing houses at Tolosa, where tremendous profits were being made by selling preserved meat to the warring French. The owners of the enterprise had thought of creating a herd of beef cattle of their own, and for this purpose had purchased four splendid bulls, which had been sent aboard the Itxas Gain in a deck stall, where they would have plenty of air and be available for special attention.

This deck stall had been on the fore hatch, and its lashing strained by the tossing of the steamer in the gale, it had carried away with the first list to seaward of the stranded vessel. Away it went, crashing down into the scuppers. Then, washed against the winch drums by a sea, it collapsed, and went overside with the next surge.

Two of the bulls that it contained fell through the bottom at once; a third was spilled into the winches, where he perished miserably; and the fourth, attempting to climb out over the side of the stall, was caught there and carried overside with it. Here, the ebb tide and the rush of the river swept the wreckage to sea instead of ashore.

The bull, his head held high by his own courage, and his body supported by the wreck of the stall, went drifting down the coast. There was no strangling, sand-saturated surf here; the spray blew and the billows heaved, but did not break. The current carried him out; then, with the flood tide, in again, but farther down the coast; then out once more; then in, and rushing far inland across a marsh, hurled bull and wreckage up against a dike and there left them.

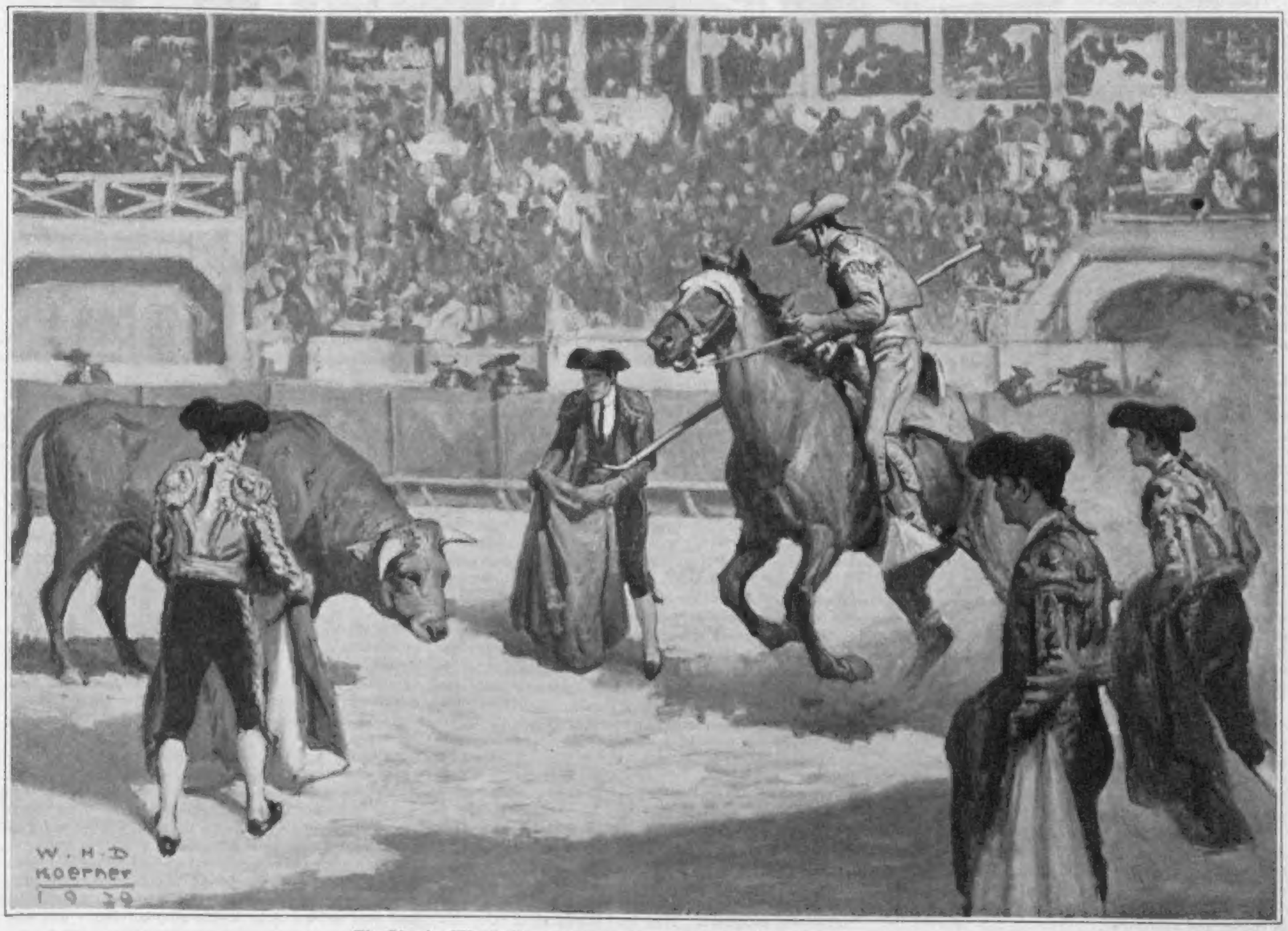
The bull, his flanks heaving, felt ground beneath him, and after an hour or two, had recovered his strength enough to struggle. He freed himself of the wreckage, staggered to his feet, shook himself, bellowed once or twice; then scrambling upon the dike, tumbled down the other side and fell to cropping the grass he found there.

Two days later a patrol of Guardia Civil, summoned by a terrorized countryside, shot a huge bull near Mendido, where the cattle country ends and the Jerez wine country begins. This bull bore a strange brand, and having no claimant, was sold for beef to pay the damages he had caused.

Word came of this in time to Enrique, who became thoughtful. He consulted a map, and drawing a line across it with a gnarled forefinger, he saw that if this strange bull had come from the wreck, he would have passed in his travel right across the southern corner of the Duke of Penapobre's ranch, where lived the cows and their young offspring. Enrique whistled and muttered a little swear word to himself. He said nothing, however, of this matter to the duke.

In the spring, in Andalusia, as in America, they hold a species of round-up. The new calves are brought in and

(Continued on Page 80)



The Picador Wheeled, Curveted, Implored. The Red Bull Would Not Charge

THE MINNESOTA MANGLER

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Snap Out of It," Meade Ordered Briskly. "You Know You Oughta't to be Smoking, Chan." "Doesn't Matter," Said Davenport Morosely

THEY were both eighteen when they first met, and at the moment were clad in nothing but sneakers, white trunks and large boxing gloves.

"Your name's Davenport, isn't it?" asked Bill Meade roughly.

"Yes," said the black-haired freshman. "Are we next?"

Bill Meade nodded, and the classmates, awaiting their turn, faced the center of the small room where two other freshmen were finishing their bout. Viewing them with a consciously professional eye, Meade found the two present candidates appalling. They telegraphed their blows; they led with the right; they started uppercuts from their shoestrings and upset themselves by their own earnestness.

"Just a couple of push-overs," Meade told himself scornfully. "A pair of stumble bums."

These technical expressions pleased him, for the prize ring and everything connected with it had long held for Bill Meade a powerful, glamorous fascination. Since grammar-school days he had followed all the illustrated periodicals devoted to prize fighting; he had devoured the autobiographies which reminiscent ex-champions continually gave the world; the argot of the ring had become a part of his own language; and, although he had never witnessed a prize fight in person, his astral self had occupied a ringside seat at all the epic battles, including even those fought before his parents had become engaged.

In burning sunshine he had stood, spellbound, on a barge in Benecia Bay and watched Jim Corbett splinter the bones in one hand and go on to stretch Joe Choynski motionless on the blistering deck. He had thrilled to the consummate mastery with which Kid McCoy transformed Tommy Ryan's face into a piece of braised meat. From a ringside seat, beneath the Colma sky, he had watched Joe Gans, honeycombed with tuberculosis, make his third stand against Nelson; he had seen Jim Corbett dethrone John L. Sullivan; Jeffries, Peter Jackson, Terrible Terry McGovern and Young Griffo had all performed before his eyes; and he, therefore, could not help looking upon these two ambitious freshmen with amused contempt.

His scorn, however, did not extend to the silent classmate at his side, for twice during this first week of college he had seen Chanler Davenport in action. Still, although the fellow had not looked like a stumble bum, it was hardly probable that he was as scientific a fighter as Bill Meade.

With a sidewise scrutiny Meade studied Davenport's dark, handsome face. He was a firm believer in psychology, and he wanted to impale Davenport's eye with the menacing glare which John L. used to demoralize his prospective victims. Davenport, however, was staring at the floor and now, oblivious to the others in the room, he expelled an unhappy sigh.

This so increased Meade's confidence that he was quite debonair when the white-haired boxing instructor, a professional featherweight in his day, motioned him and Davenport to the center of the mat.

A senior, reclining on a camp chair, glanced at his list of entries and announced:

"Davenport and Meade; freshman welterweight class."

With professional brevity Meade touched Davenport's right glove and danced back a few steps; then, with a scowl copied from Jack Dempsey, he advanced upon his opponent.

He was met by flying gloves that hit him on both eyes, in the mouth, in the stomach—a storm of gloves that flashed with bewildering speed and struck with dismaying pain. His face, stinging from the impact of smelly leather, began to burn with shame for the ridiculous figure he was presenting. Scowling anew he tried to strike some of the blows he had practiced at home with his sister. They had worked beautifully then—fast, deceptive and punishing—but now before he could get a blow really started a smacking glove scattered his wits.

Suddenly he recalled a double shift highly recommended by James J. Corbett, a maneuver so destructive that he had resolved to use it only if hard pressed. For a moment he hesitated timidly because his slightest move brought a painful blow on some exposed spot; then, after a misleading feint, he courageously launched the complicated shift. Simultaneously his head snapped back from a stinging hook that violently separated him from all hope of becoming the freshman welterweight champion. To stay on his feet, to last until the bell. Game—game—game. Joe Gans slowly crumbling at Reno, Tommy Burns heroically standing up to destruction at Sydney. It was thus that Bill Meade saw himself.

"I'm game!" ran his blurred thoughts. "Game as a pebble!"

A wholly unexpected blow knocked him to his haunches, and even through his grogginess he realized that, like Stanley Ketchel at Los Angeles, he must rise again. Another cruel punch smote his waistline and he became acutely aware of stewed apricots. He regretted, now, the extra dish he had eaten in commons at noon.

Then the blows began to seem less painful. No, he did not merely imagine it. They hurt hardly at all now. His game stand was wearing Davenport down!

A minute later he realized his mistake; he realized that Davenport, instead of tiring, was merely becoming compassionate.

"He's carrying me!"

In his many dreams of glory Bill Meade, though at times a trifle battered, had always seen his own right hand hoisted aloft amid ringing cheers; but now it was his head that was ringing while he floundered around at the mercy of an opponent who, unsuspected by the onlookers, was humanely sparing him further punishment. Far from resenting this charity, Meade felt an abject glow of gratitude toward the fleet, handsome classmate who was so conspicuously his master.

No one, when the tryout ended, seemed to hold his sorry showing against him. Another bout started promptly, but Meade dragged himself from the room and went unsteadily down the stairway to the basement of the gym. In the great area of lockers he reached his own and slumped to the low board seat. Sick, moist and breathing through his mouth, he sat there with his buzzing head in his hands.

The sharp, unpleasant taste of stewed apricots wavered in his throat, gradually crept into his nose. The taste strengthened until, in sudden panic, he jumped up and cantered weakly toward a familiar corner of the gym. Some indistinct person blocked the threshold of blessed release.

"Look out! look out!" Meade mumbled. "I'm going to snap my lunch!"

There followed an interval of unmeasured time, an interval of alternating distress and sharp, convulsed agony. At last, wan and spent, Meade emerged from the doorway; and as he walked to his locker there was one thing he was absolutely sure of: No matter how old he lived to be, he never wanted to see another apricot.

At the noisy showers he stood under a luke-warm spray that fell upon his bruised body like a benediction. The aches and numbness dissolved, flowed from his muscles and were swirled away to the gurgling drain; and now even the last faint flavor of stewed apricots receded.

Lingering there, he thought of the pugilistic ambitions that he had brought with him to Princeton. Sadly he recalled the nickname by which he had hoped to become known on the campus—Bill Meade, the Minnesota Mangler. Many times, while rehearsing blows and counters in front of the mirror at home, he had affectionately murmured that name. But now there would never be a Minnesota Mangler; that glamorous, beloved figure had gone forever. Wistfully Meade mourned his passing; and then, not without bitterness, he watched the approach of Chanler Davenport, who hurried, naked and clutching a hunk of white soap, to an adjoining shower.

The unhappy look, Meade saw, had returned to the dark, distinguished face. Wishing only to withdraw unseen, Meade remained silent until Davenport, glancing over, recognized him and nodded like a friend.

"Sweet left hand you've got," said Meade eagerly. "Good right too."

Davenport acknowledged the tribute with an embarrassed smile and started rubbing white soap into his wet, black head.

As he dressed in front of his locker Meade noticed, farther along the row, a lemon-haired freshman who had stood among the other ambitious candidates in the fateful room upstairs. Meade, while buttoning his shirt, drifted over to him.

"How'd you come out?" he asked.

The blond boy raised his head and a sickly grin spread over a face resembling a bruised beet.

"I was eliminated," he said, "and darn near murdered in the bargain."

"Tough luck," said Meade. "I was eliminated too."

"Yeah, I saw you getting yours," said the other has-been. "How that fellow can sock!"

"I'll say he can," replied Meade. "Who'd you fight?"

"Same one—that Davenport fellow."

"Davenport?" said Meade slowly. "Did he take on two fellows in the one afternoon?"

"Two? Why, when I crawled out of the room he was polishing off the third!"

"Holy cats!"

Emerging presently into autumnal sunshine, Meade walked toward his room to lie down a while before supper. All the hopes and plans with which he had entered the gym were gone as he emerged; but now in their stead came the warming consolation of a new ambition. Denied a place on the sunny diamond, there is always the dug-out from which to direct the attack. One man fills the rôle of star before the footlights, but there must be a producer too.

Then let another, if God wills it, wear the crown and sit regally upon the throne. Was there not also glory and power for Warwick, the king maker?

II

AFTER supper that night Meade stood watchfully at the main exit in freshman commons, and presently was bound for the moving pictures in the company of Chanler Davenport.

"Mind if we drop in at my room first?" Davenport asked. "I'm expecting a special delivery."

The expected mail, to Davenport's visible disappointment, had not arrived; and as they set out again in the evening dusk the boxer glumly lit a cigarette. Meade, unpleasantly surprised, resolved that cigarettes must go. A good manager looked out for things like that.

After the show, without having yet broached his plan, Meade invited Davenport up to his room. "Got some pictures I'd like to show you," he added.

"You bet," agreed Davenport. "Will you wait here while I duck into the telegraph office? I've got to send a wire."

At his room, Meade pulled a long, dangling cord and the ceiling light illuminated four walls unlike those in all the other rooms on the campus. These walls bore no tacked banners, no tiger heads or gay prints of fox-hunting scenes; there were no framed views of the campus, no stolen signs, not a single art study of undraped beauties.

Instead, these walls displayed an impressive collection of photographs of prize fighters. There were posed photographs of old-timers clad in full-length tights girdled with flags or jeweled championship belts; there were lean-muscled moderns with their fists held in formal attitudes; and, most thrilling of all, there were enlarged snapshots of fighters in the midst of dynamic action.

Meade, like a new millionaire in his art gallery, pointed out his treasures, devoting a few affectionate phrases to each.

"Here's Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin," he said. "That was his second fight with the Illinois Thunderbolt. They never come back? The Michigan Assassin did! Flattened Papke in the eleventh and won back his title. Here's Joe Gans, the Old Master, just before he was fouled by the Durable Dane in the forty-second."

He pointed to the picture of a tigerish, sun-browned fighter crouched against a white sky.

"That's Dempsey—the old Manassa Mauler himself—murdering the Potawattomie Giant at Toledo. Jess couldn't answer the bell for the fourth. Here's the Mauler again, the night he speared Firpo at the Polo Grounds. The Wild Bull of the Pampas was on the resin seven times before he took the fatal count."

Meade thrilled deliciously while moving from one picture to the next, for he dearly loved to rattle off these technical nicknames; and his display of inside knowledge, he felt, was successfully impressing Davenport.

"Pancho Villa," he announced, indicating a yellow midget with a bright, slant-eyed face. "He's just about to give Johnny Buff the works—ninth round. Poor Pancho! The little gamester died of blood poisoning at his peak. Do you know the real secret of his rise?"

"No," Davenport admitted.

"His manager, Frank Churchill," said Meade emphatically. "Why, Frank loved that boy! Guided him right to the top of his class. They tell me Frank cried like a schoolgirl when Pancho died. Pals."

He shook his head regretfully and then, for his climax, tapped the photograph of a tall, good-looking athlete in full-length tights of black.

"Tommy Loughran," he purred proudly, "the Philly Phantom. A ghost in the ring. Boy, what a sweet left hand! Nice-looking fellow too—the South Philadelphia Adonis,

(Continued on Page 192)

"This Boy Davenport Loves You, Evelynne," He Longed to Say. "Tonight He Goes Into the Biggest Test of His Career—a Title Bout"

JUSTICE ON THE CARPET

By Richard Washburn Child

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

WHAT we want to ask in this series of articles is whether the American people are satisfied with their normal system of justice? With laws which no longer make sense? With such legislation as is nonsense? With lawsuits? With delays and comic technicalities? With nonsensical language? Juries? Expert testimony? The airs and graces of many judges, prosecutors and lawyers? The advantage of the rich? The deciding of justice not by justice but by technicalities? The method of escape from law agencies used by smart criminals? And from liability used by affluent defendants? Whether the people in general, including lawyers, will come forward now to send us definite examples of all this dissatisfaction and suggestions for cures for it which we can use to show the following truths:

The people are not satisfied with law and the machinery of justice in the United States.

Justice and the law are going on the carpet.

In the midst of a brief and inconsequential talk to one of the National Crime Commission's conventions of law-enforcement officials, I found myself, more than two years ago, talking about "respect for law," and the "majesty of the law," and "obedience to law." Suddenly it struck me that our efforts to obtain respect for law and set up the majesty of the law and create obedience to law were expressed in empty phrases, in an endeavor to inspire or swamp the citizen, our youth, and the criminal under mere words.

What we want, I thought, is to have law and legal machinery which command freely given respect from normal, average, decent minds. What we want is real majesty in the law and not blitherings about it. Whenever there is less majesty than doddering in lawmaking and law executing and law enforcement, it is because there is less majesty, and not alone because any naughty citizens have run off with majesty as one would snatch a robe or wig from a judge and thus be in contempt of court. Majesty lies not in robe or wig or sonorous voice or verbosity or exhortations to have respect for law.

Law by Common Consent

OBEDIENCE to law is found in a general agreement of the vast, almost universal, majority that such and such are the rules of the game, and that they will willingly play fair and obey the rules. When Hoover asked for a gasless Sunday during the war everyone then living remembers a case when a law was made by common consent. It needed no enforcement. For twenty-four hours the general agreement of a hundred and more million of people made, but did not write, a law, and they enforced it, as no police force could. Why? Because it was common consent.

There is, I believe, still on the statute books of Connecticut a law forbidding travel on road or railway on Sunday. Forget it! Why? Because it in no wise represents the social will of Connecticut. When it ceases to represent the social will of Connecticut it is no longer law. Some rural clergyman may take it out and say that "all laws should be obeyed." Let us face the fact that this is pure hypocrisy. Many handsomely printed laws are disobeyed. They are disobeyed because there is no common consent of the social will that they are to be obeyed. At that point the neat way to repeal the law is to debate it and repeal it by a roll call. In the absence of this technical method, or if obstructions are in the way of repeal, the people nullify that law. When an overwhelming majority nullify it by common consent it is not a law at all; it is so many words on Page 1253.

We have nullified one attempt to legislate by constitutional amendment—the Fifteenth—the one which gives political equality to the eleven million negroes in the United States. The negroes in many quarters, whether for good or bad reasons, have not got political equality. There is the fact. This may be an unjustified nullification, and no doubt the President's Law Enforcement Commission will decide whether it is justified or not, and in the latter case, will tell what steps may be taken to enforce the law.

We will make no attempts to break down obedience to the law. We will build it up. Law, under democracy, is common agreement in fact, continuing as common agreement, and most of it reduced to written words. We agree against murder. We agree against theft. We agree against rape, arson, fraud, and on the fulfillment of contracts, on the right to recover from one who has harmed us, on hundreds of examples of what is justice, and so on. You could comb the land without finding anyone except an anarchist who would not admit that to any common agreement he would give obedience. Most of us try, and try successfully. It is pure nonsense to say that Americans are not ready to be law-abiding; what we ought to be ready for is sensible lawmaking, law execution, and a riddance of all the junk of obsolete or misfit law, together with the stuffed-shirt attitude of the law. Democracy is a mutual adventure with life. Government is the agency which lays down the rules of the game we play with one another. To stand against the attempt to play fair and obey common agreements is criminal in itself. We will not engage in that kind of thing.

Our contention is that respect for law, obedience to the law, and majesty of the law begin with the common agreement to make law, and not with the gaping school child who sees that we have done very badly to get respect or, even worse, to maintain majesty.

Any other nation would deny that we are self-governing or a democracy. Sometimes so-called law is issued in commandment form by a tribal chieftain with a ring in his nose or a monarch resting on the divine right of kings, or a pooh-bah who refuses to show his credentials from God. Such law, to a greater or lesser extent, is no law as we know it in a democracy and a land of liberty. It is a ukase, a proclamation, an edict. It used to be called a law because if it were disobeyed the king's soldiers struck a halberd into one's leg, and there was boiling oil too. Commandments were laws then, if there was force enough to bring in the writhing individual to kiss the regulation he detested. It cannot be said that these, under ideal democracies, are workable common agreements—which is really all that we mean when we say that we respect the law.

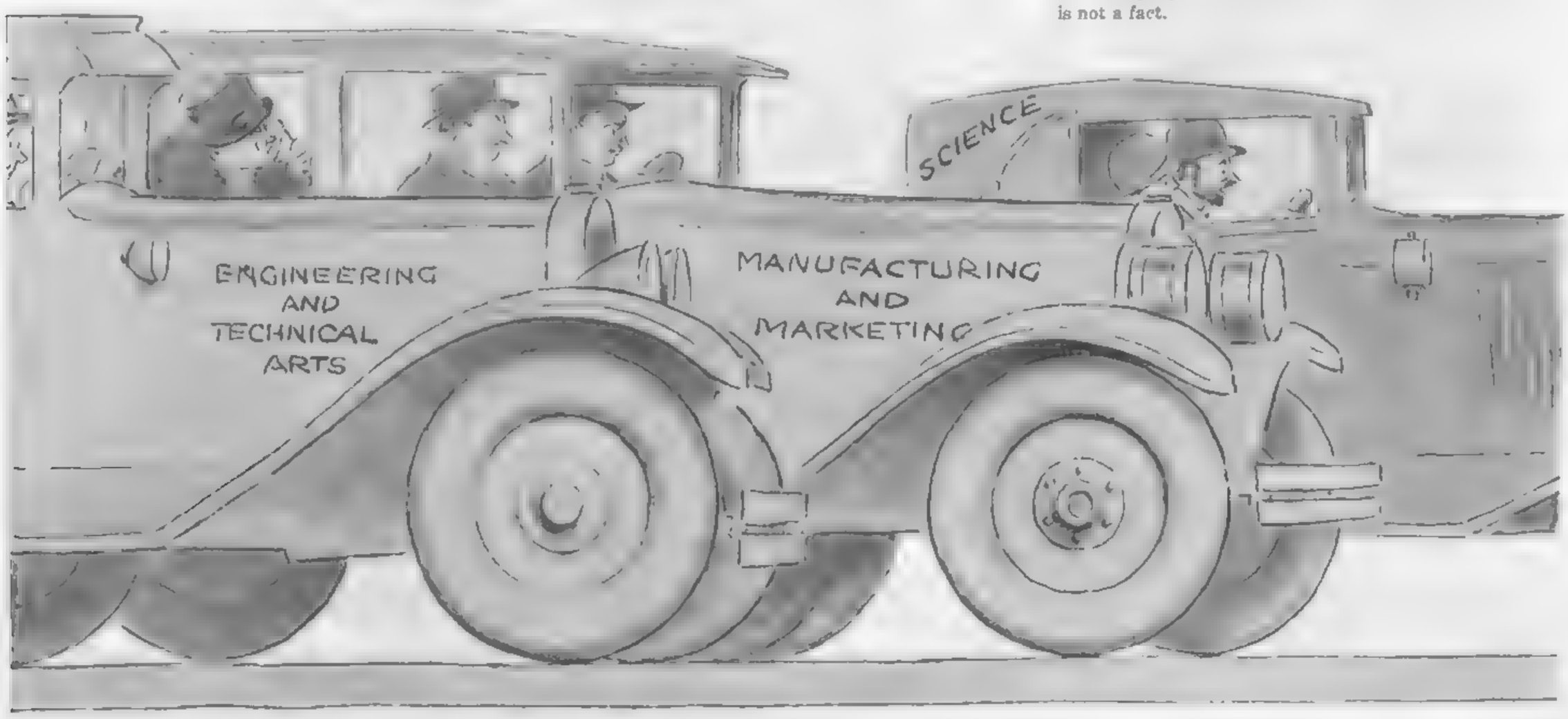
Fewer and More Sensible Laws

NOR are we setting out to destroy our general system of law or injure it. It is a good one. It needs reforms attained by vigorous public opinion. Fact finding in intellectual dugouts will not do it alone. More law will not. The lawyer will not. In the main, the American people know that instinctively. When one goes out to tell them they have no respect for law they know it is not so. Few peoples in the world have our general sense of agreement about fair play which makes us keep a contract. We keep it without even thinking of the law. We write the law as a memo.

Few people in the United States think of sticking a knife into the iceman or even the janitor. Few plan to take the lovely vase off the neighbor's piano. Most of us do not refrain because we know we can hire a lawyer and bondsman and a ward heeler to blackmail the neighbor into withdrawing his complaint. What we respect in the main is the accepted rule of the game of life. We do not even say, "There is a law," or even think of it.

When we do think of it we have every right to want a sensible law—as to contracts or the right of an aviator to fly across our back lot, or the proper disposition of radio rights, or any other law. We do not want to find law teaching us to brush our teeth at a certain hour or part our hair on the left. That is no law for a democracy. We want to find few laws—sensible, up-to-date laws and methods of invoking them which are cheap and quick. We want machinery to make such laws enforceable; sensible machinery, without the atmosphere of quackery and mumbo jumbo which now saturates the law, courts and lawyers.

That is what we want, and we will never get it by listening to inspirational talks about the "majesty of the law." The "majesty of the law" is not a phrase; it either is or is not a fact.



Having had a long parental training in the most conservative corner of the nation, and being a lawyer myself with extended training, I stand instinctively even for all the little images which have been preserved on the altar of the majesty of the law.

I delayed for two years criticism of our system of justice. I listened when Chief Justice Taft said the administration of criminal justice in America was a disgrace to civilization. When Mr. W. D. Guthrie, a corporation lawyer of New York, said that Taft's statement "has done more harm than any single utterance in thirty years" he expressed, no doubt, the criticism of the say-nothing-about-it school of thought, which will probably be offended by this present series of articles. However, the letters from lawyers and even prosecutors and judges who are the most sensitive to criticism of the machinery of criminal law, many of which were published in the New York Law Review, expressed, in general, assent with Taft and amusement at the extravagance of his critic. Why did Mr. Guthrie hit upon thirty years? One district attorney says that the Taft statement is perfectly justified "in so far as it applies to the present time." Says another, "Upon the basis of five years' experience as a prosecuting officer of this state and a considerable study of the general problems of criminal-law administration of the country, I am convinced that the statement of Chief Justice Taft . . . was not only justified at the time but is still more justified by the facts which have been developed since that time." Says another district attorney, "The dictum of Justice Taft was a tocsin to the unwary public that it was being victimized and had the power to protect itself."

Justice Lags Behind Progress

A FORMER president of the New York State Bar Association, Adelbert Moot, said: "Chief Justice Taft was right in the main. . . . We should add that his comment has stirred up much discussion and brought about a great improvement in many places." One prominent attorney wrote, "Chief Justice Taft's utterance should be printed at least once a week in all of our newspapers." Such was the approval of the majority, even of the lawyers and even of the prosecutors, of a little bare truth telling.

The same truth telling as to the civil law—the lawsuit situation, so plainly stuffed with absurdities that it creates national dissatisfaction and even ridicule—is just as much needed.

I read Supreme Court Justice Brewer's pungent words to the effect that legitimate criticism of the law and of administration of justice was a stimulant to keep justice where it could indeed claim respect. And because criticism should be constructive, I have sought every suggestion for improvement I could lay hands on.

I consulted some of the most distinguished lawyers and jurists in the country. And I received the surprise of my life. Most of them said "Go ahead!" I believe it is the little minds which hesitate and are horrified at any unholy idea that the law and lawyers, and perhaps not the civil or criminal defendant, are to blame for many of our troubles.

One of them, who is an international figure and one of the greatest constitutional lawyers in America, gave me a characteristic and amusing answer. He said: "The pomposity of the law and of lawyers has had its gilt all worn off. The procedure and slothful motion, the failure of inexpensive and prompt justice will no longer sustain respect.

"After all," he continued, "if civilization is considered as a big parade progressing on its way, we can imagine that when night comes the streets are left strewn with the parade's junk, its riff-raff, its torn papers and its dust. It is then that the street cleaners arrive. They tackle the uncreative remains and remnants of the march of progress. They are the lawyers. They acquire dignity only by their efficiency in their clean-up; certainly not by their snobbery or their pretensions."

There is plenty of evidence that the system of justice, and not only the parties to lawsuits and the lawbreakers, is to blame for a dissatisfaction which makes public opinion ready to bring justice onto the carpet.

The people in a democracy who agree on laws—on rules of the game when living together cooperatively—are not servants of the law. The law is the servant of the people. It is agreed upon by any working majority of assent to the making of law and to the observance of law. When that assent represents the working body of social will, disobedience is intolerable. When the law with its machinery as a servant of the people is sometimes centuries behind, blind to the world we live in; when it can invent no substantial improvements, has no imagination, takes on airs, substitutes technicalities and hairsplitting for justice, in spite of intentions discriminates in effect against the poor by making legal actions excessively expensive, goes into fogs where no sensible man can know what it means—then it is a bad servant. It lags behind progress. It can stand no comparison with advances in finance, business, science, medicine or other professions. It is in the doldrums and rotates in a Sargasso Sea of self-satisfaction.

At that moment the greatest hope for making it a good servant is an appeal to those who have the right to command it. Fact finding alone will not do that. Cloistered libraries of the dead and gone past will not do it. What is needed is an experience meeting; letters from the people, lawyers and law teachers illustrating the lameness of law procedure and justice itself. What is needed is curative public opinion.

Public opinion is the master of law in a democracy. It should be massed into the social will for a better service than we are getting—for a common-sense service, for a just service, for a recognition by reforms of laws by legislatures and of practice by courts and lawyers, no matter how much stuffy old practices by dunderhead, habit-made worshipers of What Is are defended by phrase making and by an unprogressiveness unequaled except in ancient medicine men and Taoist priests.

The bar associations have done a great deal but are shot full of obstructionists. The law schools—particularly those engaged in fact finding, research and imagination for reform—can do much. Here and there strong individuals in legislatures, on the bench, or with prominence in the legal profession can push on.

But the bare truth is that public opinion is needed to put sense into law and its administration.

Where the Blame Belongs

THE people—you and I—being in a democracy, are masters and not slaves of our laws, our rules of the game of life, our choice of umpires and water boys. There is little sense in putting all the blame on laws and lawyers. Blame ourselves. Blame our ignorance. Blame our lethargy. Blame our own representatives in legislatures, whom we can hire and fire for their absurdities, for trimming, for neglect of reform. Blame ourselves.

We may well begin with our own ignorance of the nature of our laws. Except for the business side of government, the administrative and financial and public-improvement side, good government is little but simplified law and workmanlike efficiency when seeing to it that the rules of the game, which almost all of us have made by common agreement and want to live up to with obedience and with respect, are not evaded and not interlarded with commandments and asinine, crank-made, frivolous or excessive legislation.

Ignorance? It is doubtful whether one adult in a hundred has an adequate notion of the nature of our system of justice. It is impossible to give an adequate education in the law during a ride home on a suburban train. The average man and woman understand a good deal about politics, the presidency, governors, Congress, legislators, and the bare fact that we have courts, civil and criminal. But the fundamental of government—law—is a vague page in the average person's mental notebook. The law is called learned—learned judges, learned lawyers.

Of course it may be learned, but its fundamental structure is rather simple. Let us look at it as a preface to awakening new public opinion to the truth that its operation, as we know it, has been overgrown with weeds, is filled with punkiness, lacks modern aliveness and accommodation to our times and to our good sense.

I doubt whether many Americans who live under the basic system of common law know what common law means.

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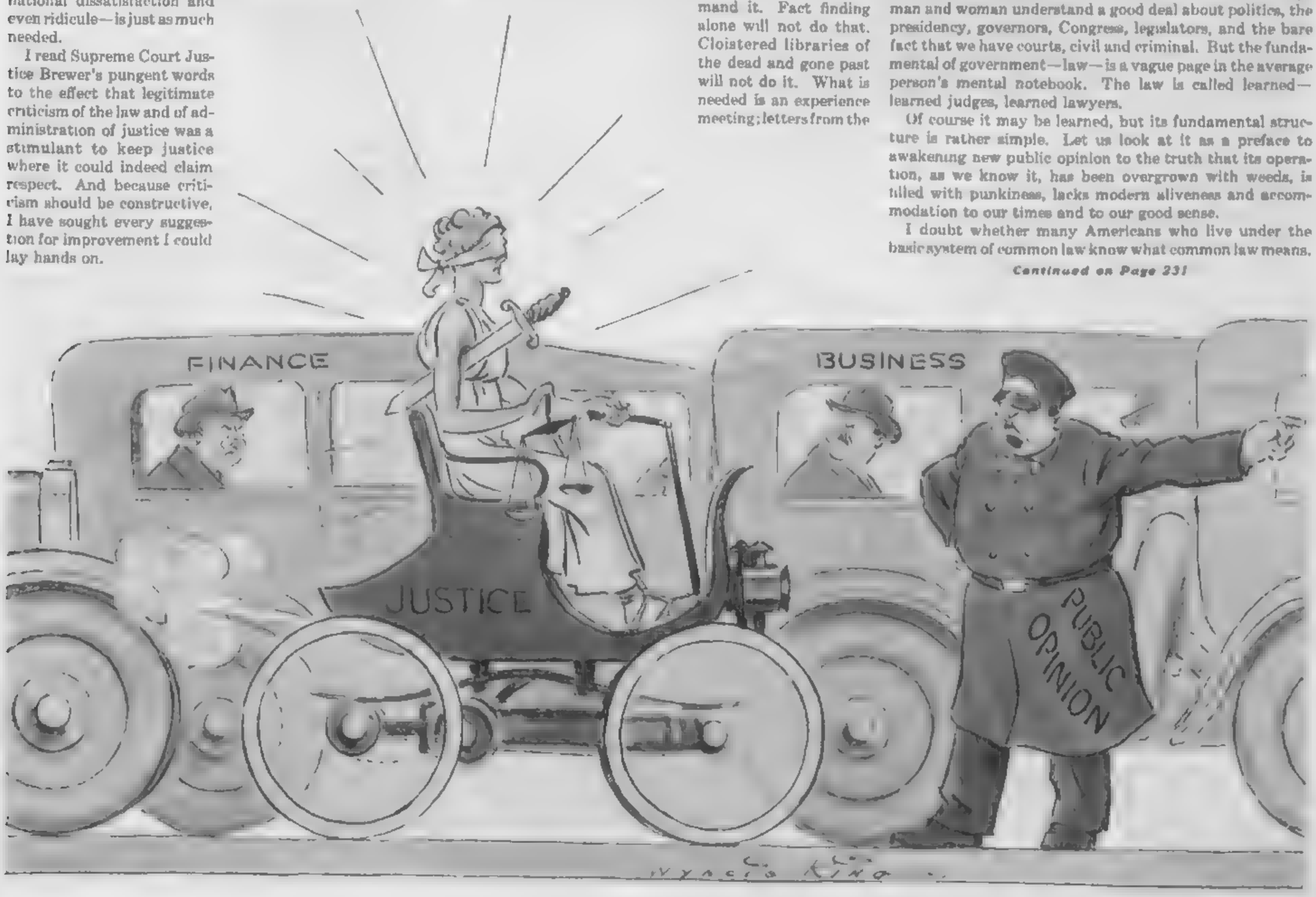

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF AFRICAN BIG GAME

By Talbot Mundy

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Four Lion Cubs About One Month Old Captured After the Mother Was Killed

AT FIFTY, I am looking back at more than thirty years of sport of many different kinds, in different countries, and, although the dictionary doesn't agree with me, there remains in my mind a very clear distinction between sport and games. I am inclined to agree with whoever it was who said that sport and warfare are the same thing, but with this qualification: That sport is warfare against one's own inherent limitations, not the least of which is fear in one form or another. Perhaps that is because I was born timid. As a child, I was in terror of a barking dog; to me, a horse was a thing of horror, and a ride, even in the front of my father's saddle, a strong arm holding me, was torture. Fortunately, I had a grandfather who understood and who began to teach me, at the age of four, that the purpose of life is to learn to be manly and that our wits are given to us for that purpose.

Fear of dogs was easily overcome, and so was the dread of snakes and darkness. I have never become a good horseman, although by the time I was sixteen I was not afraid to ride to hounds; in fact, I found it much easier to force myself into dangerous situations than to learn the difference between common sense and cowardice. I grew afraid of my own self-criticism and killed one good horse under me rather than surrender to fear of an almost impossible jump over posts and rails, with a ditch on the near side, that a fearlessly sensible man would have avoided. At school I fought unnecessary fights because I was afraid to be afraid to fight them; it was the headmaster of Rugby who skillfully diagnosed that state of mind and talked me out of it. Nevertheless, at fifty, I still find it hard, in the stress of emergency, to remember that rashness is not courage but only a peculiarly thoughtless form of fear.

Being timid, I address myself to timid people. I have always envied iron-nerved men and women, although I have noticed that when their iron nerves do give way, they sometimes suffer more and behave worse than we do who know we are timid.

Two Rhinos to Fight

I HAVE buried more than one man who rejected my advice because I spoke of danger too emphatically, from too intimate acquaintance. One of them was an orthodox Jew—one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met. He had never hunted big game, but he came to my camp on the highlands of East Africa and informed me, that night at supper, that he intended to shoot a rhino. I regaled him until nearly midnight with first-hand accounts of those animals' habits; probably I overdid it. At any rate, next morning he declined my offer to go with him, although he accepted the offer of two of my native *askaris*, from whom I afterward learned what happened.

He was dead by nine o'clock. He forgot, I suppose, that all big-game animals are much more swift than they appear to be at first sight, and that when they attack they almost always come at top speed and with terrific determination to reach their objective. He was attacked simultaneously by two rhinos, one about a hundred feet behind the other and a little to one side. He fired at the first one twice and wounded it, but it only staggered and continued to come on. It was then that he made his big mistake; he tried to dodge behind an ant hill. The wounded rhino charged into the ant hill and drove his horn into the hard-packed earth, goring it as if it were the enemy. The other rhino swerved around the obstruction, caught him on the end of its horn and pitched him three times in the air. He had dropped his rifle. One of the natives I had lent him picked it up and shot the rhino in the eye, killing him instantly. It must have been a chance shot, since a rhino's eye is even smaller than an elephant's and, at that, it was a moving target; however, the native—whose name until then was Kazi-moto, meaning "work-like-the-devil"—renamed himself Piga-mazuri—meaning "marksman"—and was ruined forevermore as a gun bearer because he never could relearn his job.

The Fear of Fear

AS GUN bearer it was his business to keep my spare rifle loaded and ready for my use in emergency, but thereafter, in moments of danger, he insisted on shooting instead of handing me the loaded rifle and catching the empty one; and being a rotten shot he almost made me lose my life on two occasions, so that I had to relegate him to a porter's job. He always swore that he shot the other rhino, too, but I believe it died from the wounds inflicted by my friend, since there were only two bullets in its carcass and only three shells to account for.

Lacking any knowledge of the Jewish ritual, I read the Church of England funeral service over the dead man's grave; but I hope that he went to heaven in spite of that, and that he has long ago forgiven me for having stirred his rashness by preaching caution with too much emphasis.

Another man whom I saw killed, and whom I buried, was a young British officer, on leave from India, who pitched his tent near mine and went out after a lion. It was the time of the year when young lions range in company. I have seen as many as thirteen of them in one group, although four or five is a more usual number. All that night long there had been lions around our camp, but they had been much too noisy to be bent on serious mischief; it is when they mutter or when they are silent that they are really dangerous. However, they had kept us awake, and since there was very little fuel for the camp fire, we had set lighted lanterns in front of our own and our servants' tents, and had sat up talking.

It is on such occasions that men grow intimate. Somewhere about midnight, on the heels of a remark of mine, that officer confessed that he was naturally timid and that, like myself, he was hunting big game in order to overcome timidity. Like me, he was not in the least afraid of a lion's roar, but he was as scared as I had ever been by the sight of one in close proximity. We had had numbers of experiences in common; for instance, both of us had been

Hunting in Central East Africa. This Photograph Was Made on the Last Game Hunt of the Hungarian Explorer, R. Kittenberger

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A PRINCE OF PROPHECY

Nicholas of Rumania—By Princess Marthe Bibesco

WHEN the fourth child of Queen Marie, then the Crown Princess of Rumania, came into the world, on August 18, 1903, there was much joy in the castle of Sinaia where he was born, but moderate rejoicing among the people. The succession to the throne—that great anxiety and keen preoccupation of a monarchic country—had seemed, for several years, to be assured. King Carol was still reigning, and his strict and methodical manner of life gave the impression that he would live and reign for a long time. Crown Prince Ferdinand and his wife, the beautiful Princess Marie, father and mother of the newly born prince, had proved themselves a prolific couple, and their eldest son, Carol, heir presumptive to the throne, at this time a big, strong boy ten years of age, full of spirits and of dimples, enjoyed what we call in English "a rude health."

Prince Nicholas of Rumania on the Cruiser "Froublscher" at Constanta

A Godson of Czar Nicholas

THE child who came into the world in these circumstances appeared, then, destined to the position, without responsibility, if not without advantages, of younger son in a royal house. One could foresee for him the easy existence of those on whom is reflected the glory of a crown, of which he would never have to support the weight. One only Professor Hajdeu, a learned old man and now retired from the world and almost forgotten by everyone—a philosopher, once a professor of the university, still a member of the Royal Academy—manifested publicly an unusual joy when he heard of the birth of the little prince; as if there had happened for Rumania an event of capital importance. He wired in exaggerated terms to the happy parents, and his telegram was reproduced in all the newspapers. But nobody paid much attention to his somewhat queer exultation. For a long time, Professor Hajdeu had been considered very eccentric.

King Carol, the great-uncle of the child, a good tactician in European diplomacy, decided to use the little newcomer for his own political ends. Of the three powerful empires which were considered dangerous neighbors of Rumania, the most feared, the least kindly thought of at the time was the Russian Empire. In Berlin and in Vienna, the Hohenzollerns of Bukharest could count on friendships of race and family, but at St. Petersburg it was different.

With a view to gaining—if only a little—the sympathies of the Northern Bear, King Carol decided to ask the honor, for his little nephew, of becoming the godson of the Emperor of all the Russias, Nicholas II. Scarcely had the newborn baby uttered his first cries in the arms of his English nurse, Miss Woodfield, when a messenger was dispatched in all haste to St. Petersburg, charged to discuss with the ministers of the Czar the matter of the desired honor.

The negotiations lasted some time, and required tact and delicacy. It was necessary to vanquish a feeling of hostility, a certain coldness which existed between the two courts, caused by a paper, a secret treaty, of which no diplomats ignored the existence, either in St. Petersburg or in Paris, and which, it was believed, bound King Carol, his dynasty and his people, to the lot of Germany and Austria, the declared adversaries of Russian policy in Oriental Europe.

Yet, since King Carol was making the first advances, and offered, as a promise of durable peace and good will and friendship, the soul of this little child, perhaps it would be impolitic not to accept

Until now, the godparents of the children of the hereditary royal couple of Rumania had been chosen from among their nearest relatives, and without any political aims. The godfather of Prince Carol was the King, his great-uncle; and the Princess Elisabeth had for godmother, her great-aunt, the Queen; while the third child, Marie Mignon, was the goddaughter of her maternal grandmother, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

It was then shown that for the first time Rumania sought for one of her princes a political parentage and that King Carol had manifested the intention to make, with his little nephew, a compliment to Russia.

Three months passed, and the news arrived that the Emperor Nicholas II accepted the child as his godson. It was made clear, however, that there could be no question of his coming in person to the baptism between Russia and Rumania the distances were too great in every way. The Czar made it known through his minister that he desired to accredit to the court of Rumania his aide-de-camp general, the Prince Dolgorouky, who would arrive at Sinaia invested with the imperial authority, and would hold the child at the baptismal font.

One had to be contented with the acceptance by the imperial godfather, under whatever form it came, though King Carol, strict judge in matters of etiquette, would certainly have much preferred that the privilege had been given to a member of the Russian imperial family; the least grand duke, whoever he might have been, would have pleased him better. But he let nothing be seen of his disappointment, and the preparations for the christening were carried on at the castle of Sinaia. The name of the new little prince, it was announced by the means of the Moniteur Officiel, would be "Nicholas."

It was a beautiful day in October, sunny but already cold in the Carpathian Mountains, which were covered with thick forests of beech and fir. The hour for the christening of His Royal Highness was fixed for three o'clock in the afternoon. We were ready to step into the car to make the journey of eleven kilometers which separates our house of Posada from the royal residence of Sinaia, when I was called to the telephone by my uncle, the Prince Léon Maurocordato, then chief of the King's military house. He announced to me that the christening would not take place before five o'clock, because the representative of the Emperor, the Prince Dolgorouky, had lost his luggage, and that he could not hold the child at the baptismal font without his uniform and all his decorations.

King Michael With His Grandmother, Queen Marie

Princess Irene of Greece, Marie, Queen of Rumania, and Her Daughter-in-Law, Princess Helen

A Lost Uniform

WHAT had become of the uniform and the decorations no one knew. They were supposed to be in a luggage van which had gone astray somewhere between the Russian and Rumanian frontiers. All the police of the realm were searching for the lost trunks, but until now nothing had arrived at Sinaia. The Prince Dolgorouky had only discovered the absence of his belongings at the moment when he was beginning to dress for the

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SANITY

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

WHENEVER there was somebody ill in the house, Ailanthus always felt that his feet had grown bigger, and this morning they were monstrous. He prowled down the living room to let Toby in, and three wide boards creaked, so that little Corinne raised her lovely black eyes from a newspaper and looked to see where the sound came from. Then she sneezed as snowflakes and wind entered with Toby Edge.

"Quit lying on the floor," Ailanthus said, "or you'll get tonsillitis too."

"Cold air's good for a person," Corinne answered. "Who was Bushy Dambush, Crazy?"

"How's Uncle Ho?" Toby asked.

"Bad," said Ailanthus, shutting the door. "Worse'n mamma. She feels better this morning. He ran a temperature all night. We got a nurse last night, thank the Lord! It's that Mrs. Sharringham. She ——"

"Who," Corinne inquired, "is Bushy Dambush, Ailanthus?"

"Aw, shut up," said Ailanthus. "I'm talkin' to Toby. . . . It's that Mrs. Sharringham that used to live in Warren. Her husband was a doctor. She knows what she's doin', anyhow. . . . You didn't ride over?"

"No," said Toby, getting out of a belted leather jacket which he let slump on the floor with a curious bang as it hit the bare planks in a corner beside the hearth. "I was goin' to, but it's sloppy on a horse. Drove. But is ——"

"Crazy," little Corinne said, "I want to know who Bushy Dambush is, an' if you don't tell me right now I'll go up and ask mamma, and then she'll scold you for not being a good brother to me when she's sick in bed with a flannel nightgown. So there."

"Oh, turn her off," Toby ordered, filling a pipe, "for the love of catnip! She rattles like a 1910 model. I wouldn't have a kid sister for a million dollars in cash."

Ailanthus picked Corinne up by her soft middle and threw her on the couch before the hearth, and then he picked up the slick brown spread of pictures from Sunday's newspaper on which she had been sprawling. There had once been a happy time in history when women were not taught to read. And even now, in some countries, little girl babies were fed to alligators or merely drowned. The horrible thing about Corinne was that she did what she threatened if she was neglected. Now, what had she been trying to read? Ailanthus rustled the paper and tried to see the words "Bushy Dambush" in any printed line under a picture.

"Mean this about the world's biggest hairbrush bein' presented to ——"

"No. I mean the boy with earrings'"

"That," said Toby across his shoulder, pointing with a match. "There. Bussy D'Amboise—Bushy Dambush! Still, that's as good as most French you hear pronounced."

Ailanthus looked at a photograph of a faded portrait and saw that his young sister had been gazing at a pretty fellow with a ruff and long earrings. He read out, "'Possible portrait of sixteenth-century celebrity, found in attic of Norman farmhouse. Experts differ as to identity with famous swordsman.' . . . This might be a picture of Bussy D'Amboise, kid. He was a fella that killed a dozen people before breakfast. A man named Monsoreau had about twenty gunmen jump him. He killed nine or ten of 'em, and then they got him. There's a book about him."

"Why did Mr. Monsoreau have them kill him?"

"For a lot of reasons," said Ailanthus. . . . "Go on in the kitchen and be a nuisance."

"Yes, but why ——"

"Do like I said," Ailanthus yelled, "or you can't have any lunch!"

"Yes, but ——"

"I wouldn't have a kid sister," said Toby, "for two million dollars. . . . Go on, baby. I want to talk to Crazy."

"Yes, but — "

Toby took his cousin carefully under the arms and stowed her in the kitchen, closing the door after her emphatically with the grimy heel of one riding boot. He then looked at Ailanthus long and compassionately.

"You don't know what it's like, though," said Ailanthus, poking the fire, "when she wants a drink of milk in bed or somethin'. 'N' then she forgets where she put her pajamas or something that no human being could forget and ——"

"Do you always remember where you put your pajamas?"

"Of course I do."

"Then maybe you can remember," said Toby, "who it was you gave my gun to when you brought it back when I lent it to Uncle Hosea to shoot that mare you had to kill in September?"

"It wasn't September, Toby," Ailanthus said patiently, "and I remember. I gave it to Uncle Sam. It was October third; day after my birthday. I was drivin' in town with some apples and I gave it to Uncle Sam. . . . Oh, there's the telephone!"

He fled up the stairs and along the hall. The telephone was placed outside his father's bedroom, so that the editor of the Blandyburg Argus could give orders by night if he liked. Mr. Westlund had not made this arrangement; it was one of Mrs. Westlund's plans for his convenience. The telephone now babbled merrily in the gray hall and Ailanthus collided with his father just at the pretty shelf of colonial maple which held the machine.

"Get back int' bed, dad!"

"I won't," said Westlund hoarsely and crossly, his red hair sticking out in all directions from his head. "Variety's what I need. . . . Hello! . . . Oh, is that you, Sam? . . . Yeh, I feel like the burnin' of Rome. I ain't even a good Christian martyr. . . . A man that lost an arm defendin' his country from the German imperial policy ought to be let off this kind of thing. . . . Sadie's better. . . . Huh?" Uncle Sam Edge spoke for several minutes, although Ailanthus got no word of what was said. But dad began to scowl, lifting his pink feet from the rugs and setting them down in turn. "Of course we can keep Tohe here. He's here most of the time anyhow. . . . Yes. Yes, Sam. . . . Sure, Crazy can make him stay. . . . Who told you all this?"

"Please get back into bed, dad!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Westlund. . . . "No, I was talkin' to Crazy, Sam. Go on."

The stout nurse came sailing down the hallway with a blue water bag in her hands.

"Mr. Westlund!"

"You shut up too! . . . I was talkin' to the nurse, Sam. Go on. . . . Well, we'll do what we can. . . . I've got to get back into bed now. They're goin' to use force on me."

Mr. Westlund then put out his tongue at the nurse and walked in a curve back to his rumpled bed. When he was covered up so that just his four days' growth of red stubble and his blue eyes appeared on the pillow, he said to the nurse, "Clear out, woman. I've got to talk to this fella."

"You're just as bad as Stanley Miller was. I nursed him. You know he got out of bed when he had a fever and walked out of a window in the hall, there."

"Poor son of a gun," said Mr. Westlund dreamily, "but I dunno how you can walk out of windows. The window sills always get in my way. I'm forty-two and ——"

"It was that French window in the upper hall. You open it like a door," said the nurse, tinkling a spoon in a glass, "and there really isn't a rail on the balcony. It's just a foot high—I mean what railing there is. Of course, that Miller house is the most insane piece of building, anyhow. . . . Open your mouth and be obliging."

"And as for You," Mr. Goodhue Remarked to the Open Door, "You're a Lot of Muttonheaded Sheep and I Hope Her Next Husband Fires You"

Dad swallowed his medicine Even the stump of his left arm writhed, resenting this dose Ailanthus was very sorry for him.

"It was built for a French house. Stan Miller's grandmother went abroad wonders for to see in her old age, an' then built the house over when she came home. I was a year in France without ever seein' a house like that. It lumps all over the hill. They don't build French houses out of wood, to speak of. . . . How old's Stan Miller's widow, Crazy?"

"Dunno. She's awful young, dad. He got killed on the twenty-fourth—no, it was the twenty-third of December, two years ago. It'll be two years," said Ailanthus, "in ten days. Haven't seen her since last spring"

He looked through a window. The silly, peaked turret of the Miller house stuck up out of its cup of land to the left of town. He remembered standing in his room, after some hockey, two years ago, and watching Stanley Miller's funeral crawl in a bright string of blackness up from the hollow. He had been eating gingerbread and counting the black cars in the procession and rubbing liniment on a bruised hip. It was easiest to remember events when something happened to you along with them, and Red Ransome gave him an awful clip in that game of hockey.

"You haven't seen her?"

"Naw. Came into the drug store once, right after Easter an' bought some stuff. She was with Jase Goodhue. She's still wearin' black clothes."

"Well," said dad, "Stan Miller was a nice boy. . . . Is she more than twenty?"

"Dunno. She don't look it anyhow. . . . Hold on! She'll be twenty-one in March"

"He's invaluable," Westlund croaked, displaying Ailanthus to the nurse with a motion of the shoulder. "He never forgets anything. Haven't decided what to do with him. . . . Sure she ain't twenty-one, son?"

"Yeh. She'll be twenty-one in March. 'Cause I was dancin' with her about three weeks before Stan fell out the window. She was goin' to be nineteen in March. We talked about how old we were. It's the only time I ever talked to her much."

He remembered Mrs. Stan Miller's dancing as so-so. She was pretty, of course, but kind of smallish to be a comfortable partner. And brides were always sort of sniffish at parties. When they had been married five or six years they got cloyingly anxious to have him dance with them.

"I hear," said the nurse, "that you're the best dancer in Blandyburg."

"Well," Ailanthus considered, "I guess so. Wally Warren always knows all the new steps. But he hops some. He's taller'n me, but he hasn't any weight. 'N' if you're good-lookin', you get plenty of practice. I dance all right."

The woman dropped the blue hot-water bag on the quilt beside Mr. Westlund's feet and then clumsily picked it up After that, she went out of the room suddenly. Ailanthus looked at the doorway and wondered why she had been so pink all of a sudden in her plain, large face. But his father rolled over, murmuring, "Lord help us all!" and Ailanthus had to examine him to see if something was wrong.

"Kid, if there was any kind of pill you could take or a correspondence course anything! Haven't you any sense of humor at all'"

Ailanthus studied the back of a fist and rehearsed all he had said to this woman in detail. He pried among his words for the suggestion of a joke, and found none. It saddened him, because now that he was twenty years old people would be taking him more solemnly, and it didn't do to act foolish

"I'm awful sorry, dad, but "

"All you cordially told her was that you are the best dancer in town and that women like to cavort with you because you're so good-looking!"

"Yeh, but someone'd told her I dance fine already, father, and it ain't my fault I look like you, is it?"

Mr. Westlund slowly turned the cold compress around his neck and gazed at his son. He said, "I wouldn't change you if I could, Crazy. It's somethin' to be the father of an extraordinary being. I'm going to sleep now, so listen to me. You're to keep Toby here all day. You're bigger than he and a lot stronger, even if your whiskers won't sprout He's to stay here. I leave it to you. You're red-headed, twenty years old and your mamma writes poetry. Tell Tobias the story of his life or something, but don't let him go downtown."

"Yes, sir," said Ailanthus, putting his fists in his corduroy pockets

"All right Stick to it"

"Sure."

He was at the door when his father coughed, "Here you haven't asked me why, sonny."

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"'Cause it's none of my business, dad, is it?"

Mr. Westlund soon said, "It's not exactly. Go along, you darn miracle. And don't go paddling around in the snow in those moccasins. You might get a sore throat."

Ailanthus went happily downstairs and beamed at his dark cousin in the living room. Toby became fascinating instead of just usual. This creature in riding boots and a red jersey was not to be allowed to go down into Blandyburg all day. Something threatened him. Did he know it? And what had started it? Toby never got into fights, being a wily person with older brothers who had made him prudent when he was young. Or had he been in a fight? His right eye seemed yellowish on the lid and underneath the lower lashes. A slight scratch on his pointed chin might have come from shaving himself.

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"She Was Pickin' Apple Blossoms. I Was Ridin' a Colt By. The Petals," Toby Furiously Said, "Came Down on Her Dress. So I Stopped"

THIS LOST DEGENERATION

By Joseph Hilton Smyth

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

I LEFT France in the early spring and came back to Winhaven, Long Island. For five years I had been intending to leave France, in the early spring or any other time, and come back to Winhaven, only somehow I never had, and then, everything seemed to happen at once; I won a lot of money at Monte Carlo and Aunt Agatha ate too many cucumbers and drank a glass of milk right afterward, and got acute indigestion and died, and the lawyers wrote me; so I came back.

Everyone wanted to know what I had been doing all the while, so I said writing; and then they all wanted to know what I was going to do, now that I was back in Winhaven; and I looked around and there didn't seem to be much of anything to do—which was why I had left in the first place—so I said writing again, and that seemed to be that, and my golf game began to improve a lot.

Then one day old Major Ames cornered me in the locker room and said, "I understand you are writing a book, Anthony."

I said, "Yes, sir. A book."

He said, "What's it about?"

I said, "Sir?"

He said, "What is it—a novel?"

"No, not exactly. That is, in a way, yes—it's about people, I mean." I began to wonder if maybe I hadn't made a mistake, deciding to write. I thought maybe it might have been better if I had said I was going to paint.

Then the major snorted a couple of times so that his mustaches bristled, and he said, "By gad, sir, if I was writing a book nowadays, I know what I'd write about."

I brightened up a little at the prospect. I said, "Do you?"

"I do, sir!"

So I said, "If you were writing a book today, what would you write about, major?"

He straightened up and looked as dignified as a major, retired, clad in nothing but the lower half of some winter underwear kind of baggy at the knees, can look, and he glared at me, and said, "I'd write about this younger generation, sir! There's material for you, if anyone would dare to print it."

I said, "What's the matter with the younger generation?"

"Everything!"

"Everything?"

"And then some."

I said, "You forget I've been away for a long time. I'm out of touch. I didn't know things were so bad."

"Bad!" he snorted. "They stopped being bad a long time ago. They've gone beyond that: They couldn't be worse."

I said, "It doesn't seem possible."

He waved a sock belligerently at me. "The things I could tell you," he grunted. He put on the sock. "You wouldn't believe me!"

I said, "I'd believe you, major."

He put on the other sock and slid into his pants, and sputtered a bit.

I said, "What's that, sir?"

"Alexander—my nephew, Alexander. He's just gone and got himself expelled from another college."

"Another?"

I Said, "You've Got a Nerve." He Said, "Huh?"

"Another! This is the third one in two years. He's a wastrel, sir; nothing but a wastrel."

There didn't seem to be anything to say, so I just looked at my watch. "I'm sorry," I said, "but it's after four, and I had an appointment at four. Thanks for the idea."

"Don't thank me!" he barked. "Write the book! Show 'em up! Loose, that's what they are—fast and loose!"

"Yes, sir," I said, and went out.

By the time I got home I decided that the major's suggestion might not be so bad after all; a lot of people were writing about the younger generation already, so that it seemed to be a pretty good subject, and any research work I might have to do wouldn't be so unpleasant.

Pretty soon Matty rang a little bell and I went in to dinner. Matty had been cooking and serving dinners for Aunt Agatha ever since I could remember, and now that Aunt Agatha had gone and I had returned, she cooked and served them for me.

I said, "Well, Matty, tomorrow I start in on my new book."

She said, "That's good. And will it be a love story?"

I said, "I don't know. It's about the younger generation."

"The what?"

"The younger generation. You know—all about the young ones. Do you know anything about them?"

"Sure," said Matty. "They're always hungry and after the cooky jar."

"I didn't mean that young," I said. "I meant around twenty."

"Oh!" said Matty. "Them!"

I said, "Them."

"There ain't nothing to know," she said, and brought on the chops.

Well, in a place as small as Winhaven it doesn't take news, good or bad, long to travel. That evening, when I was wandering down to the Smoke Shop for cigarettes, a roadster drew along beside me and stopped, and there was Janice Weber.

She said, "Give you a lift?"

I said, "I don't mind," and got in.

When I had left Winhaven five years before, Janice had been only thirteen or thereabouts. She didn't look thirteen now, though. She looked a lot of things, but thirteen wasn't among them.

I said, "My, but you certainly have changed, Janice."

"Have I?"

"You have. You've grown up."

"Think of that," she said. "You flatter me. It's time and that tired feeling as does it. What's this I hear about you, though?"

"I don't know. What is it you hear about me?"

She said, "I hear you're about to do a job on us."

I said, "Me? Don't you believe it."

"The major says you're writing a book about us."

I said, "Oh! Well, I had thought something about it."

She slowed down to thirty miles an hour and turned to me. "Aren't you going to have your hands full?"

"How come?"

"Well," she said, "do you, really, now, know so frightfully much about us?"

I said, "No. But the major offered to tell me plenty——"

"He would."

"——and I intend doing some research work on my own account," I went on, not paying any attention to her interruption.

She laughed a little at that, and turned her aquamarine eyes on me.

"Maybe I could help you too."

I said, "What?"

"Maybe I could help you. I'm one of the younger generation, I suppose."

"That's an idea," I admitted. "I hadn't thought of that."

We were in the outskirts of Winhaven by now. Janice throttled down again.

"There's a new orchestra at the Zulu Hut that's supposed to be pretty hot," she said.

"What's the Zulu Hut?"

"A roadhouse that opened up a couple of years ago, the other side of the country club."

I said, "Yes?"

She said, "If you're so keen on collecting material, we might go. A lot of the younger crowd hang out there."

"That's all right with me," I said. "Let's go. You can't write a book without material."

The next morning, just as I was deciding that maybe I'd better take a few more notes before starting in to work,

there was a screech of brakes outside the house, and a gate slammed, and then the front door slammed, and then Alexander Ames, Junior, barged into the library and knocked over one chair and slouched down in another in such a way that pretty soon his feet were occupying a third.

I said, "You've got a nerve."

He said, "Huh?"

I said, "A nerve. Did it occur to you that I might be busy?"

"Knowing you as of old," he said, "it didn't What would you be doing?"

I started to scowl at him, but changed my mind, because somehow my head didn't feel so good when I scowled

"That's no way to talk," I said. "The mere fact that I had the misfortune to go to college with your older brother gives you no right to be flippant with me. And if it's any of your darned business, I happen to be writing a book."

Major Ames

"Yeah," said Alexander. "That certainly sounds like a novel idea "

"A book," I went on, ignoring him and reaching for a cigarette, "about the younger generation."

"So I heard. My esteemed uncle told me. What do you know about it?"

"A lot. I've been studying the matter, and the younger generation, and everything, and it's going to the dogs."

"Your book?"

"No, the younger "

"Bunk!" said Alexander.

I said, "What?"

He said, "Horse feathers! You talk like my Aunt Hettibelle after the major's finished giving her a line."

I said, "Is that so? You re a fine one to talk, like Aunt Hettibelle or anyone else. Am I or am I not correct in the belief that you were given the gate at dear old Alma Mater for getting smacked up to the eyebrows and wrapping your flivver around a telegraph pole?"

"No."

"The papers " I started.

"Sure," he said. "The papers. All the news that fits the print. Are you asking me or the papers?"

"I'm asking you," I said.

"All right. I was going back to the frat house, and it was raining, and the car skidded and smashed up, and a bottle of Gordon water I was taking back to a fraternity brother smashed too. .And it wasn't a telegraph pole, anyway; it was a tree."

I said, "That's a good story "

He glared at me. "You're as bad as all the rest," he said. "You only believe what you want to believe. It happens to be the truth."

"Sure," I said.

"Listen," he said, "my grandfather died at the age of eighty-seven of heart trouble, and they found two bottles of rye in his medicine closet afterward, but that didn't mean he was an alcoholic and spent his last moments fighting off the D. T.'s and six green golliwogs."

So I said, no, it didn't, and then he launched into a long tirade, all about giving gay dogs a bad name, and circumstances altering cases, not to mention bottles, and about being maligned, and I said "yes" and "no" and "uh-huh" at appropriate intervals, and then the telephone rang, and it was Janice.

She said, "How's the boy Balzac this morning?"

I said, "Never better."

She said, "Don't you think it's too nice a morning to work?"

"It seems so," I admitted, "but I really should. Although maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea if I collected a bit more material first."

"I'm sure it wouldn't," she said. "In fact, it sounds like a swell idea, and golf sounds like a better one. Don't you think golf sounds good?"

I said, "It sounds fine."

She said, "Then how about a little putting on the fairways and driving on the greens?"

I said that was all right with me, so she said to putter along and meet her at the club in half an hour. I turned back to Alex, who had been lending an attentive ear to the conversation

I said, "Seeing as how you interrupted my morning's work, you can drive me out to the country club. My car's being overhauled."

"You, too," he murmured. "And where did you skid?"

I said, "Dry up."

He said, "Who was she, Tony?"

"A friend."

"Sure," he said, "just another friend in speed But listen, Winhaven is a small place, and far be it from me to spy or anything, but ——"

I said, "It was Janice Weber."

He let loose a whistle.

I said, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all."

"Then what's the big idea of giving an imitation of the Kentucky Warblers?"

He didn't say anything, just grinned and shrugged his shoulders, and we went out and got in his car, which was one the major was letting him use until his own was untangled, only the major didn't know it at the time; and it took us eight minutes to do the five miles to the club, with no time out for conversation or curves.

When we got there, I said, "Thanks. But the next time I think I'll take a plane or something else a little slower and safer. I want to live, brother."

Alex just laughed and said, "You're going to move a lot faster than that before long."

I said, "What do you mean? "

He grinned again. "Maybe not," he said, "but if little Janice is anything like her sister, you'll be stepping high, wide and fancy."

I said, "What's her sister got to do with it?"

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The Four of Us Went Out to Zulu Hut, Because, as Janice Said, it Wouldn't Do Any Harm to Do a Little More Research Work

WANTED—YOUNG MEN

By Elizabeth Frazer

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

FIRST of all," said the executive, "before we actually embark upon this important discussion concerning the employment of young men in the complex business world of today, let us do a little advance reconnoitering of the great system called modern industry, note the lie of the land as a whole, its general aspects and favoring conditions, and peg down a few of the fundamental facts which confront a young man when he puts on his hat and fares forth into that world to nail a job."

The speaker was a highly paid executive in the New York office of a great corporation with more than a score of subsidiaries and a far-flung organization which girdles the globe. I had asked him to give me a general picture of the employment problem from the viewpoint of the young man seeking a job and also of the employer from whom the job was sought. In my interviews with the executives of other corporations upon this subject, I had constantly run up against the name of this man—let us call him Murphy, for he was as Irish as that. Mr. Murphy, it seemed, was an authority upon the subject. He knew men and he knew the big industrial machine as it is, was, and shall be; and he was generally recognized as a practical genius at fitting the one to the needs of the other and making a first-class welded job.

"The first thing I should like to say," said Mr. Murphy, "is that a young man should know what he wants; he should know in what direction his special gifts, capabilities and inclinations lie before ever tackling an employer for a job. Now, it is generally agreed that a young man stands the best chance of succeeding in that work which he likes best to do. But taste in itself is not always an indication of talent; a man may have a taste for being a Napoleon of industry while his natural talents lie nearer the position of doorkeeper; so, in analyzing himself, a young man should not confuse his ambitions and desires with his real capabilities.

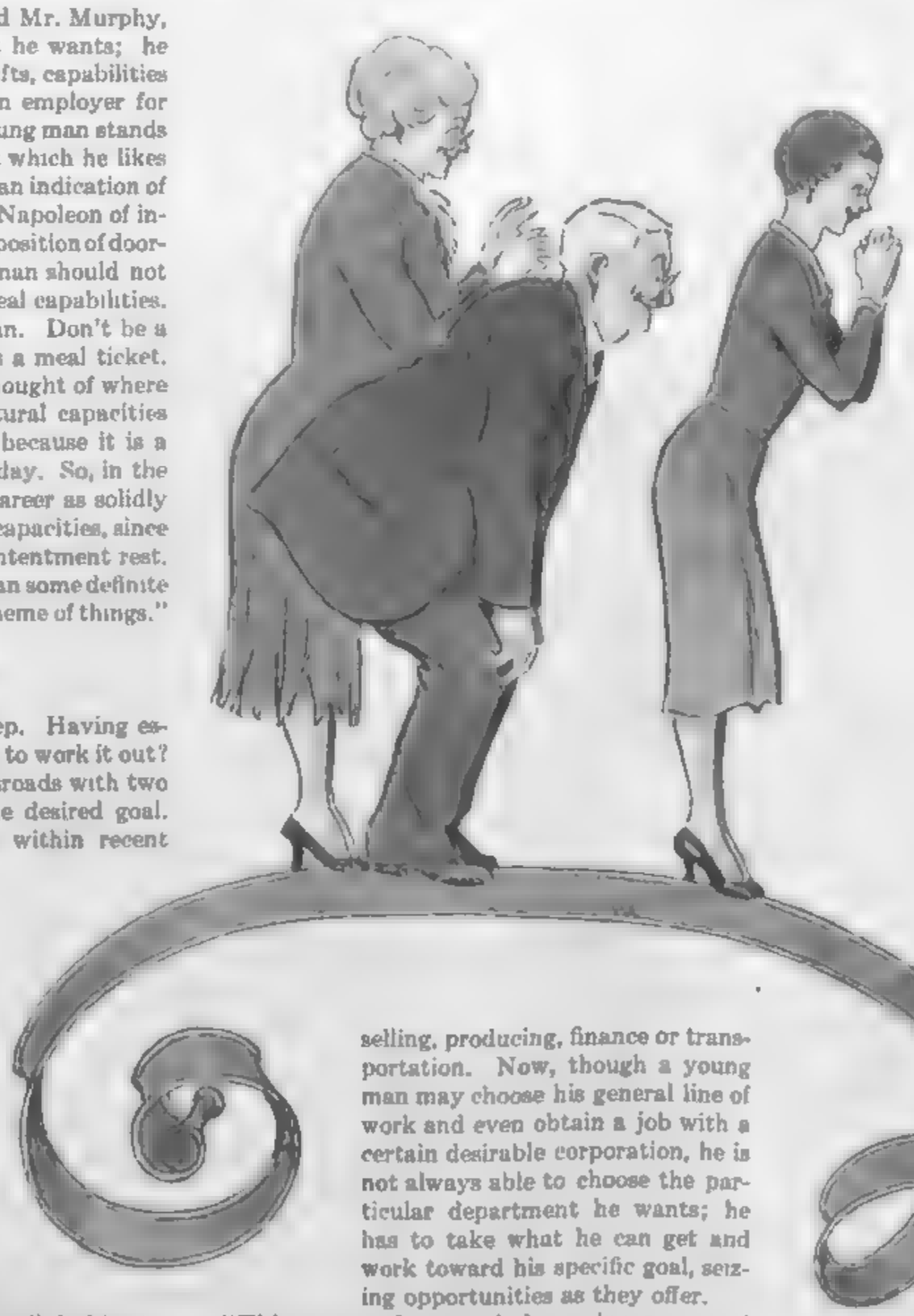
"That is Step Number One: Have a plan. Don't be a floater. Don't hunt a job just because it's a meal ticket. Just to drift into a job, any job, with no thought of where it leads or whether it accords with one's natural capacities is a tragedy. And it is no less a tragedy because it is a commonplace occurrence in business life today. So, in the beginning, a young man should plant his career as solidly as possible upon his own natural gifts and capacities, since upon that base both success and inner contentment rest. He should have a purpose—and by that I mean some definite line of work within the present industrial scheme of things."

Two Roads to the Top

"THIS leads us directly to the second step. Having established this purpose, how is he going to work it out? Well, right at this point we come to a crossroads with two distinct branches, each leading toward the desired goal. Both are perfectly legitimate roads, but within recent years and, more particularly since the war, one has come to be marked 'Dangerous!' and it is strewn with the business wrecks of many ambitious men who went forward on that track without first sitting down to count the costs and to examine their own equipment. Let us scrutinize this danger trail first. This is the road a man takes who deliberately changes his occupation in order to gather the necessary experience which will help him toward his desired goal. Let us say, for example, that a man hopes some day to establish his own business. Now, for such a man deliberately to change his job during the early years of his life in order to gain the varied experiences which will fit him to handle all the branches of his own business later on is a perfectly sound philosophy; it has tradition, logic behind it. But—and this is a very potent 'but' in our modern industrial system of gigantic organizations of international scope, with extreme specialization, low costs and high efficiency—such a procedure requires a fighting courage, a resource, physical vitality and enthusiasm far above the average. Upon this lonely route a man must wrestle with the Apollyon of big business at every turn of the road; he must meet adversity and be stimulated by it to clutch victory from the very jaws of defeat. The man who cannot fight and lose and still keep up his nerve for an even bigger battle had better not follow this course.

"Now, many of our great pioneers of industry who have built up this nation's wealth and increased its productivity have been men of this caliber. But they have been exceptions to the common run, and we dare not base our generalizations upon exceptional cases; we must stick to the average man. In addition, times have changed, and changed tremendously. This is the day of mergers, of the consolidation of smaller units, and the balance is heavily weighted against establishing one-man shows with a minimum of capital. Success can be won, but it requires a strong and resourceful character, and comparatively few possess the fighting qualities necessary to attain the goal.

"And now let us have a look at the other road which one may take in order to achieve success. A youth selects, let us say, the general environment in which he wishes to live his life, chooses a general line of work which fits his natural bent, such as railroads, manufacturing, building construction, oil, steel, or what not. He then picks the company in which he desires to make a start, and perhaps he may even be able to select the particular branch or department of the business in which he wishes to rise, such as



selling, producing, finance or transportation. Now, though a young man may choose his general line of work and even obtain a job with a certain desirable corporation, he is not always able to choose the particular department he wants; he has to take what he can get and work toward his specific goal, seizing opportunities as they offer.

"This course of action is becoming more and more popular with young men, and, also, it is more advisable in this day of big business. It generally means that the best man arrives at the top, and he is well trained when he gets there. After he has chosen his general line of work, his company, and, if possible, the particular department within the organization, there should be no more hesitation, shilly-shallying or looking back for the young man. Henceforth it is a matter of hard work, circumstances, personality, temperament, accident and everything else that goes to make up the game of life. Further responsibilities will be given, as they arise, to the young man who by his work and personality attracts favorable attention. These responsibilities, with the vast circle which is now drawn by big business to include the whole habitable globe, may drag a man and his family through big cities, little cities, the uncharted wilds, into foreign fields and remote corners of the earth; they may separate him from his family, friends and native community; he may become a stranger to those he knows and loves best. But what does it matter whether he lies down at night under the starry blaze of the Southern Cross or lives in a fur overcoat in the northern wilds or develops a rhinoceros hide under burning suns, as long as he does his job well and is rated A1 by his company and his working associates? In the long run, however, he gets his reward. He may not, and, indeed, he probably will not, get all that is coming to him each month or each year, but if he has brains and patience and industry he will get about all that he deserves in the course of twenty years. Now, I know as well as you do that twenty years seems an eternity to a sapling of twenty-five; but at the age of forty-five he still has another good twenty years of his race to run, and if the foundation has been well laid, the going in the second lap ought to be pretty smooth.

"So much for the young man and his path to glory. Now, let us look at the situation from the large corporation's point of view. And here let me say firmly that the second route I have outlined is absolutely obligatory. There is no other way. Of course, there are a few exceptions. Occasionally a young man falls heir to a job he has not earned, but to count on an off chance like that is like counting on a relative to die so you may fall heir to his fortune. Those relatives generally prove to be centenarians, or else they turn cantankerous and cut you out of their wills."

The Industrial Cadet Corps

"THERE is one danger in following the route I have just outlined, and that is the danger of becoming hopelessly grooved. I know of only one remedy for this, and it is a good one, though it does not always work. The remedy is this: Keep in touch personally with things outside of your own immediate job, either by direct contact or by a definite educational program, outside reading, night classes, lectures by practical experts, and so on. For example, young Jones in the stock room may show fine ability in handling material shipped to customers. Presently he is promoted to the sales department and has a great deal of correspondence to answer, which he finds difficult because of his faulty schooling: he gets shot to pieces over his grammar. But Jones should have anticipated that and studied English while he was rolling barrels in the stock-room. The best way, then, to get out of a groove is to do the daily task well and at the same time to prepare oneself to fill the higher position when the opportunity arises. And that, too, requires vision and a stout heart.

"Now, there is one thing a young man should bear in mind in entering a business career, and that is that in the beginning he is not absolutely necessary to any company. His big chance lies in the fact that, with future positions of responsibility constantly developing as the firm expands, corporations have found it a good policy to have a number of young men around them, a sort of industrial cadet corps, who are striving to prove themselves worthy of being selected at the same time that they are learning the ropes and filling minor jobs. Most big corporations now follow this policy; they sometimes take on a youth, not because they have a specific job for him but because he is such good timber that they want to keep him in the organization. For this reason, because of his potentialities, the beginner in business, like the raw recruit on the football team, merely has an opportunity to show his metal and not to carry responsibility. He should remember that his superiors are watching him to see how his character and fitness are shaping up, and he should feel

personally responsible for the simplest tasks assigned to him, no matter how trivial, realizing that he is not only making himself useful but also indicating those qualities of mind and character upon which promotion to higher responsibilities rests. It is a big mistake to suppose that promotion depends on mere technical knowledge.

"Occasionally it happens that a young man has the chance to serve as secretary to an employer who is an important executive in a large corporation, and this intimate association with a big-caliber mind is of inestimable value to a youth; it is a liberal education in itself, and often proves an easy stepping-stone to rapid advancement. A knowledge of shorthand and typing is often the open sesame to such positions, and is valuable for that reason.

"There are a few fundamental facts about age which apply generally to this subject of employment. Up to the age of fourteen a lad is usually found in school. From fourteen to eighteen he goes to high school or preparatory school, or else he goes to work. From eighteen to twenty-two or thereabouts he is at college or at work. Now, from the point of view of the employer, it is not a matter of prime importance whether he has been in school or at work, but it is a matter of the very first importance to the employer to know what he has got out of either of those two things. From twenty-two to twenty-five is the period in which a man should get his bearings, if he has not already found himself, and decide on the general line of work he means to follow. From twenty-five to thirty he should get well established in his business, with his feet firmly planted on the lower rungs of the particular ladder he intends to climb. Following his purpose, there should be no thought of money during the early years, but only an intensive drive for experience and responsibility. I do not mean by this, of course, that any man should be underpaid, but only that results work out better when he keeps his mental eye fixed not upon the pay envelope but upon his job. The older a man becomes, the harder it is for him to obtain a responsible position in a large corporation."

Scouting for Business Timber

"AT THE age of thirty or thirty-five, with considerable success in a small company, it is extremely difficult to get into one of the large concerns at the same status of salary or position, mainly because the big corporations, as I have already said, prefer to develop their own men.

"Perhaps the most important single factor in getting a job is personality, which so few men take the pains to cultivate because they are so satisfied with themselves as they are. To learn from other men and still not be copies—that is, to retain our own individuality, broadened and enriched by association with others—is not easy, for nearly all of us are handicapped by native conceit; but it may be achieved by working at our own limitations and by being willing to learn from our own mistakes.

"In conclusion I would say to the young man what I said in the beginning: Make up your own mind what you want to do. Listen to the advice of others, think it over, but make up your own mind in the end. Remember, it's your own life and it's you who have to live it, straight to the end. Base your lifework as nearly as possible on your own natural bent, your native gifts and capacities, but be sure that they are real, substantial qualities, and not mere chimeras, temporary moods and desires."

So much for the general picture. And now let us turn to some of the more concrete details of the employment problem as it touches young men and see how the basic principles outlined above work out in actual practice. This time the speaker is the personnel manager of one of the greatest corporations on earth, whose company name is a household word.

"Our organization," he said, "employs technically trained men for home and foreign positions, also college men with liberal-arts degrees and high-school graduates of unusual quality, who start in as office boys, messengers, and so on, and work up in the company. When an applicant comes to me, the first thing I want to know about him is what he wants to do. Now, the technical man is much more apt to know what he wants than the liberal-arts graduate. The latter is likely to sit back in his chair, and often it's as hard as pulling a tooth to get out of him what he wants. Very often we'd like to help him, but it's a mighty hard job to assist a man to make up his own mind. So that is one type we don't like—the fellow who gropes, who is vague, who mutters to every inquiry, 'Well, I don't know.' He may have a good personality and impress us as available stuff, but he has no particular slant. Occasionally we try out the most unusual ones to see if they can discover themselves.

"How do we get our men? Well, we go after them. The job hunts the man these days. We have representatives who visit all the first-class technical schools to pick the outstanding young men in the annual crop of graduates. Most of the big corporations do that nowadays, and I tell you the competition is fierce. We've had to send our representative earlier and earlier in the spring each year, so as to get on the ground before the other corporations have lined up the best men. Some of these young fellows receive bids from half a dozen of the best companies in the country; they can pick and choose. One chap with a fine record had seventeen offers. Think of it! He was as much sought after as a popular debutante. I sometimes think that it's a bad thing for a green young man to be so much sought after; it's apt to give him a swelled head; and yet, the big organizations are out for the best timber, and if a man's record shows him to be high grade he's bound to be run after. And speaking for my own organization, we don't want technical men unless they are strictly A1.

"Now, there is a certain thing which we, as employers, are deeply interested in when we look over a young man's college record. I'll bet you don't know what that is, and I'll bet most of the young men don't know what it is. We want to know how these young fellows have spent their summers during the four years of college life. What, if any, were their summer activities? If they worked their way through college, what did they do? If they didn't have to work, what did they do? Some of the men who were short of cash have shown remarkable initiative and built up paying businesses. One up-and-coming youngster organized a steam laundry which paid him six thousand dollars a year. Another worked out a profitable baggage and transportation scheme. Now, these things interest an employer, not because a youth is poor and worthy—that's all hooey—but because he shows initiative, drive and an acquaintance with actual business conditions which render him valuable in our eyes."

A College Boy's Summer Activities

"BUT let us take a young man who doesn't need to work, as the popular phrase goes—it's a lie, of course, but let that pass. The boy's father is rich. Do we scrutinize his summer activities also? We certainly do, with exactly as much pains and for the same underlying reasons. Let me illustrate this point with an individual case which came under my eye. There was a certain young man whom I had interviewed in his final year at college. His scholarship record was excellent; his personality impressed me; I was strongly inclined to give him a bid to join our organization. But when I looked over his report on summer activities in reply to the firm's questionnaire, I was astonished and disgusted to find that he had not done a single thing. During the summers of the entire four years he had not lifted a finger to acquaint himself with actual current conditions in his particular field of study—I forgot to mention that he was a technical man—or in the business world at large. He had played golf, tennis, gone around to house parties and done his bit with the girls. In plain words, loafed, fooled around for four solid summers on end.

"I couldn't believe it, and so I wrote to him and also to his professors, to discover if he had a reasonable excuse. He replied that his people were rich; he didn't have to work. And so he had remained comfortably perched on the family roost. Well, that finished him. He wasn't good enough for us. If a man is as static as that when he's an undergraduate kid, which is the period of all others when he should be keen as a razor, trying to tear the stuffing out of the world to see what it's made of, what will he be in ten, fifteen or twenty years? That boy lacked creative curiosity, drive; he was a swivel-chair artist, no bottom to him. Nor is this summer-activity business a matter of wealth, as he implied. Nowadays you'll find the sons, and also the daughters, of men of wealth and social prestige striking out for themselves during their summer vacations. It's a mighty healthy sign in this nation. One of those boys dropped into my office not long ago and struck me for a summer job, manual work preferred.

"'What do you want a job for, anyway?' I quizzed, just to get a rise.

"'Oh, gosh!' he burst out. 'I get so fed up loafing around all the time and being mother's extra chauffeur that I'm all shot to pieces before the summer's done. I'm going to hand myself three weeks' vacation, which is all I need, and then I want a job.' Well, he got his job. And needless to say, we tied a string on him

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PETER THE FOURTEENTH

By Robert Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IF YOU are given to reading success stories in the magazines, you already know something of Peter Vingut. You will recall, no doubt, how Peter was once a collector of golf honors, and again a broker on the Stock Exchange, before he went mercantile and married the boss' daughter. So much has been in print heretofore, surrounding glossy pictures of Peter, his wife, his house, his yacht, and other things that are his. But the unvarnished tale of the rise of Peter Vingut is quite a bit longer than that.

The beginning was when Peter and Constance Jadwin fell heavily in love with each other, Constance being the wholly adorable one chick of that Samuel T. who is Jadwin Stores, Incorporated. The Jadwin chain, as everyone knows, marks saw-toothed diagonals on the nation's map and equips the American home, carpet tack to pipe organ, for cash or by budget.

Since the vertigo was mutual, Peter's wooing was steered by Constance herself, and it ran smoothly to full success. But the heiress to Jadwin millions was a practical young filly and she was hard-headed Sam Jadwin's own get. Moreover, she had been wooed once or twice before.

"Boy," said she to Peter in due season, "the time has come for us to pull up and breathe naturally for a while. It is all thrilling and wonderful, and I am wildly happy, but I do have sane moments. I am I, and my dad is Samuel T. Jadwin, and people, including you, darling, are what they always have been. I love you madly and incredibly, old dear, but I simply will not marry a carefree golf champion who sometimes masquerades as a bond salesman."

"Connie, my lass," boomed Peter, kissing her heartily, "I've been thinking of that myself. I've been thinking of it long and seriously, old girl, and I've decided I shall have to do something or other about it."

"Right-o!" said Connie steadily. "And while you are doing the something or other, I shall be flitting about Biarritz, and so forth. Now, don't explode, and don't sputter, for it's all settled. The Porters are sailing next week, and I'm sailing with them. You'll be crushed and miserable, of course, dearest, but I'm giving you three whole months to develop new form."

The idea, Peter argued vehemently, was not less than exceedingly goofy. Three months, he insisted, was a rotten long time, and what was it all about anyhow?

Connie put her hands on his shoulders. "Boy," she said very earnestly—and her lip trembled a little—"three months is such a long, long time that there just can't be an alibi. Now kiss me again."

So that Connie Jadwin sailed away among orchids and roses, and Peter went to his club to take counsel of his best friend, who was a stockbroker.

"Pete," said the broker when the facts had been set out, "it's easy. Buy a seat."

"A seat, Tommy?" asked Peter blankly. "A Stock Exchange seat?"

"Absolutely a Stock Exchange seat," affirmed Tommy Gelshenen. "Absolutely a full-grown New York Stock Exchange membership."

"You," Peter said gloomily, "need rest and quiet. Try cutting out the gay life for a while."

"Absolutely a seat," repeated the counselor firmly. "It will oil the crisis and supply all missing parts. It will hand you ready-made prestige. It will denote affluence and signify vaulting ambition. It will make you eligible for Old Boy Jadwin's own poker gang when you grow up. And on top of that, it will boost your personal value to all females, including show girls and mothers of sub-debs. Buy a seat, old-timer, and Connie will marry you by radio."

"As an idea," Peter admitted, "it's a wow."

"As a working model," asked Tommy, "what's the matter with it?"

"Nothing," Peter declared. "Let's go. What do I use as money?"

"Money in mass," said Tommy, "is merely a theory. Its visibility is nil, and it is always easily obtained by those who already have it. How are you fixed?"

Peter became thoughtful. "The estate wasn't gaudy," he explained. "If I cashed in the whole stack I might pay for a third of a seat, but that's all."

"Man," Tommy said, "this grows easier. How well do you know Morris Baker?"

"What's he got to do with it?" Peter wanted to know. "I've had one or two mix-ups with Baker & Lloyd over bond trades. Morris Baker is a two-hour egg."

"Buddy," Tommy Gelshenen proclaimed, "you'll learn to love the fish. Concentrate, my son, on what I'm telling you. Baker & Lloyd want another man on the floor. Not a partner, you see, but an Exchange member who'll give his time to their orders and make his headquarters in their office."

"What's the matter with Dave Lloyd?" Peter asked. "Is he slowing up?"

"Too much work for Davy alone. The firm is spreading out. They're handling most of Tim Carroll's business now, and a shooter like Carroll keeps things jumping all by himself. Davy Lloyd has been running his little legs off lately. They have to scatter too many of their orders among other brokers, and they can very well use another floor man of their own. Baker made me a bid two days ago, but I'm too comfy where I am. So there you are. If they haven't found someone in the meantime, absolutely there you are."

"How me?" Peter demanded. "Where's my seat?"

"Pete," Tommy said, "you're not very nimble above the ears. You're going to buy a seat, old boy. You'll uproot your patrimony to pay for part of it, and Baker & Lloyd will put up the rest. That will put you in hock to them until you've paid them off, which you'll do out of the commissions they pay you for executing their orders on the floor. The details aren't important. Have you caught the idea, or do you need a diagram with arrows?"

"It dawns on me," said Peter, blinking. "What do I have to do to frame all this?"

"Only a little snake charming. You merely have to sell yourself to Morrie Baker after I've planted the idea firmly within him. I'll do the planting tomorrow morning. I'll give him your points—classy youth with a few brains, honest but hopeful, swell family, Princeton bird, abnormal golf handicap, soon to be the great Sammy Jadwin's son-in-law ——"

"Not that! I won't have that, Tom."

"All right, fathead, it's out. But I'll show Baker a perfect lily and date you for a talk after lunch. Then you can fix it up. And that's that."

"Rather speedy, aren't you?" asked Peter. "I'll have to think this over. I don't know that Stock Exchange game, Tom. As a floor broker I might be a flop."

Tommy yawned. "Why bring that up? You can rely on one Morrie Baker to mention it pointedly when, as and if necessary. Let's stop talking and look up a good low-brow show."

For such reason newspaper paragraphs were presently headed Golf Champ Now Broker, and a cablegram dated at Biarritz was expensively enthusiastic. Constance Jadwin in person followed the cablegram after an interval of two months.

"And, darling," she said after the first rapture had subsided, "tell me all you've done in Wall Street."

"You already know it," said Peter. "I've got me a Stock Exchange seat and started me a career, as required."

"But," Connie told him, "you did that weeks and weeks ago. What score have you made since?"

Peter protested, "That's a Grade A intricate job down on the Exchange, and I've had a lot to learn. I've been collecting experience."

"Boy," said Sam Jadwin's own child, "the world was made in one week. If experience is all you've collected in Wall Street in two months, you've been flubbing things."

Peter kissed her and grinned. "Girl," he proclaimed cheerfully, "I'm good even when I flub. I can pull mistakes and make money on 'em. Clever, what?"

"Genius," Connie agreed. "I suppose it's a trick."

"I Adore Roughnecks, Jaddy. Who's Carroll?" "Carroll," Her Father Informed Her, "Is a Pickpocket"

"It's a gift," said Peter. "I do it by going briefly ga-ga."

"Impulsively?"

"Without an effort. It's the world's best clown act. Somebody shoots me an order to sell something. It's a nicely written order, and I know how to read. But I suddenly get blind staggers or sunstroke or lapsus of what not, and I neatly buy the stock instead of selling it. That's the technic of the thing."

Connie said, "How intelligent! Then what?"

"Then a phone clerk bawls me out and I come to. But when I shake myself and look around, I find the stock has moved up and is higher than when I did the buying."

"Sweet of it."

"Quite. So I sell out what I bought by mistake, and pocket a profit on it. I'm also able to sell the stock I was told to sell, and at a better price than I would have got if I hadn't gone daffy. The result is general happiness. Simple, isn't it?"

"Simple," Connie sniffed, "and silly If you found the price had gone down instead of up ——"

Peter chuckled, "That would be painful. If the stock dropped, whoever gave me the selling order would hold me for it—I mean the Exchange rules would make me buy the stuff from him myself, and at the price I should have got for it. Then I'd be landed with that as well as with what I actually did buy. And with the price down, I'd be stung with a loss on the double lot. But that hasn't happened to your boy friend yet."

"Even so," said Connie, "I refuse to glow with pride because you've used two months on the Stock Exchange learning how to get by with flukes. The art doesn't interest me, and it's rather time for you to take off, anyhow. There's unpacking going on, and I'm needed. You're coming back for dinner at eight."

"Throwing a dinner party so soon?" Peter complained. "Who'll be there?"

"The family itself," Connie purred, and found a mote on his lapel. "No foreigners, boy." She smiled up at him. "Just Jaddy and I —and you."

Peter rode home wondering if enterprise was always so promptly rewarded. He wondered, too, if the rewards always had a catch in them somewhere. The catch in this case was a beefy and bellicose parent named Samuel T. Jadwin, and Peter considered policies of dinner-table conduct while he dressed. The consideration was halted by Tommy Gelshenen, who appeared clamorously

"I know a new place to eat," Tommy announced. "It's cheerful, cheap and criminal under the law. Nearly ready?"

"I'm dining respectably tonight," said Peter. "Connie got in this morning"

"So?" Tommy regarded his friend with interest. "Maybe you'll get a chance to buzz Old Boy Jadwin."

"If I do, I'll pass it up," Peter declared. "I'm not set for him yet."

Tommy stared. "Romeo," he said, "in case you really are as flat as you seem, I'll pump. The proper subject for conversation with the great Sammy T. Jadwin tonight is not his lovely daughter. It is Hurley Furniture."

"Hurley?" Peter struggled with a collar and inquired, "What about Hurley?"

"Are you asking me?" Tommy demanded indignantly. "Am I a stepchild?"

Peter protested, "But what's new about Hurley Furniture? The company is being taken over by Jadwin Stores. One share of Jadwin is being exchanged for two Hurley. Everybody knows that. What about it?"

The collar was ruined and replaced while Tommy gaped. "Pete," he said solemnly, "you'll get a hearty welcome in any clinic. Don't you know what has been going on in Hurley Furniture in your own office?"

"We've been buying the stock right along, but Dave Lloyd's been handling the orders. I haven't paid any attention to them."

Tommy sighed. "You mustn't wear those sun goggles and ear plugs downtown, Pete," he said. "Now get this: Your firm's valued client, Mr. Tim Carroll, has butted hard into the Jadwin-Hurley situation."

"How?"

"Listen. Tim and some of his crowd have picked up a line of Hurley stock, and they're threatening to block the consolidation if old Jadwin doesn't kick in with better terms than one share for two. The story is all over Wall Street."

"How can Tim block it?"

"If you read anything but the sporting page, son, you'd know that the Hurley deal can't be put through unless four-fifths of the stock consents. If what I hear is true, Jadwin can't get that much to consent unless he plays ball with Tim Carroll."

Peter surveyed an array of neckwear and said absently, "Maybe it's the usual apple sauce"

"Look at the market! Jadwin Stores is back to below 150. The Hurley deposited stock that has agreed to exchange two for one is selling at 77, which is higher than it should be. And undeposited Hurley closed today around 84. Don't those prices show something?"

Peter said wrathfully, "I can't find a decent tie."

"Boy," She Said Very Earnestly—and Her Lip Trembled a Little—"Three Months is Such a Long, Long Time"

"Begin at the Beginning and Tell Me All of Whatever it Is"

"Good. Pay attention to the rest of this. I'm told the Carroll outfit want new terms equal to at least one hundred dollars a share for Hurley. I'm told Tim is cocksure that Sammy T. will come through rather than have the deal ditched. It seems the Jadwin people haven't even peeped yet, and the time limit on their exchange proposition will be up in a couple of days, but Carroll says they'll extend the date and give themselves time to dicker."

"Carroll would say that."

"Anyhow, there's a fight on, and there's a play in Hurley one way or the other. If Carroll is going to force better terms, Hurley is a buy right now. If Sammy has him licked, it's a sale. Or if the deal is going to fall through, it's a still better sale. That's the picture."

"It's a lot of guesswork," Peter objected. "Why are you putting it up to me?"

"Here's why," said Tommy: "I know a man who talked to Sam Jadwin today, and from some of the things the old boy said, he got the idea that the Hurley deal will be called off by Jadwin Stores. Sammy didn't actually say so, of course. He just hinted it somehow. But you'll be hearing about the hint downtown tomorrow."

"Well?"

"Well, if I were Petey Vingut, who is now on his way to knock over a few of Sammy T. Jadwin's bacardis, I would know something about that hint before the dawn's early light."

"But, see here ——"

"And still being Petey Vingut," Tommy continued briskly, "I would then pass on the low-down to my comrade, Thomas Gelshenen, and thus give poor Thomas a chance to beat the barrier for a little jingle. After which I would pour the dope into the rosy ear of Morrie Baker, and so make myself jake with my benefactor, to whom I owe much money. Pete, old lad, Morrie will absolutely kiss you if you turn up something on the Jadwin-Hurley deal that Tim Carroll can use."

(Continued on Page 162)

DIAMONDS FOR LADIES

Donovan Looked at Him Appraisingly. "What I'm Asking You to Do Is Dangerous. Do You Understand That?"

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

AS DONOVAN turned into the avenue, long ablaze with lights, his mind returned idly to his troubles. Another widow had scorned his advice. This time it was a turquoise mine. A pair of fluent leeches had talked her out of nearly everything she owned, including the best of her diamonds. These went last, to save what had gone before.

"What can I do? She owns a post hole in the desert. The thieves are in Mexico by now, for all I know. There ought to be a law keeping death notices out of the papers."

Either that, or a law compelling widows to bite on bone before receiving insurance money outright.

"They described the mine so beautifully, she knew they were telling the truth! And she did need more money!"

Now she had none at all. But upon reaching his own district he dismissed such painful thoughts. By the time he approached his home entrance he was able not only to see an incongruity but to smile at it. Near the corner stood a hand-tailored sedan, hardly six weeks out of its English shell. Just behind it a rheumatic little Farrel had drawn up—even when new a cheap car, and in its old age somewhat less smart-looking than an old broom.

"I stop any stranger, and ask him: Which of these cars is owned by a widow? The stranger will be wrong. The other!"

The English car, of course, was owned by Mrs. Rose Bowers, the widow on the tenth floor. It had cost her a diamond necklace; but she had a habit of letting it stand unlocked. The owner of the other was undoubtedly a man. He noted that it did not carry an Illinois license.

"Jerry will now try to earn his salary," he thought, glancing toward the triple doors.

In other words, he would have a fit. Jerry was the uniformed doorman. Even as he looked, he saw that Jerry, stunned by the shabby presence, was groping for a way to ward off the pariah.

Obeying a whimsical impulse, Donovan wheeled and spoke to the driver.

"Who owns this car?" he asked.

"I do."

"Know the city?"

"Me? Just got here. Indiana. Am I doing something?"

"If they tell you to move on, you can park your car around the corner in the next side street."

"Thanks," said the other.

"It's pleasant to know you're right," replied Donovan to that without explaining further.

He turned away, closed the front door of the English car, which had been left ajar, emptied his pipe, spoke to Jerry, then to the clerk inside, received his mail and crossed to the elevator, the presence of the flivver forgotten, though not as yet the impulse that had led him to speak.

"I wonder when I'll learn to handle people," he reflected on the way to his floor—"meaning by that, women. Men I can deal with. But women! The minute I advise a woman not to do a thing, up she jumps and does it."

But that thought faded out also. He unlocked his door, pushed on the lights, hung up his hat, donned a smoking jacket. Then, sinking back into the deepest chair in the room, he began clawing into a German monograph on cadmium

The telephone bell rang out. The clerk announced a caller. "A man," he added.

"What name?" asked Donovan resentfully.

"He says, to tell you his name doesn't matter, because you wouldn't know him, anyhow, from Pudding Tame."

"Oh, I can't see him!"

"He says, on most important business"

"I'm not in the market for a thing," said Donovan. "Full up—real estate, life insurance, everything."

"About diamonds, he says."

"Ask him to call at my office in the morning."

"He says he can't get away in the daytime. He's working down in Indiana, and drove in just to see you."

"Working?" asked Donovan. "In Indiana?"

A picture stirred into life somewhere back in his mind—the memory of an ancient Farrel, half of its bones in splints, limping up in front of the highly restricted Flintline Apartments to speak to an English car.

"He has to be back by eight in the morning," said the clerk.

Donovan smiled a lost smile that only the telephone understood. "Ask him what car he drives."

"He says, a Farrel," replied the clerk dubiously.

"If it's an old model—why, send him up!"

"A Farrel," repeated the clerk more clearly, believing his ears had deceived him. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. A little later the elevator gate was heard to open and there came a light knocking at the door.

The visitor proved to be the man he had seen at the curb. Whether because he likewise recognized Donovan or for some deeper reason, his speech now went black like a coal touched with water. Donovan set out a chair, took another, lighted his pipe.

"You're a jeweler," he remarked casually.

"A jeweler," admitted the other, without noticing that he had not as yet said anything to indicate his trade.

"A diamond setter."

"That's right."

"Also a diamond salesman," Donovan went on, after blowing more smoke toward the ceiling.

"That's right too." Then, as the significance of the remark broke upon him: "How did you know? I didn't tell you."

"What's that thing in your vest pocket?"

The visitor clutched swiftly at the pocket above his heart and broke into an embarrassed grin.

"Oh, that! Certainly! I see you, now! Nobody but a salesman would use that triple-grip style of tweezers."

Donovan blew more smoke toward the ceiling. "You live in Indiana—Monsoon, Indiana."

"Monsoon is right," said the other.

"Still working at Endicott's?"

"You know all about me, Mr. Donovan, before I have spoken a word. I can understand about the tweezers telling you something. But how did you know I live in Monsoon, and how did you know from the tweezers that I set diamonds as well as sell them, and how did you know the store where I work?"

"All very simple. I saw you at work there one day."

"Of course!" cried the other. "You insured our diamonds!"

"Now that your hat is off, I remember your face. That makes us acquainted. Do you smoke?"

The visitor took the proffered cigarette and nervously lighted it. Then he began hunting for words with his hands.

"I'm Peter Johnson," he began. "I called here to ask you a question. You'll think I have my nerve, Mr. Donovan, but I can't help it. It's about buying a diamond. What I want to know is: Ought I to buy a diamond just now?"

"Go on," said Donovan.

"Suppose I put it, I want it myself for a girl. Ought I to buy a diamond for her, or some other stone?"

Rings of smoke continued mounting, then died out. On its face the question sounded foolish, but Donovan weighed

it for its substance. It sounded a little too foolish. Why should a diamond salesman drive in at night from Indiana to ask a question like that?

"Instead of advising you, let me ask you a question of my own: Isn't it true that you have no particular girl in mind?"

"Perhaps not, but — —"

"And no particular diamond either? Isn't it true that you do not expect to buy a diamond, no matter what I tell you?"

"I admit it," replied the other.

"Then why the question?"

"To keep a widow from being robbed."

"Oh, yes," said Donovan dryly. "Not your widow. Some other man's widow."

"Mrs. Endicott," said the other.

The story came with a rush. John Endicott, owner of the largest diamond business in his part of the state, had recently died, leaving his property to his widow. Not long before his death he had bought an important parcel of diamonds. Johnson had just heard that diamonds were about to fall greatly in value. Being skeptical, yet uncertain, he had sought out Donovan, whose business it was to know, to make inquiries.

"Who told you that diamonds were about to fall greatly in value?" asked Donovan.

"The firm that sold us our diamonds the Abercrombie Company, of New York."

"When was this?"

"Only today. That's why I'm here tonight."

"The Abercrombies are careful and reliable," said Donovan thoughtfully. "I'd like to see their letter."

"They didn't write. They called on us."

"Do you happen to know who it was who called?"

Johnson produced a printed business card. Glancing at it, he replied: "The older man was named Heffner. The other name I think was Waters."

"I know them both. You can believe anything either of them tells you about diamonds or anything else."

"I see I oughtn't to have come," said Johnson, rising to leave. "I just overheard some loose ends of the talk, and it was none of my business. They talked to Mrs. Endicott."

"What have you there?" asked Donovan.

"Heffner's business card. Mrs. Endicott left it lying on her desk. It's the Abercrombie card, with Heffner's name in the lower corner."

"So it is," said Donovan, glancing at it.

Had his caller known him well he would have noticed the subtle change in the quality of his voice, but had he then been asked to describe it, he would probably have said little more than that Donovan was speaking more softly.

"You have the time," said Donovan, still in his softer voice. "So have I." He motioned him back into his chair. "They talked to John Endicott's widow. What did they advise her to do—advertise a price-slashing sale?"

Mr. Harrison

"That was one of their suggestions, but they said they could realize more for her by selling through one of their old customers in a larger city."

"She would turn over her diamonds to them to sell for her?"

"Yes, sir. To sell for her at the best price they could get."

"Through what customer? What city?"

"She was to leave that to them. They would give her a signed receipt to protect her."

"Fair enough. I suppose the widow rejected their good advice with scorn."

"She did not. She ate it up."

"H'm," said Donovan. He did not return the card, nor did he look at it again. After a moment he said: "How long are you to be in Chicago?"

"About as long as from here to the city limits. All I have to do now is turn around."

"How are the roads?"

"They were crowded this evening, but they won't be, going back. All I'll see is a few owls."

"You did right, coming here," said Donovan. "I may run down to Monsoon myself in the morning."

Johnson's face lighted. "You could ride back with me, Mr. Donovan. My car will carry two all right."

But Donovan shook his head. "Can't leave in time. You must be at the store without fail in time to open up. Do you want to do something for me?"

"Tell me what," said Johnson.

Donovan looked at him appraisingly. "What I'm asking you to do is dangerous. Do you understand that?"

"Selling diamonds is dangerous," said Johnson.

"And owning diamonds. Wait where you are for a moment, while I fit you out."

Laying his pipe upon a book to cool off, Donovan went out into another room, where, after rinsing his hands of the smell of smoke, he busied himself for some minutes with trays and papers. He returned carrying a small package.

"This parcel contains diamonds," he said. "Carry it for me to Monsoon." And he told him where to leave it, in case he reached Monsoon first.

Johnson heard him through, his eyes glinting with interest. "I get you," he said. "The diamonds will be there."

A shadow crossed his face.

"What is it?" asked Donovan.

"I forgot to tell you. I thought for a while tonight I was followed. But I don't think I could have been—anyhow, not all the way."

"Unlikely," said Donovan. "Too far."

"And I'm not important enough."

Continued on Page 121

"The Police in This Town Seem to Think We're Suspicious Characters," Explained Heffner Lightly. "In Fact, We're Practically Under Arrest"

ROADS OF REMEMBRANCE

So This is the Road of Remembrance!

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

Col. Benedict Arnold, leading his secret expedition against Canada, had brought his little army up the tumbling quick water of the Kennebec and across the cruel bogs and mountain spurs of the Great Carrying Place into the winding channel of Dead River. The bitter winds of autumn cut through the tree-ragged garments like knives, and snow squalls from the Canadian mountains lashed their faces. The hurricane found them strung along the river; and in one night the water rose eight feet, overturning and smashing heavy bateaux, plucking kegs of powder and bullets from the boats, and washing the bulk of their little store of food down the raging stream like chips. They poled their remaining bateaux deeper into the trackless wilderness of Northern Maine, up through the waters of the Chain of Ponds, until they reached the towering, jagged wall that stood between them and Canada—the terrible mountains known as the Height of Land. Daniel Morgan, captain of the Virginia riflemen, came to the rude trail that Arnold's axmen had hewn through the tangle of trees that countless centuries of winter storms and summer heat had spread over the granite peaks; and at its foot he found a messenger with instructions from Arnold. "Take one bateau across the mountains," ran the instructions, "and leave the rest behind. The men are too weak from lack of food to carry more than one bateau to a company!"

Morgan lined up his men on the shore of the last of the Chain of Ponds. "Seven bateaux we've got," he said in his great, booming voice, "seven bateaux; and we need 'em all for supplies, for me and the sick. We need 'em all to get to Quebec. I'll take one of the seven myself."

Straightway the strong [illegible] and emaciated Virginians shouldered all of their bateaux across the Height of Land—across five miles of ground that caught at their feet like granite fingers; and when they had crossed, the rags on their shoulders were stained with blood, and the bones of their shoulders showed through their flesh.

THE Arnold Trail, partly completed by the state of Maine during the summer of 1929, pushes through the forests of Northern Maine, along the same amazing route that Arnold's ragged companies opened in 1775. It twists across a shoulder of the Bigelow Range, which took its name from reckless young Major Timothy Bigelow of Worcester, who climbed to its top in 1775 in the hope of seeing the spires of Quebec in the distance; and from these heights it descends to the winding waters of Dead River, whose serpentine curves cling stubbornly to the shadow of beautiful Mount Bigelow. It passes through the little town of Flagstaff and rises again to the beginning of the Chain of Ponds—round ponds, oval ponds, square ponds, irregular ponds, spider-shaped ponds—each one of them higher than the next, and each one pressed deeper into the mountains that so nearly took the lives of Arnold's men more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

It is an odd road, this road through the heart of the wilderness—a remarkable piece of road building. It bends itself around corners with all the flexibility of a snake; and it pushes itself up and down rocky spurs, among which lies the Chain of Ponds, with the abruptness of a roller coaster. Occasional axmen or settlers, when asked for directions, look calculatingly at the inquirer's car.

"Ever been over the trail before?" they ask.

"Well," they say, when they learn that the trip is the first one, "you never saw nothing like it. Up and down, like going to sea in a dory! Be sure your brakes ain't slipping!"

Up and down it goes, the grades so steep that an automobilist, topping a rise, is cut off by the hood of his car from seeing the descent beyond him and the rise that follows. The road is edged with precipices and tumbled rocks; the blue waters of the ponds gleam through trees that looked down on the passage of Arnold's men. It is ancient Maine—the Maine of the Abnaki huntsmen, who came from their fishing grounds on the Penobscot and the Kennebec and the Passamaquoddy to take the beaver and the sable and the otter; the far-off Maine of Father Drouillettes and Father Rasle, who instructed their Indian charges in the ways of the church; the Maine of Arnold's tremendous march, and of generation after generation of trappers and woodsmen and hunters and fishermen whose desires have nothing in common with the haunts of men or the march of civilization.

On the trees there are no white or yellow signs stating the price of Guckbuck's Chocolate Chandy or advocating the purchase of Orduna Cigarettes. The curves are free from the charming touches which, on most of Maine's through roads, greet the eyes of those beauty lovers who hasten in constantly increasing numbers to the Pine Tree State to see its widely advertised scenery—free, in other words, of large and prominent billboards intended to emphasize the desirability of Hay-Hay Cigars, the Clutterup-Spoilsem Department Store, the Rockbed Hotel, and Bologny, the Cigarette With the Meaty Smell.

It is a road of overwhelming charm and beauty; a road of which any state might be proud, not only because of the difficulties that were surmounted in building it and because of its scenic grandeur but above all because of the historical associations that cling to it.

But it is, unfortunately, an unfinished road; and what it will be when it is finished—when the people's money has made it valuable and easily traveled—is something else again.

Although many Maine residents have lifted up their voices in violent condemnation of the manner in which the scenery of the state is embellished with billboards, sardine tins, old shoe boxes and lunch wrappers, the scenery has received no noticeable assistance from the legislature of the state, or from those tourists who scatter trash along the roadsides.

An occasional attempt is made to remedy the situation, but it is made by individuals. Between the towns of Wells and Biddeford in Southern Maine there is a particularly smooth section of state road along which speed thousands of tourists from Massachusetts and other states. It seemed apparent, in the early days of the road's smoothness, that each Massachusetts tourist carried a large assortment of lunches with him; for the edges of the road were constantly covered with old newspapers, old shoe boxes, wads of oiled paper, half-opened sardine tins, discarded pop bottles and similar tokens of the traveling public's grateful appreciation. The road became so unsightly that the womenfolk of the locality rose in revolt, went out on the road and picked up the papers, the lunch wrappers, the sardine tins and what not, with their own hands. A public-spirited summer resident, Mrs. Edward Dwight, engaged

a special policeman to patrol twelve miles of roadway each day, picking up the trash deposited by beauty-loving tourists. He daily picks up and carries away a bushel of trash for each mile of road that he patrols.

Thus the new road through the wilderness is likely to receive little or no help from the tourists who will pass over it when it is finished, nor is it apt to receive undue consideration from those who erect billboards. Some apologists for the billboards in Maine, indeed, contend that billboards are improvements on the scenery rather than affronts to Nature.

During the summer of 1928 a native of Maine spoke his mind bitterly concerning the state's policy of spending large amounts of money in advertising Maine's beautiful scenery, and then permitting the same scenery to be splotched with billboards. Immediately a gentleman stepped forward and stated in a newspaper: "It is not true that the billboard industry is spoiling the scenery and that boards are being erected without any regard to the effect they may have in ruining bits of beauty. The billboard industry requires that all billboards erected shall be so designed as to be a thing of beauty rather than an eyesore and a blot upon the landscape, and shall maintain a high standard in every essential detail."

To this the protesting native observed plaintively that if he correctly understood the argument, the billboard representative was contending that a large lemon pie—provided that it be an artistic lemon pie—can be thrown against a Turner or a Corot without damaging the artistic value of the painting. This, the protesting native said, struck him as a weak argument; and it was his fixed belief that to throw the finest lemon pie in the world against a Turner or a Corot would be vandalism.

Canada Acts

BUT since the attitude of the state and of the billboard people is what it is, it is more than likely that Maine's newest Road of Remembrance, when it is completed, will be less a reminder of the ragged, starving, shoeless men from Maine and Pennsylvania and Virginia and Massachusetts and Connecticut who forced their way through the northern forests on one of the greatest marches in all of history's pages—less a reminder of them than of the Rockbed Hotel, a Home of Distinction for Ladies and Gents of Distinction; of Hay Hay Cigars, Seven Sents Worth of Distinctive Slickness; and of the Lone Eagle Log Cabins and Overnight Camps of Distinction, Running Water in Every Other Room.

This Road of Remembrance, at the Canadian border, meets the fine roads of Canada; ordinary roads which make no pretense of being Roads of Remembrance at all; and on them the traveler sweeps around to the shores of Lake Megantic and down the twisting valley of the Chaudière, along which Arnold's starving men staggered and dragged themselves, gnawing at their moccasin tops and their cartridge belts, and leaving bloody footprints in the snow. There is no litter by the roadside; there are no signboards rearing themselves against the swelling fields and the forests and the river banks to scream the advantages of Orduma Cigarettes and other products of civilization.

Some time ago the Canadian liquor interests were seized with a brilliant thought—the same brilliant thought that has struck so many earnest manufacturers in the United States—the thought that when the government, by a heavy expenditure of money, has made a road valuable and popular, there is no reason why they should not capitalize these expensive improvements and use them for their own private ends. Consequently the liquor interests erected large signboards calling the attention of the traveling public to various distilled liquors and sundry juices of the fragrant hop. At this the Canadian Government, having a well-grounded idea that tourists preferred unsullied scenery to even the most artistic billboard advertising of the most delicious intoxicant in the world, peremptorily ordered the liquor interests to remove the billboards, and the billboards were immediately removed, without any of the yawping and squawking about unconstitutionality or invasion of personal rights such as is successfully emitted in the United States when a state like Massachusetts passes an antibillboard law and then tries to enforce it.

So the roads of Canada have an air of their own—a foreign air. There is a restfulness to them that is difficult to find on America's Roads of Remembrance, with their litter of discarded lunch boxes and their shoddy hot-dog stands and their glaring billboards. The little houses with their curved eaves and their whitewashed sides are like the little houses that stood by the roadsides in the days of James Wolfe and Montcalm, of Lord Jeffrey Amherst, of Arnold's men and of Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne.

So one comes into Quebec and turns westward, making his way up the broad St. Lawrence, along the road followed by Burgoyne on the brave adventure that was intended to divide the battered and hard-pressed colonies, but that, thanks to Benedict Arnold and Daniel Morgan and Henry Dearborn and the men who fought with them and under them, ended in disaster and overwhelming defeat on the rolling cornfields of Freeman's Farm and the heights of Saratoga.

A Canadian Road Without Billboards

TWO-THIRDS of the way to Montreal one comes to the widening in the St. Lawrence that is known as Lac Saint Pierre; and on the far side lies the ancient town of Sorel. A river enters the St. Lawrence at Sorel—the River Richelieu. The River Richelieu flows out of Lake Champlain, flowing north to Sorel; and for centuries this river was the great military highway between Canada and the American colonies; the highway along which the St. Francis Indians made their way to fall on the New England settlements; up which the Marquis de Montcalm traveled to defeat and massacre the English and the colonists at Fort William Henry; down which Lord Jeffrey Amherst, that sterling soldier of the king, traveled with his English and New Englanders to assist James Wolfe in wrenching Quebec from the French; up which came General Sullivan, Benedict Arnold, General Thomas and General St. Clair after the unsuccessful campaign against Canada, their men starving, half naked, suffering from smallpox.

The road from Sorel to Lake Champlain is a fine road, a smooth, billboardless road, bordered by neat Canadian farmhouses with roofs that sweep down to overhanging eaves in quaint curves. It hugs the broad, beautiful river, runs through the thriving city of St. John's, and passes a low, flat island in midstream—Isle aux Noix

The Americans were retreating from Canada before Burgoyne's army. They were near to dying with fatigue and sickness as they dragged their guns and supplies through the shallow, quick water of the Richelieu. Ahead of them went their sick, boatload after boatload of them, struggling slowly up the rapid river to Isle aux Noix, dying on the way and crying out for relief which could not be furnished. Good Doctor Meyrick went ahead of them to Isle aux Noix. "It broke my heart," he wrote, after he had helped to land them on this flat patch of river land, "and I wept till I had no more power to weep." The army followed, the men pitching from the ranks with sickness and dying where they lay; and in the days that followed, the dead were dragged in blankets to the edges of pits in this marshy island, and without ceremony rolled into them in the rags in which they died. "They found not even decent sepulture when their miseries were ended, nor any memorial of the sacrifice they made for the cause of American liberty

In ten days time the Americans moved on up the river, out of Canada and into Lake Champlain, down Lake Champlain to Crown Point a weary, suffering journey of near a hundred miles, that occupied five long days and nights, with no food but rancid pork and unbaked flour for their sick and miserable men.

(Continued on Page 250)

The Maine of Arnold's Tremendous March, and of Generation After Generation of Trappers and Woodsmen and Hunters and Fishermen Whose Desires Have Nothing in Common With the Haunts of Men or the March of Civilization

COLLEGE HERO

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

SHE was, perhaps, the only girl in school who felt sorry for Dale Birchmier. There were co-eds who adored Dale Birchmier, co-eds who were awed by him, co-eds wearing other men's fraternity pins who were presumably indifferent to him, but it is doubtful whether any co-ed except Marion Murrel actually pitied him.

Pity, when it has for its object an all-America quarterback, a four-letter man, a student-council president and a lordly Dete Zeke, is a rather unique emotion.

But then, Marion Murrel was a rather unique co-ed. This was her first and last year at the state university. At a smaller school she had amassed the credits necessary to give her senior standing; and there had been a year of school-teaching before she came to State U. That year out in the world had helped to make her different. Her looks helped too.

In the opinion of Herb Baker, art editor of the Annual: "She's like something by Benda—and she'll make Phi Beta Kappa. We'll put her in colors on the title page of the co-ed section with a snappy underline about beauty and brains."

The stag line at the Gappas' first informal united in ecstatic variations of: "Mother, make my hands behave when I get hold of that little girl!"

If she hadn't been a one-year student, the R. O. T. C. crowd would have elected her honorary colonel by a stampede vote early in October.

Marion Murrel's unorthodox regard for Dale Birchmier began that day in English 2 when the great Birchmier arose to deliver a ten-minute speech on a subject of his own choosing. The first semester of English 2 was devoted to public speaking under the direction of Dr. Jonas Herrick, head of the English department.

"Now, Mr. Birchmier," Doctor Herrick drawled with his most caustic classroom manner, "we will see whether another year on the—er—gridiron, isn't it?—has improved your—er—forensic style."

Marion, seated in the front row, saw the great Birchmier redden painfully as he came forward. Doctor Herrick had flunked him in English 2 his sophomore year. As a senior he was trying to make up the required credit in order to graduate in civil engineering. Marion was taking English 2 as an elective. She never flunked anything.

Facing thirty-seven classmates this young man who was wont to cavort with peerless aplomb before seventy thousand football fans looked like an overgrown country kid paralyzed by stage fright. He looked like an overgrown country kid on most occasions anyway; he had never acquired the sleekly polished, regulation Dete Zeke grooming. Watching him now, the girl decided that she approved of the cleft in the middle of his square chin, the freckles on his nose and forehead, and even the cowlick disturbing the straight line of his middle-parted brown hair.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the great Birchmier, gulping, "I thought I would speak today on—uh—the subject ——" He gulped again, thrust his hands in his pockets and stared at the ceiling. "Well—I thought I might as well talk about—uh—school spirit. I guess you know as much about school spirit as I do, and there isn't very much I thought about to say—but—uh—as I started to say, my subject is school spirit—and—uh ——"

Doctor Herrick broke in. "Perhaps Mr. Birchmier would like a glass of water!" He got up to pour it from a silver carafe on his desk.

The all-America quarterback, who spoke with such staccato efficiency when State U was in a huddle and whose biting eloquence sent wearied linemen into the fray resolved to spill that interference or die, scowled at his tormenter. He accepted the glass, however, took several gulps and started again.

"I think school spirit is just about the finest thing—I mean—the finest principle a man can have. School spirit will do more for a school —— But I guess you know that. Well—uh—if a man or a—uh—g-girl—hasn't got school spirit, which I think I told you is the subject of my talk—he—well—uh ——"

This went on for two interminable minutes. Marion Murrel loyally kept her eyes fixed on a crack in the lecture blackboard behind the suffering speaker. She suffered with him, and so did the whole class. Nobody snickered, nobody looked amused except Doctor Herrick.

At last: "Well, I guess that's about all I've got to say on the subject. Thank you."

He ducked his head and tramped hurriedly back to his chair, mopping the sweat from his neck.

Doctor Herrick arose. He was a little man with an enormous shock of iron-gray hair; he wore pince-nez tied with a black silk cord; he detested all forms of athletics and all athletes; he fancied himself as an ironist.

"Er—ah—I am sure we are all very grateful to Mr. Birchmier for his eloquent, moving and enlightening discussion of—er—school spirit. To those of you who are with us for the first time I might explain that Mr. Birchmier is a very busy young man. What with—er—football, isn't it, Mr. Birchmier?"

"Yes, sir."

"To be sure—football—and other extraneous activities take up so much of Mr. Birchmier's time that he can spare only an occasional moment for preparation of charming discourses for us. And—now, Miss Murrel, we shall be pleased to hear from you."

The girl flushed. She was the star of the class and knew Doctor Herrick was calling on her to humble the great Birchmier by contrast. "I'm not prepared, Doctor Herrick," she said.

"Is He Hiring You Because You're a Good Football Player and a Dete Zeke, or Because He Thinks You're a Good Civil Engineer?"

"You Needn't be Afraid of Hurting My Feelings," He Said. "I've Been Bawled Out by Experts. It Was a Punk Speech, All Right"

The professor covered his surprise with a frown. "Dear, dear," he drawled. "Can it be that you have decided to concentrate on the really important student activities? Is it tennis or volley ball or hockey, Miss Murrel?"

"I'm just not prepared," she said.

When the gong rang she was wondering why she had sacrificed the day's grade for a young man who, to her knowledge, had never paid her the tribute of a passing glance. She was altogether surprised to find the great Birchmier waiting for her in the corridor.

"I'm glad you fell down on Nancy for once," he greeted shyly. "He was so fussed he forgot to ride me the rest of the time."

They fell into step together. She saw other students hurrying to classes look at her enviously. Even to walk ten steps with Dale Birchmier!

"Nancy's a little beast," she heard herself saying, "but in a way, he's right. You were terrible."

That speech startled him. He flushed. "Aw," he said defensively, "we had skull practice till eleven last night. My head was so full of signals I couldn't think of anything else. And besides—I couldn't have said it if I had thought of something. That speech-making stuff gets my goat."

She was angry at herself for blurting out the truth. It was none of her business if Dale Birchmier flunked English 2. He didn't feel sorry for himself. Why should she feel sorry for him? In her bewilderment, she made another faux pas. "It's too bad they don't give degrees for playing football," she remarked.

He grinned, sheepishly. "That's what I told the dean," he admitted, "but he put it down as a wise crack. Uh—you going my way? I've got masonry lab at Cresson Hall next period."

The girl had command of her tongue by this time. "I'm sorry I panned your speech," she said, "and I take back that remark about football. It was dreadful lese majesty, wasn't it?"

A look of interest awakened in his clear gray eyes. She felt that he was really seeing her for the first time.

"You needn't be afraid of hurting my feelings," he said. "I've been bawled out by experts. It was a punk speech, all right. I'll try to do better next time."

They were on the steps of Academic Hall. A steady stream of students hailed him. A group on the walk that led to the engineering buildings halted, and one of them yelled: "Hey, Dale! I'll leave your notebook in the cupboard!" He answered with a wave of his arm.

"I've got a philosophy lecture next period," she said, hastily. "See you Wednesday."

He started to say something, but a bevy of co-eds swirled about him with much jabber concerning a dance he was expected to attend at the Ki Phi house that evening. She walked on toward Burleigh Hall.

That noon she was eating lunch with twenty sorority sisters at the Gappa house when Marge Downing, the house tease, looked at her across the table and announced:

"Did you date him, darling?"

"Date who?"

"Dale Birchmier—innocent!"

The sound of that potent name caused a flurry. Marion was besieged with eager questionings. Nettled, she put a stop to the talk by saying: "I insulted his royal highness and do not enjoy the great Birchmier's favor."

"It's just as well, sweetheart," said Shirley Kane, her roommate. "Dale is too busy for dates. No use breaking your heart."

"Don't worry. I shan't try to compete with our noble football coach for his time."

"Also the basketball, swimming, track and baseball coaches—to say nothing of the student council, the Hellenic board, the annual committee, the R. O. T. C. Club, and I don't know how many others." A sigh. "It's too bad. Dale is such a darling boy."

Marion nodded her sleek ash-blond head and smiled a bit grimly at the romantic Shirley.

The next session of English 2 found her resolved not to feel sorry for Dale Birchmier again. Doctor Herrick gave her a chance to redeem herself for Monday's failure. She delivered the little speech she had prepared for Monday, in perfect form. She did not look in the great Birchmier's direction. Doctor Herrick beamed when she finished.

"Very good, Miss Murrel," he remarked. "Can it be possible that you have forsaken the hockey field for the less important field of letters? H'm—well, well—so you haven't gone in for the strenuous life?" His eye fell on the great Birchmier, who was dozing in the rear row.

Doctor Herrick sniffed. He motioned toward young Mr. Birchmier. "Perhaps we should in deference to yon slumbering Titan adjourn class!"

A frightened sophomore nudged the Titan. He awoke with a start and blinked blandly.

"Now, Mr. Birchmier," Doctor Herrick continued, "I trust that you—er—return to us refreshed? Ah—you do? Splendid! Do you feel equal to the task of rising from that chair long enough to give us another delightful dissertation on school spirit?"

The girl gave young Mr. Birchmier a scornful look over her right shoulder. She was angry at him for sleeping through her speech and impatient at his spiritless acceptance of Doctor Herrick's badgering. Perhaps he saw her eyes. At any rate, he got up and marched to the front of the class.

Everybody was amazed by the speech that followed. The great Birchmier, shoulders squared and chin up, spoke steadily for eight minutes on the subject: Why the United States should not recognize Russia at this time. He had undoubtedly memorized the speech, but his delivery was good.

When the gasp that followed the speaker's return to his chair had sighed away, Doctor Herrick got up, twirling his glasses.

"An excellent speech, Mr. Birchmier," he observed. "I might even term it an—er—incredibly excellent speech. Well organized, coherent, good delivery—yes. But—I'm afraid you must agree with me that the subject matter is—dear me—how shall I describe it?—wouldn't you say it was just the least bit reminiscent, Mr. Birchmier?"

"Yes, sir," said the great Birchmier sulkily and hopelessly.

Doctor Herrick turned to the class. "Lest this discussion seem esoteric," he added, "I shall explain that the—er—remarkable effort you just heard—this speech, if you like—sounded much fresher earlier in the morning when

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DO AND DIET

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER

ROT!" says I. "I'll bet you don't weigh a hundred and twenty pounds with your lipstick on."

"Twenty-two with my eyebrows plucked," corrects Olivia. "Twelve pounds adroitly concealed about my person have got to come off."

"What for?" I growls. "Where'd you get the idea your tonnage's too much for your beam?"

"From my feet; so Doctor Trimble tells me," she returns.

"What's he?" I asks.

"He's an anatomical architect," says Olivia; "a high-priced something who figures you from your feet. You may not know it, but that's where most of our troubles come from."

"They certainly do," I agrees. "I've got into all kinds of jams following mine. Just what is this Trimble racket?"

"It's no racket," she declares indignantly. "Do you call it a racket when a builder tells you how heavy a house a certain foundation'll carry? Well, this is the same thing applied to the human body."

"I see," says I; "but didn't you just testify your arches weren't aching you any? Wouldn't they, if your heft ——"

"This isn't a question of arches," cuts in Olivia, "nor even of pounds, particularly. It's a matter of proportion, symmetry and equilibrium. Poise. It's being out of poise that makes mischief for us."

"It's being out with the poise," I wheezes, "that makes it for me. But getting back to this fee snatcher of yours—how does he go about his graft?"

"Quite honestly and scientifically," replies the wife. "He measures your feet with a lot of instruments, takes X rays, and then works out the exact weight needed to make of you a harmonious whole."

"In your case," I observes, "a hundred and ten pounds."

"Minus two ounces and a half," amends Olivia.

"Gosh!" I exclaims. "That boy sure figures his feet down fine. What happens if you're not heavy enough for 'em?"

"He builds you up to meet the scale," says she. "Fanny Moffatt, for example, is eight pounds under and ——"

"Beautiful billiards!" I interrupts, sarcastic. "Wouldn't it be simpler to weaken Fanny's feet?"

"It would not!" snaps the frau. "The feet are fixtures. . . . I wish you'd also go to see Doctor Trimble."

"What for? Don't I hit you between the eyes as being a harmonious whole?"

"Hardly," says Olivia. "What was once chest expansion seems to have slipped down until it's merely another notch in your belt. You could easily mislay ten or fifteen pounds and still throw a shadow."

"Maybe so," I admits, "but when I get ready to dispose of my present holdings, I'll dispose of 'em my way. And there won't be any trick eighteen-day diet in the deal either. No grapefruit's going to giggle at me."

"What do you want it to do?" sniffs the missis. "Climb out of the ice and do an adagio dance? You'll love Doctor Trimble's diet. It's entirely different from any ——"

"What does he do?" I interrupts. "Give you the hard-boiled egg on Tuesday instead of Friday?"

"Be of good cheer," says Olivia. "There are neither grapefruit nor eggs nor lamb chops with the fat removed in his list. As a matter of fact, the food you eat is only a small part of the Trimble treatment. His attack is directed more at the temperament than at the tummy."

"How do you mean?" I asks.

"What is it," Olivia comes back, "that makes folks fat?"

"Calories," I answers brightly

"Contentment," returns Olivia. "Amusement, ease, sleep. Cut down on those things and you cut down on your weight."

"Probably," says I; "but have you ever considered the reducing possibilities of a good case of typhoid or of a major amputation? Just how do you cut down on contentment?"

"You read disturbing literature," she explains soberly, "deny yourself pleasure, eschew laughter — "

"For crying outside the cathedral!" I yelps. "Are you seriously falling for such hoosh?"

"I am," asserts Olivia. "And hoosh to you. Doctor Trimble has the right idea. It isn't food that puts on the pounds. It's peace and placidity. The hot and agitated are never fat."

The Success of My First Foray Into the Field of the Purely Imaginative Is So Great It Hurts

"And so you're going to become an agitated mamma. Just what are you getting agitated over, to start with?"

"I'm beginning with a course of reading," she returns. "Here's the first book the doctor prescribed." And she pushes a thick volume across the table in my direction. I glances at the title—Better You Were Never Born.

"Written," I remarks dryly, "by a lad with lots of experience in not having been. What's it about?"

"I haven't got very far yet," replies Olivia, "but it's most adorably depressing. Did you know that we begin dying the moment we're born and that we come into the world with the ailment that'll eventually end us?"

"Sure," says I. "We enter life with an automobile in one hand and an unprotected grade crossing in the other. Talking about depression, though, I heard a funny story today that ought to be right down your thoroughfare."

"Please," begs the wife. "I must not be amused."

"You won't be," I assures her. "It's about a Hunky laborer who's saved up six thousand dollars and's all set to go back home and retire. He's counting the money, when one of his children picks it up and throws it into the fire. In an insane rage the old man kills the kid with an ax."

"Oh-h!" shudders Olivia.

"Upstairs," I goes on, "the mother's bathing the baby. Hearing the racket, she comes tearing down the steps, trips on a loose piece of carpet and breaks her neck. The baby drowns. . Nice story?"

"Terrible," says the missis.

"Perhaps"—I shrugs—"but it ought to be worth a couple of ounces to you. I forgot to tell you the Hunky's electrocuted just as the governor's messenger arrives with a pardon."

"Don't be so silly," suggests Olivia. "You can joke all you want to about the Trimble treatment, but it works. Mazie Hislop dropped a pound with Better You Were Never Born and two more with What are We Here For?"

"Not enough," says I. "That Hislop harpy should have practically wasted away wondering what she's here for. Listen, why don't you read the second book a half a dozen times and have the agony over with?"

"Doctor Trimble," she returns, "is opposed to anything drastic. It's step by step ——"

"Yeh," I cuts in, "and fee by fee. Of all the cuckoos in the world, this sure is the mother bird. A grifter takes a look at your feet and tells you to go out and buy a book. At that, he may be on the square. He's certainly going after the fat where it is."

"Reading," points out the missis, ignoring the arrow, "is but one feature of the system. There are many other ways of stirring the mind with discontent and unrest."

"There sure are; and I'm the baby that'll show you all of 'em if you turn this house into a reduction works."

"Please," begs Olivia. "I must not be amused."

II

WHEN I arrives for dinner the following evening the wife's curled up on a davenport in the living room reading Better You Were Never Born. So entangled is she in it that she doesn't even notice that the old provider is home from the prowl.

"Your favorite author may be right," I remarks coldly, "but, unfortunately, I was born, and with an appetite. Will you kindly have the cook open the cans and lay out the pie plates?"

"This is awful, almost unbelievable," mutters Olivia, gazing bleakly beyond me. "Did you know ——"

"I've known it for years," says I, "but I've kept it from you. Algernon Hargreaves is not little Eunice's father. The birth certificate was forged and just as the submarine struck ——"

"What are you talking about?" frowns the madam.

"Exactly the same thing that melancholy dunce of yours is writing about," I comes back—"nothing. . . Let's go in and punish the proteids."

"Don't you ever think of anything but food?" demands Olivia.

"Yes, indeed," I replies. "Only today I was thinking of getting you a mink coat for Christmas, but it suddenly occurred to me that pleasure was taboo under your new foreign policy, and I said 'Out, damned thought.'"

"I don't suppose," remarks the wife caustically, "the thought made much of a resistance."

"You'd be surprised at the struggle it put up," says I. "When I finally got it ousted for keeps I was in such a

Fanny Moffatt

run-down condition pneumonia was around looking for me."

We proceeds to the dining room and there sits down to such a *mélange* as was never before seen on land or the seven seas. There's no scarcity of provender, but the preparation and combination!

"Where," I growls, pushing aside a dish made up largely of underdone rooster, sauerkraut and boiled turnips, "did Helga get the recipe for this—out of the Scandinavian?"

"From me," returns Olivia. "Doctor Trimble's idea is to serve the usual sort of food with a few exceptions, but not to make it particularly appetizing. In this way you're satisfied with a lot less and ——"

"I am, am I?" I yelps. "If you think I've spent all day breaking down sales resistance to come home to such a ——"

"I don't see," cuts in the frau, "where you have any kick coming. You're getting all the food you want: the only difference being you won't want so much of it. Mary McGuffy's husband lost fifteen pounds ——"

"I don't give a care," I snaps, "if he lost his English walking suit. I'm not on a diet and I don't propose ——"

"There, there," says she soothingly. "Don't be silly. Of course you're on a diet. Everybody is. You don't want to be peculiar, do you?"

"My favorite attitude," I assures her. "Helga!" I shouts. "Broach for me six cans of sardines, a large lay of eggs, a dozen ——"

"Oh, come on," urges Olivia. "Be a sport. Eat what we have, if only to keep me company."

"Why," I asks angrily, "should I punish myself to keep company with a come-on? You know how I stand on this."

"To be sure," says she sweetly, "but you cooperated with me so nicely in the matter of the mink coat, I thought——"

That's a fast one, and before I can consolidate a comeback I finds myself eating. It's about as tasty as so much unsalted blotting paper, but I manages to get south with a small percentage of it. The dessert's blancmange, which I passes. A chappie who's engulfed boiled turnips and summer squash at the same sitting has already done his bit by nothing at all.

"Don't you feel that you've had plenty to eat?" inquires the missis at the end of the orgy.

"Plenty," says I, "doesn't even approximate it. If I never put on a nose bag again the rest of my life, this meal'll always be one up on me."

"But," persists the wife, "you're no longer hungry, are you?"

"No," I admits, "but I could have arrived at the same result by coming home with a sick headache. . . . What's on for this evening? The movies?"

"I couldn't go tonight," says Olivia. "There's a comedy at the Gem. Let's just talk. Tell me about your business troubles."

"That would be a good way to top off this dinner," I agrees, "but it happens I haven't any at the moment. On the contrary, my little one, commerce is clicking prettily for papa.

"This afternoon I closed a deal with the city for five thousand manhole covers; the biggest cut of the public pie we've ever got. A few more contracts like that and we'll be on Easy Street."

"There is no Easy Street," bluebirds the merry missis, "excepting in a fool's paradise. Don't people who sell stuff to the city always get indicted for bribery and grafting and looting the taxpayers?"

"Sure," says I, "and if I were you I'd start worrying about it right now and agitate those twelve pounds off. It'll help with a jury if a thin, wisplike wife takes the stand for me and falls in a faint from undernourishment. It might make the difference between a life term and ninety-nine ——"

"Difference?" sighs Olivia. "What difference'll anything make to us seventy-five years from now?"

"I don't know," I confesses, "but I expect to have these new shoes broken in by then. Back to your book, baby. I'm going down to the corner to shoot some Kelly pool with a couple of optimists."

I don't get out that night, however. As I'm about to take the air there ambles in on us Fanny Moffatt, the gal who's eight pounds too light for her feet and her total weight too much for me. She's always welcome at the old manse. So's a leak in the roof.

"Just popped in," babbles Fanny, "to see how you were getting along with the treatment. You look rather peaked."

"Do you think so?" asks Olivia eagerly.

"Yes, indeed," returns the Moffatt miasma. "There's a certain soft, spiritual quality in your face ——"

"You get that way," I horns in, "from eating boiled turnips and wishing you'd never been born, which, I may point out, is no trick at all if you know your boiled turnips."

"Are they in the diet?" inquires Fanny

"In, on, under, through, over and above," I tells her, "aided and abetted by that other prince of palatables, summer squash. You even get the taste of 'em in your reading. Are you aware that you begin to die the moment you're born? Are you aware ——"

"Please," begs Miss Moffatt. "I must not be depressed."

"If that's the case," I remarks, "you've certainly picked a sweet spot for a call."

"Olivia should feel low," declares Fanny. "Personally I'm so happy I could just weep my eyes out. Haven't you noticed how contented and placid I'm looking?"

"As do the kine on condensed milk cans," says I. "What book did Doctor Trimble prescribe for you—Pollyanna on a Gunboat, or The Glad Girls at Miss Simpkins' School?"

"A beautiful work," she returns, "called In Love With Life. I've only been through a few chapters of it, but I've already gained over two pounds."

"Leaving you," I observes, "only six down on your feet. Am I to understand it was entirely due to reading?"

"Practically that," says La Moffatt. "Of course, I have been filling up with cream and potatoes and sweets, and sleeping ten to twelve hours a night, but I attribute the entire increase to the calm that has come over me."

"Well"—I shrugs—"you can't be arrested in this state for attributing, but offhand I'd say you could get more calm and certainly more sleep out of the Congressional Record, which, as you may have heard, is the most widely unread publication in America."

"You're so funny," gurgles Fanny. "I don't mind telling you that's why I'm here. Doctor Trimble wants me to laugh a lot, and you can always make me."

"Sh!" I whispers. "Not so loud. I'm sorry," I adds, "but I can't give you any laughs tonight. Olivia must not be amused."

"Don't let that stop you," says the missis. "The relation between your japes and amusement is much too remote."

"It is, is it?" I scowls. "Just for that I'm going to tell Fanny the story about the young bride."

"Don't you dare!" flares the wife.

"Please do," urges Miss Moffatt. "I'm a woman of the world."

"Perhaps I'd better not," says I. "Last week I might have, but now you have two very young pounds on you and I'd hate to shock 'em off."

I spends the rest of the evening brightening up the corner where Fanny is and bringing the blues to the Wailing Wall where sits Olivia. It's a tough job. My disposition being naturally sunny and ebullient, Miss Moffatt gets the breaks.

"If you don't mind," remarks the frau finally, "I'll retire. You two can amuse yourselves."

"Good night," says I. "I'll have Helga bring up the obituary column with your coffee in the morning."

III

I'D SORT of figured that a couple of days 'd find Olivia all washed up with the Trimble treatment, but such is not the case. She continues harrowing herself with the B. Y. W. N. B. bologny and otherwise bleakly scanning the skies for clouds without linings.

"How long," I demands at the end of a week, "are you going to try to grouch weight off yourself?"

"I propose," she replies, "to follow my present course until my temperament's attuned to a hundred and ten pounds."

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"Please," Begs Miss Moffatt. "I Must Not be Depressed"

THE NEW CONSERVATION

By Joseph M. Dixon

First Assistant Secretary of the Interior

As Told to William Atherton Du Puy

THE United States owns a body of land bigger than Texas that is going to pot. This is the public domain of the West, one-tenth of the area of the nation, which belongs outright to the Government. It is the residue of that sweep of territory from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, the most valuable body of land in all the world, which it has been parceling out to American citizens through the past hundred years. A land-hungry race has picked over the public domain, choosing the best lands first, much as housewives might select their fruit at market. Only the "scorns" are left.

The Government has been ignoring the possibilities that lie in its remaining public lands. It has made no effort whatever to get any returns from Nature's output upon this area of 300,000 square miles, which is bigger than Germany, than six states like New York. It has allowed it to degenerate like a vacant lot in the suburbs which gives little indication of the bungalows and peonies that it might harbor.

But now appear two men out of the West who have come to high places—President Hoover and Secretary Wilbur—who believe that these undisturbed lands have latent possibilities in them that call for development. Being men of action, they immediately institute proceedings intended to lead in that direction.

Plans for Our Public Domain

SINCE the Federal Government, in a hundred years of administration, has received no return from these lands, and for other reasons, they make the surprising proposal that they be turned over to the states.

This proposal has shown itself to be quite explosive. Its merits are to be weighed by a commission appointed by the President to determine the facts.

The watchword of the Roosevelt Administration, which functioned so vigorously a quarter of a century ago, was conservation. The Reclamation Service and the Forest Service grew out of it. I was a member of Congress from Montana at that time and shared the strenuous President's enthusiasm and worked with him. I have since been a United States senator and governor of a Western State, which posts have brought me in constant contact with these problems. I remember well when President Roosevelt appointed a Public Lands Commission, which reported to him that "the general lack of control in the use of public grazing lands has resulted, naturally and inevitably, in overgrazing and the ruin of millions of acres of otherwise valuable grazing territory. Lands useful for grazing are losing their only capacity for productiveness, as, of course, they must when no legal control is exercised. Prompt and effective action must be taken if the value of very much of the remaining public domain is not totally to be lost."

The Polson Reservoir Site, Flathead Project, Montana

One of the First Crops in Umatilla County, Oregon. Above—A Round-Up on the Rio Grande Project

Yet two decades have passed since this report was made and nothing at all has been done looking toward an understanding handling of the public domain. Its condition is vastly worse than in the time of Roosevelt. Various proposals to improve this situation have been made. The central idea in most of them has been a Federal supervision that the range might be restored to the end that it would furnish additional pasturage for herds and flocks. This sort of supervision has been extended to the grazing lands within the national forests, and many proposals to apply it to the public domain have been made, but they have failed of enactment into law.

The present Administration, however, brings to this problem a viewpoint that goes far beyond that advocated by conservationists of the past. It sees two main possibilities in its remaining public domain. It believes, in the first place, that the ranges can be restored to the verdure of the past, when they provided much more feed for livestock than at present. This is desirable and important. It is not, however, the primary consideration. The second and more vital end to be accomplished is the restoration of the watershed to that point where it will yield the maximum of stream flow. Water in the West is more precious than gold. Water is life. The new conservation thinks of the public domain chiefly from the standpoint of the amount of water it may be induced to produce.

Where Water Is More Precious Than Gold

FOR a moment look upon the empire that is fed from the streams that flow from the public domain. The great Missouri River stretches its tentacles to the top of the Continental Divide in the vicinity of Yellowstone and Glacier parks, winds tenuously for 1000 miles through Montana, the Dakotas, skirts Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa and bisects Missouri. The Platte and the Arkansas come out of the Rockies farther south and strike eastward across the flat lands. The Rio Grande claims Southern Colorado and New Mexico as its own and carries the possibility of irrigation to the fertile valleys that lie in two nations between El Paso and the Gulf. The mighty Colorado drains seven

states and furnishes many basins in which its floods may be stored against the time of need. The Columbia River, barrier between Oregon and Washington, dips into Canada in one direction, and with its tributary, the sinuous Snake River, extending its numerous tails as far as Nevada and

The Area Inside the Fence Has Restored Itself

Wyoming, drains the whole Northwest. All these run through dead, dry lands and call them to life. The maintenance of their flow is the most important single matter in the western half of the United States.

Beginning at Taos, New Mexico, where Indian pueblos reach their maximum development, and extending 100 miles north through the wild country of the upper Rio Grande, is one of the best cattle ranges on all the Government domain. It is made up of rolling mountains, sparsely sprinkled with piñon and juniper trees, and normally matted with grama and wheat grasses. In the old days cattle grazed knee-deep in verdure, rains sank into a spongy ground covering and found their way gradually into the streams. But for a generation the range has been so overgrazed that every spear of grass has been cropped when it appeared and has been prevented from making seed for later growth. The ground has become bare, trampled hard by much grazing. Rainfall runs from bleak, hard hillsides as it might from a tin roof. It cuts deep gullies in them, washes the rich humus from the surface, exposes the underlying clay. Freshets go tearing down the Rio Grande, mud laden, and this vegetation-producing soil finally comes to rest in the reservoir created by the Elephant Butte dam, decreasing its storage capacity. A splendid asset, neglected, has become a local menace.

A Land of Plenty Disappears

THE Red Desert in Southern Wyoming, sitting astride the Continental Divide, is as big as the state of Massachusetts. It used to be covered with common sage, bud brush, bud sage, salt sage, winter fat, crab scale, salt grass and wheat grass. The desert is surrounded by a rim of mountains that rise to much higher elevations. The desert and the mountains have worked together, each supplementing the other, to create one of the most favorable situations for sheep raising that has existed in the United States. The flocks grazed in the mountains through the summer and came out onto the desert, where dry weather had cured their grasses and where browse was abundant, for the winter. As many as a million sheep have wintered here.

But this was open range. The time was when one sheepman took a certain area for himself and another some adjacent area. There was plenty for all, and so no crowding and no quarreling. But the numbers of the flocks increased until the Red Desert filled to overflowing. The grass was eaten to the roots and the browse cropped short before the drift to the mountains began. This would not have been so bad in the old days, when the summer months offered an opportunity for the range to recoup, to seed its grasses as an insurance for the coming season. The West, however, came to be filled with sheepmen who had no particular habitat, who wandered hither and thither with their flocks, grazing on the public domain without consideration for the rights of others or the welfare of the whole. These nomads came to overrun the Red Desert in the summertime, so that when those stockmen who had depended on it for winter range returned, they found that the cupboard was bare. As the range was overgrazed, one after another of its grasses and browses was destroyed. The favorite and choice grasses went first, then the next most popular, and so on. Of recent years many sheep have been dying before the time arrived for the departure of the flocks for the summer range. Those who have cut into their stomachs have found them filled with sticks from the common sage, itself eaten down to the stiffer branches a diet too resistant for digestion. The Red Desert has lost its value as a range. Passing flocks often stir up such clouds of dust that their progress can be marked from great distances. The winds blow this powdered surface hither and thither, and summer rains create streams of fluid mud that become a curse to all below.

These are typical areas on the public domain in the West that have drifted into a sad state under the theory that Government lands are open range, to be used at will by all comers. All the public domain has suffered similarly. The condition it is at present in, however, is not necessarily permanent. If properly handled, these areas would promptly restore themselves.

I may cite, as an example of what they would do, an experience in my own state. Back in 1909 we became much alarmed about the danger of extermination faced by the buffalo of the plains. The Government purchased a tract of 18,000 acres of exhausted range land in Montana, fenced it and put a small herd of buffalo on it. In three years the range was quite restored and the buffalo wallowed in tall bunch grass that tickled their bellies in a way reminiscent of the days when they owned the plains.

A Problem for the Western States

THE possibility of improving the condition of the range that has been most generally accepted through the decades is that of a supervision of these lands from Washington—such a regulation of the use of the range and a policing of it as to allow it to recover its former condition and to serve its proper purpose. It came as a stupendous surprise when Secretary Wilbur, speaking to a conference of governors of the Western States at Boise, Idaho, last July, said: "It seems to me that the time has come for a new public-land policy which will include transferring to those states willing to accept the responsibility the control of the surface rights of all public lands not included in national parks and monuments or in the national forests."

Secretary Wilbur set out the conservation of watersheds as the fundamental issue, water as the first consideration. He held that the people of the West had had a peculiar experience in communal living and coöperative action in such matters as the development of irrigation projects. He thought that there should be "a great Western strategy for the protection of watersheds" and that the Western States, being "water conscious," were ready to develop it.

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Arrowrock Dam, Idaho. A Reclamation Dam Which Stores Water in the Dry Country. Above—Sheep Grazing Along the Main Huntley Canal, Montana

MAMMY ADA

By COLONEL GIVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

The Song Died Away. The Two Men Sat Before the Table With Bowed Heads for a Minute or Two

IT DIDN'T seem possible that the state could hang Tooky Gilman. Not with him being Jed Turner's yard boy and the son of Mammy Ada, who was Jed Turner's cook. Why, on the very night Tooky was scheduled to drop through, Governor Bob was cramming himself with Mammy Ada's biscuits and delicious chicken at Jed Turner's home in Tirus.

The death-house guard knew about this. His home had been in Tirus. He knew Jed Turner and Mammy Ada—and Tooky.

"Hot biscuits an' chicken'll save yo' neck, nigger boy," he told Tooky, who grinned widely and waited patiently for that pardon. Tooky didn't get anxious until after eleven o'clock. He was due to drop through at midnight.

"Yo-all heah frum Mistuh Bob yit?" he asked the guard at eleven. And then, at intervals of ten minutes or so, he'd ask the same question. Even at two minutes of midnight, when the escort came to take him to the gallows, Tooky was convinced there was some mistake or that he was being made the butt of a joke. His black brow screwed up in perplexity as they marched him along. And even with the rope around his neck he still expected to get a message from Mistuh Bob. So Tooky Gilman died gamely and unafraid, because he wasn't expecting death.

And the death-house guard, whose home had been in Tirus, scratched his head when he was told that Tooky had "gone through."

"Sumpin wrong," he muttered to himself. "Sumpin sho is wrong."

No question about it, Tooky Gilman had a good, old-fashioned hanging coming to him. Ever since he was old enough to press the button on a spring knife, he had been Tirus' bad nigger. Every Southern town and village has one, just as it has its notorious drunk.

Tooky was a tall, lanky black, lean and hard, and as vicious as the razor-backed hogs that roamed wild in the mountains skirting each side of Tirus. Tooky was hard, as cold as granite, and there wasn't a song in his soul. Everybody in Tirus knew that he would knuckle his razor one time too many and that some other rangy mountain black would slash his throat or a benevolent state would break his neck. But nobody figured Tooky would hang as long as Mammy Ada was Jed Turner's cook, because Jed was the valley's miracle worker.

But Jed Turner worked no miracles where Tooky was concerned. Oh, he tried hard enough all right. He put up a great fight in the little courthouse that nestles right at the edge of the Pine Thicket and that is Tirus' great pride and joy because it is two stories high and of bright new brick. But though everybody admitted that Jed Turner could twist an ordinary jury around his little finger—given fitting material to work with, such as a widder woman or an old gray-haired mother—who could expect a jury to get worked up over a bull-necked negro who had slashed another negro's throat in a craps game? Even at that, I reckon the good mountain men who made up that jury would have voted an acquittal had they thought it would have done Jed Turner any good personally. He was just that popular. But what's one no-good nigger, dead or alive? So they voted to hang Tooky.

At that, mighty few people thought he'd ever hang After all, he was Mammy Ada's boy. But they hanged Tooky Gilman one Tuesday midnight. And right away the voodoo started working on Jed Turner. At least that's what all the negroes over in Frog Level said.

At that time he was as fine a looking specimen as you ever saw, a big-boned man, six feet tall, with a wealth of iron-gray hair, twinkling blue eyes and a voice that could be as soft as a woman's or as heavy as a mad bull's.

Now he's a ghost. His big bones seem to be strung together by wires and rattle when he walks. When he talks, it is in a whisper—a stuttering, stammering, halting whisper. His hair has turned a lifeless white and is thinning. His skin is yellow and clings tightly to his bones. His forehead and cheek bones protrude—a skeleton seeking to burst through.

There are three versions why Jed Turner is a physical wreck today:

Doc Mansfield, who goes around once every month to bleed Jed of a quart of blood to keep his pressure down and to see that he's taking his salts regularly, will tell you that Jed had a stroke, brought on by excessive eating and drinking.

Down in Frog Level, where all the negroes live, they'll tell you a dozen different tales of voodoo—voodoo being worked on poor old Jed Turner because of a dozen different things.

But I know what happened to Jed Turner. I know what's killing him. It's a song. Yes-sir, a song is killing poor old Jed Turner—a song and a pair of soft brown eyes. Want to hear about it? Well, let me get my second wind, as the saying is, and I'll tell you about Jed Turner, the finest lawyer this county ever had, and the song that will drive him to his grave.

It all began when Tooky Gilman knuckled a razor and went after another black boy whom he suspected of sending in a pair of tops in a craps game. The razor sank deep, the black boy died right off, and Tooky went to jail charged with murder.

Jed had got Tooky out of a dozen scrapes before. He did it not because he liked Tooky but because Tooky was Mammy Ada's boy. And there was just about nothing that Jed wouldn't do for Mammy Ada. She had raised him.

Jed's daddy, old Ephraim Turner, brought Mammy Ada down here from Carolina, and she'd been with the family ever since. Fact is, I reckon she was just about the head of the family most of the time.

Jed's mother died when he was born. Ada was a grown woman then, so she took charge. When old Ephraim died, Jed inherited the farm and promptly sold it and came into Tirus to practice law. He never married. They say he wanted to a couple of times, but Mammy Ada—she was an old woman by this time—wasn't particular pleased with the girls of his choice, and he didn't want to ruffle her.

So Jed went to bat for Tooky when they brought him to trial for murder. He fairly outdid himself. But, Lord, he didn't have a chance. The judge and the jury and everybody in the courtroom enjoyed Jed's little show fine, but Tooky was a bad 'un and this was a good chance to put him away. So they did.

But nobody ever expected Tooky to hang. Oh, no! Governor Bob had eaten too many good dinners at Jed Turner's house to permit the state hangman to kill the son of Jed Turner's cook. So, when, on the night Tooky was to hang, folks in Tirus learned that Governor Bob had his feet under Jed's table, they chuckled.

That was one of Jed's tricks. A dozen times he'd got Tooky out of trouble simply by having the presiding judge or the prosecuting attorney to his home for dinner, having Mammy Ada cook them up a fine, fat chicken and a mess of hot biscuits, and then, after they'd got to feeling fine, having old Ada sidle in and do her little stunt.

And who cared? Yes, that trick usually worked. And the folks in Tirus would have bet nine to one on Mammy Ada cooking out a full pardon for her boy on the night Governor Bob had dinner with Jed Turner.

Don't mistake me. Jed didn't try to bribe the judge or the prosecuting attorney or the governor, except in Tooky's case. But suppose Tooky was charged with stealing chickens—which he had been quite a few times. Usually either the circuit judge or the prosecuting attorney put up at Jed's house when court was in session in Tirus. What was the harm, then, after the judge, we'll say, had partaken of a fine dinner, of Mammy Ada breaking out in song? And who would censor the words to the song of an old negro cook, sitting by a kitchen stove, while a judge sat at a dining table heaping with wonderfully cooked food?

What does it matter if Mammy Ada's song did run something like this:

O Lawd! Sweet Lawd! Mis'ree on mah min':
Baby boy done gone an' got in troo-oo-bul.
But, good jedge, he's et my food, his eyes is sof' an' kin';
Jse sho he won't let Ada suffer long.

Boy what stole dem chickens name is Tooky Gilman,
Good, fine jedge 'is name is Wise Man Williams;
Solomon woodn't cut de baby up, he wus so wise an' kin';
Good Jedge Williams gonna sen' me back mine.

And so on, and so on, until the fact was duly impressed on Judge Williams' mind that Tooky Gilman was Mammy Ada's only treasure; that he was coming up for trial on the morrow for chicken stealing; and that to send Mammy Ada's baby to the chain gang would be to break a poor, old negro woman's heart, and be a rank injustice besides, because, in her songs, Mammy Ada usually figured out some good excuse for whatever depredation the bull-necked Tooky had accomplished. There wasn't much rime in Ada's songs, but she certainly put across her point. Her songs were better than any petition written by the wisest man.

But as I said, Jed Turner was too fine a lawyer to have to rely on his cook to get him across. He was famous throughout the valley as a pleader. What that old boy couldn't do to a jury was a shame and a disgrace. Give him a woman to work with—and she wouldn't have to be pretty either—give him a woman, young or old, or a widower with children, and Jed could give the prosecution three cold aces and win. He could paint a prosecuting witness blacker and a woman fairer, purer and sweeter than any other lawyer in the county, and in those days many's the fine orator that was suckled on a hillside. It was every boy's ambition to grow up and be like Jed Turner; able, like him, to make a jury weep and moan or grow black in the face with fury at the prosecution. He did make a handsome figure—tall and big-boned, and as fine a looking man as you ever saw.

Yes-sir! It surely was a sight what Jed could do to a mountain jury. Any time Jed Turner had a big case in court—and that was every time there was a big case on the docket—every man who had his strawberries in, and half of them that didn't, would come into Tirus to hear Jed's speech to the jury. And, if it happened to be the winter term of court, dozens of boys would play hooky from school and gather in the old Pine Thicket just above the courthouse. They'd perch themselves in trees so that they could peer into the upstairs courtroom, and there, swaying and blowing with the wind, they'd watch the lanky old barrister as he undulated before the jury, playing on the emotions of the peers as he willed. And sometimes he'd get music out of a heart that nobody thought held any music. For instance, there was the time he made old Hamp Lawson cry. Old Hamp was as flinty-hearted as they make them. But we won't go into that.

Anyway, it sure was a treat to hear him speak. And what a man! There were a few old mossbacks in the valley who called him a no-good. He never did get along with preachers or with the especially pious. But let his name be spoken out of turn in any mountain cabin within a radius of forty miles of Tirus and somebody'd have a fight on his hands. Mountain men swore by him. Every Sunday morning he'd hold a little court of his own, out on the front porch of his home. And dozens of ragged mountain farmers from miles around would come and lay their little troubles at his feet. He'd give them all advice—the best he had—and he'd never charge them a cent for it. On Saturday he'd always draw out a big roll of bills from the bank. By Sunday noon this roll was always gone—loaned for taxes, or for some berry plants, or a new plow, and so on. Jed made his money trying big cases. He never charged poor men for his services.

He was a bit loose in his morals, I reckon. That is, for Tirus, which is pretty strait-laced. Jed made no bones about his vices, never tried to conceal them, made no apologies for them.

Back in the Kitchen, Mammy Ada Sat in the Flickering Light of the Open Range and Crooned a Happy Song

He had an office in the Johnson Block. That's a two-story building right in the center of Tirus. He had two rooms, both facing Main Street, on the second floor. One room faced square east, the other room looked out across the short-line railroad that crossed Main Street. From the window of this latter room you could look down Main Street for four blocks, nearly to the square.

Jed used to entertain his friends in this room. He had one crony in Tirus—another lawyer, named Andy Holmes. Him and Andy sort of bossed things around Tirus and the county. All the hand-shaking politicians used to make for Jed's office as soon as they hit Tirus.

Andy Holmes was married and his wife sort of wore the pants; and Andy had a fat-headed son, studying for the law, whose waking hours were made hideous and whose dreams were nightmarish because he was afraid that Jed would lead Andy astray. And rightly, perhaps. Old Jed wasn't a good influence.

There was the time Jed and Andy got drunk and decided they'd disguise themselves and attend a carnival that was visiting Tirus. Pretty well lit they must have been. Right under Jed's office was a grocery store, so Jed sent his office boy down to buy a quarter's worth of ordinary cooking flour. When it came he and Andy made up a sort of paste and whitewashed their faces, Andy's whiskers and old Jed's long-flowing mustaches and all. It was broad daylight. But serenely certain that they would not be recognized in their disguise, Tirus' two fine lawyers, one a former judge and one yet to become a judge, attended this carnival and rode the flying jenny and the Ferris wheel and the roller coaster, went all the gaits, made all the noises. Of course, they attracted a great crowd. Everybody in Tirus hurried to the carnival grounds to witness the spectacle. Business houses were hurriedly closed when the news spread. But Jed and Andy returned to old Jed's office when the need of a drink hit them and washed the white paste off their faces, perfectly certain they had not been recognized and chuckling to themselves at their cuteness.

Andy Holmes must have been a brave man. Much braver than old Jed. The latter had no wife and no son who worried about his little pranks. It must have been terrible for Andy Holmes at times. I know that after the carnival escapade Andy wasn't to be found for days and days. And when he did appear, it was as a penitent at his church, of which he was an elder. Everybody in Tirus was on hand. The town knew from past experience what to expect. Andy had been threatened with expulsion from the church and he was there to eat dirt.

The preacher arose and in a low voice announced that "one of our leading townsmen would say a few words." So poor old Andy arose, flanked by his fat-headed son and his long-faced wife. He told the good folks that he was sorry; that he knew he had sinned grievously; that he wouldn't let it occur again if they'd find it in their hearts to forgive him. The good folks and the church forgave him, and Andy sneaked off to Jed, who, from the rear of the church, had witnessed the humiliation of his crony with an evil, grinning face. That was only one time. I could recount dozens of other times. There was the winter the big snow fell in Tirus. By a miracle, the storm wedged itself in the valley between the mountains, and before anybody knew what it was all about, there was more than a foot of snow on the ground. Of course, deep snows being scarce, it was a time to play. And to Andy and Jed playing meant getting cockeyed first.

It would have been all right, I reckon, had they stayed in Jed's office, but they got out and started roaming. First, they picked up a negro clog dancer and fiddler, and started out to serenade everybody. By chance, they passed the railroad station and found that the snow had banked against the loading platform. The platform was a matter of six feet from the ground, the banked snow about three

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CONFESSIONS OF A DEAN

Some Mistakes of Mothers

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THAT so many of the helpless infants born into this heartless world could ever have grown up into the confident, boisterous, self-assertive young barbarians I knew is Nature's only adequate tribute to the self-sacrificing devotion of mothers. They ask no other. Let me begin by offering also my own poor preliminary compliment. I admire mothers. And let me add, for the benefit of men who have lived only normal lives and have never become deans, that my profession has allowed me to see countless cases of a mother's abnegation. I have, of course, seen an occasional father who, in his dealings with his son, was considerate and kind. But mothers are unbelievably good. They are good past all imagining. They are good until it hurts—sometimes even until it hurts the boy.

As I lived a long time among these mothers' sons, I learned many cheering things. I also learned from them a few unlovely ones. It is always more comfortable to be on the side of the angels and would be pleasanter to tell of the hundreds of cases of profitable self-sacrifice. It comforts me to remember that many have done this. But it will, perhaps, not be useless if, acting as devil's advocate, I frankly set down the disastrous results of certain maternal impulses which I hope, in a wiser future, mothers tempted to a like indulgence will restrain, for it is one of the hardest lessons of life to learn that even the practice of the finest virtues must be curbed by a reasonable discretion.

Every dean or school principal has of necessity seen the overmasterful father. Most of them, alas, have also seen at least a few overmasterful mothers. The results are equally unhappy. The elderly headmaster of one of our best-known preparatory schools was once compelled to drop from his school an unadaptable boy who was already past the usual age for entering college. Some months later he received a letter from the boy's parents explaining that they were preparing to sue the master for having blackballed their son and for having made it impossible to enter him in any other school. They wished information on the case before proceeding further with the suit, and he made an appointment with them. He, of course, expected trouble when they came. They were evidently people of wealth. The mother, a large woman, somewhat overdressed, did all the talking. The rather wizened father was subdued, suppressed, a perfect example of the henpecked husband.

When they entered the headmaster's study, the mother took the seat immediately in front of the desk, while the father, hat in hand, sat down timidly in a far corner of the room. It looked as if the mother had brought him along merely for the sake of appearances. Her cardinal grievance, she explained, was that the boy had been refused by the master of another academy because his recommendations had been unsatisfactory. Could she see the letter which had been sent to him?

The Problem of Spoiled Children

THE headmaster had forgotten the exact terms of his note to his colleague, but while drawing it from his files explained that, although it was his confidential opinion, he would in this case be glad to read it to them. He did. The note ran as follows:

John Smith has been a student at this school for a year and a half. During that period it was never possible to make him discharge his daily duties; and though he is not vicious in any way, he seemed to have no conception whatever of the necessity for the simplest and most elementary regulations. To me it looks like a case in which the boy has been spoiled by his mother.

I Was Twice Treated by Mothers in a Manner Which Their Sons Would Have Described as "Vamping"

The headmaster, having started, was taken aback by his own last sentence, but read it through manfully to the end and waited for the storm to break. To his great surprise he noticed signs of extreme animation on the part of the suppressed little husband. This little man dropped his hat, slapped his knee, rose and walked over toward his wife and the master. The note had evidently released a spring in him and given him courage.

"Doctor, you're right," he said, pounding the desk; "you're absolutely right. That's what I've been wishing someone would tell her for the past ten years."

I believe that when any college dean who has seen years of service goes back over his recollections, he, too, will find cases in which he wished that somebody else had told a mother as frankly what was wrong with her son. I am compelled to admit that I sometimes cherished this cowardly wish myself.

It is, of course, natural and proper that a mother should always concern herself with some of her son's difficulties. There have been and there always will be, even in college years, phases of his life in which, in Walter Scott's phrase, she must be his ministering angel. There is no one who can do as much for him when he is ill or when the heartless world, in his language, has not "given him a break." Every teacher and dean knows that at times the normal youth falls into unaccountable depths of depression, when she, better than anyone else, can reëstablish his confidence in himself and in the world. There are purely personal sorrows which she, and she only, can assuage. No one who has known or seen youth in its affliction will question how precious and how normalizing this motherly solicitude may be.

This instinct is, however, so deeply rooted that occasionally mothers acquire the habit of consoling their sons when they do not really deserve or need consolation, and of excusing them when they are inexcusable, and of sheltering them when, in the interest of their true education and their later self-reliance, it would be far better if they were left to face their problems. When this too-constant and too-insistent solicitude is extended to a youth of college age, it often becomes embarrassing not only to him but to others as well. It has on occasion been embarrassing to me.

Oversolicitous Mothers

AS A MUTE testimony to this maternal weakness, almost any college situated in the mildest section of our temperate zone possesses, in closets and bulging storerooms, a slowly disintegrating stock of virgin overshoes and unworn woolen mufflers, large enough to supply the community store of a populous Alaskan mining town. Probably as a protest against the tyranny of mothers, the undergraduate today never dons rubbers. Twenty-five years ago he still used to wear the more emphatically masculine hip boots, and until a few years ago it was still customary to slosh about after a blizzard in flopping arctics which rigorous convention forbade him under any circumstances to fasten. But even this seems to be passing and heavy shoes are now the only protection against those wet feet so dreaded of mothers. I am, therefore, reasonably certain that the pair of magnificent galoshes I once brought down for Sam, a hulking guard on the freshman football team, were never worn. It was, perhaps, not my fault that I became involved in his troubles.

If a man from Mars could attend the meetings of some so-called parents' associations, he would conclude that on this earth there are no male parents. I once attended such a meeting in a neighboring town. These parents were mothers exclusively. It was on an afternoon during a disagreeable February thaw. After the conclusion of my talk, I found that one of the ladies in my audience was the mother of Sam. She asked me if I would not execute a commission for her. She pleaded earnestly. The weather, she explained, was very bad and her son always forgot to wear overshoes. She had bought a pair on her way to the meeting. She knew it was an imposition, but would I see that they reached him? I was so taken aback and she was really so kind and so deeply concerned that, in spite of an inward protest, I carried the bulky package back in the train with me.

When I reached the campus I asked the university policeman to deliver it to Sam, and when, the next day, I inquired whether he had done so, he assured me that he had handed it over to the consignee in person. He added, as a matter of possible interest, that when the boy opened the package and learned how it had come, he had uttered only one word. The word is a strong masculine epithet which I am not modern enough to print. This, however, as I saw it, was not really the worst of it. I had seen Sam on the playing field and had liked his manly appearance and carriage. Though I made advances, I never succeeded in establishing normal relations with this really excellent academic citizen, and I had the conviction that my failure was the result of the boy's sense of the humiliation that had been put upon him, partly through my connivance.

A Son Deserving of Sympathy

SUCH cases of oversolicitude would make a long catalogue, and I can give but one more, which the boy, happily, understood and therefore never held against me. One evening shortly after Thanksgiving, while at dinner with a distinguished foreign scholar who was to lecture at 8:15, I was called to the long-distance telephone. The summons was so urgent that I feared some serious accident had occurred, but found, on answering, that it was only another overanxious mother. She was deeply agitated as she inquired whether I knew her son, Rutherford. He was a freshman, a good boy and her only child. She had only been able to allow him to come down to college on the understanding that he would telephone her every evening at seven. He had done so until this day, and it was now 7:20. She had waited as long as she could endure it, and was now certain that something terrible must have happened. I sent a policeman to hunt up the boy, ask him to telephone his mother and to stop in to see me after the lecture.

The policeman had little trouble in locating the culprit, and when young Rutherford stopped in later that evening, he was most apologetic, not only for the trouble he had occasioned the college but for the distress which he realized he had caused his mother. He explained it, however, with that refreshing frankness so disarming in college boys. At early dinner in Commons, three friends had asked him to play bridge until 7:30. He had expected to call up while he was dummy. He was playing most of the hands about seven o'clock and forgot the time. With the perversity of cards, it was really his run of good luck that had caused his oversight and his mother's distress. Though he was plainly discomfited by his own negligence, on finishing his explanation a faint smile fluttered over his honest face. It seemed to say, "Of course, we men know how mothers are." I was sure that because of his good sense, good feeling and good humor, his mother's too-impatient affection would in this case work no serious harm.

An episode of a different sort forced me to a conclusion which I believe is of major importance. It was a warm afternoon in September and the large windows of my office in the administration building were opened wide and looked out upon one of the principal crosswalks of the campus, thronged, as they are on opening days, with groups of hand-shaking undergraduates. My caller, Mrs. Doak, was an aggressive woman and carried everything before her. She had come to see me on this opening day—of all days—about her son George. Now, I knew George only too well, and up to that time I had never felt that he deserved very much sympathy. He had already, to my knowledge, begun to indulge in some of the masculine forms of dissipation. He was also an incurably poor student, but this difficulty was one which no mother or even father could cure. It was congenital. He had simply not been born with that type of mind which makes possible success in college. He had evidently been doctored into college by dint of high-powered cramming, but by the end of his freshman year he had fallen so low that, although under our very liberal rules for first-year men he could not be finally dropped, it was so plain that he would fall hopelessly behind in the course of another year, that I had written the father requesting that, in the boy's interest, he be withdrawn.

As so often happens I had heard nothing from the father. Mrs. Doak explained that her husband had been inclined to agree with the college and was in favor of giving her son a job. She, however, was bound and determined that he should graduate. Furthermore, she expected him to make a good fraternity, and to do this she felt that he should go out for the college daily. When I demurred she rode me down and insisted that she knew how to arrange it. She had given up a trip to Europe and was going to live in town. She was going to call on all of George's instructors and get a weekly report on his progress, and in case he was behind in any subject, not allow him to go out in the evening. She asked me whether I would speak to George about the necessity of his doing his work on time, and, in the hope of concluding a long interview on my busiest day, I promised to do so. She rose to go.

A Clever College Failure

UNFORTUNATELY, at that moment she noticed her son on the crosswalk with a group of friends, approaching the building. Before I could prevent it she stepped to the window and, to the amazement of the undergraduates below, called out to him in a voice that would not be denied, and summoned him to my office. When, a few moments later, he entered the room, he was, I believe, the unhappiest and most shamefaced undergraduate I have ever seen. In my presence, the mother drew up an indictment against him. She accused him of all those failings of his with which she was familiar or which she suspected. She explained for my benefit all the sacrifices she and her husband had made for him. They had not sent him to high school but to a fine preparatory school at which tuition was fifteen hundred dollars a year. They had paid a most expensive tutor to get him into college. She repeated that she had given up her trip to Europe because of him and that she was going to remain right there at the university for the rest of the year and see that he did his work. The worst of it was that on the strength of my promise to speak to the boy, she tried to make it appear to him that I agreed with her on all the counts of her indictment and that I approved of all her methods of procedure.

I had to call the boy in later—privately of course—and explain my own attitude. He earnestly wished to leave college, but his mother would not allow him to do so. Mercifully for all concerned, however, she did not have to remain in town for the full year. Though George had no great scholastic aptitude, he detested the situation and possessed considerable native shrewdness. On his very first set of examinations he succeeded in turning in so deliberate

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He Was, I Believe, the Unhappiest and Most Shamefaced Undergraduate I Have Ever Seen

THE LIMESTONE TREE

"You Got a Right to Protect Your Own Heart"

THE GRAVEN IMAGE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

EARLY of the summer, 1788, James Abel sat in the doorway to the principal part of his double cabin and reflected upon his life and the confusing events that were multiplying around it. No one, he concluded, could stay clear about the happenings in Harrodstown, let alone what generally was going on in the world. For one thing, in a very few days he would be fifty-one years old. That of itself was amazing. Fifty-one! Why, it didn't seem no time since, with his family, he was settling in Harrodstown. It appeared hardly back of yesterday when him and Colonel Harrod and Hugh McGary and the others raised the cabin with one room he afterward added and added to. Sarah, his wife, had seen it larger than it were at first—a shed kitchen to the back and a garret; but that was all; she had died in 1783; it was not until three years later he had finished it like it was. He would, James Abel realized, do no more. It was plenty big for his family now, and soon—if, to be exact, Nancy, his oldest daughter, married Doctor Mackenny—it would be too big. That would leave only him, McKee and Flora. Kate, married to Beriah Mace, was living in the Sash cabin at Harrodstown; Louanna had removed to Lexington with her husband, Pearce Salkead; Bruton's wife—she had been Mary Delaunay—had persuaded him to settle on Pottinger's Creek, where her family had gone from St. Mary's County in Maryland.

At present, however, his cabin was full right up to the ridgepole, now that his brother John had returned from New Orleans with a foreign wife, their child and a nigger slave. They occupied the whole of the other part of his dwelling. But they wouldn't—not if he knew Nancy—stay there for long. That realization, and his daughter's character, tickled him; he minded when John Abel had first come to Harrodstown—back around 1776—and kept Nancy out of her bed for a spell. Nancy had been pretty free with her tongue about that and about her Uncle John. It was different now. It wasn't John who upset her but John's wife, Laure. The minute Laure come into the house he, James Abel, had seen the two women would not get along. "If John soon doesn't move his family somewheres else," he reflected, "it will be real bad." The truth was he did not take to Laure Abel, the foreign woman, himself. He didn't set no piece on her ways. She was too lazy, for one. Laure not only let the nigger, Arabela, tend her child; Nancy asserted that the slave actually dressed Laure. She had seen Arabela on the ground before her mistress drawing her silk stockings over her legs, putting on her slippers.

James Abel didn't hold with that no more than Nancy did. Anyhow, it waren't right in Kentucky. In Kentucky they had had a middling hard time; it wasn't, account of the Indians, getting easier; everybody had to be right able and tend to themselves. John Abel had been back in Harrodstown less than a week; they'd had no pointed talk yet, but it was evident John had a lot to say. He had gone to New Orleans with Jacob Yoder, in the broadhorn Jacob had built at Red Stone Old Fort on the Monongahela; they had floated down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers with a cargo of flour and swapped it for buffalo skins and mink and beaver; at Havana, Jacob Yoder traded the skins for sugar and sold that cargo in Philadelphia; but John had stayed and married in New Orleans. Six years he had been gone. He was back, at last, with Colonel Wilkinson. James had heard surprising rumors about Colonel Wilkinson's success in New Orleans; because of that, Wilkinson's friends asserted, the Mississippi River would soon be open again to the navigation of Kentucky cargo boats. His brother John would explain all that. John Abel, James recognized, was one of the best explainers alive.

Yes, it was all very confusing—the state of his own affairs and the doings in the world. He continued, for the moment, to study on the wider aspects of existence—the newly adopted Federal Constitution, for example. Kentucky had voted agin it and he wasn't sure but that she was wrong. What, after all, had they fit England for? Why, to have a country of their own, that's what they fit for. And now, when they had a chancet to have a country, where was the sense voting contrary? He couldn't for the life of him see.

They didn't have no right government now, with the way the different parts of the land helt out agin all the rest. There wasn't a decent agreement to them. Massachusetts acted like South Carolina were the French and Indians, and you couldn't tell was Philadelphia in America or wasn't it. James could not, either, see why Congress made such a fuss about admitting Kentucky into the confederated states—the United States of America, rather. Rightly she hadn't been no part of Virginia since Daniel Boone cut the Wilderness Road through Cumberland Gap and along the Great Warrior's Road. If Kentucky didn't get to be a state pretty quick, and have the power to levee troops, there wouldn't be no Kentucky. The Indians would see to that.

Look at how four hundred of them under Blackfish, with Frenchmen and a French officer, like to burned up Boonesborough. Colonel John Bowman's expedition against Old Chillicothe didn't come to nothing. Take the seventy men who put out from Fort Pitt for New Orleans in two keelboats. Indians surrounded them on a sand bar nigh the Licking River and only twenty escaped. Then six hundred Canada soldiers and Indians, with English officers, captured Ruddle's and Martin's stations. Estill's defeat come in there somewheres. The Indians fair to swarmed about Bryan's Station, with a British major and Simon Girty to lead them, and even if they were driv off, there they were. Out of a hundred men and better the Indians fired on traveling down the Ohio, forty-two were killed and sixty-four taken prisoner. Only last March the Indians like to surprised Harrodstown and be the ruination of it. He could go on and on this way without never stopping. The Indians murdered Col. John Floyd five years back. James Abel remembered him clear. Colonel Floyd had come to Nancy's wedding. Soon after that Indians stole sixty horses from about Limestone. They scalped Colonel Christian, and General Clark's big expedition against them, with a thousand rifles, didn't skeer an Indian.

If the new Government, the Constitution, did not act quick—why, Kentucky would be forced to watch out for herself. That possibility made him uneasy. James Abel didn't like the sound of it. There was only one other way for Kentucky to turn—toward the south—to Spain. He did not like foreign countries or ideas any better than he liked foreign women. His thoughts returned to his own concerns. He was, he hoped, a fair man, especial with his own kin; he didn't know what it was about Laure Abel, but there it was. She made him uncomfortable. Her dresses—fine embroidered muslins mostly—somehow were not fitten for a married female. Very often they did not even aim to cover her shoulders. Very often they only half aimed to cover her breasts. Whatever could you tell about a woman hiding her face in a black lace shawl and a gold comb sticking out of her hair? Nothing was what.

All he hoped was that Nancy, who had a dark temper to her, would behave right with her Aunt Laure long as John stayed with them. He had his doubts about this; Nancy was like Kentucky where the United States were concerned—she was ready to tear up things, take the warpath on her own account. James saw that Laure, in a totally different way, was capable too. Nancy had a dark temper, but Laure Abel was wicked. She minded him of a copperhead snake, smooth and quiet with poison.

James Abel's thoughts gathered still more particularly about himself; they were centered upon his store—it was at once a store, a tavern and a lodging place—in Harrodstown. It had done, the truth was, very well indeed. He had become one of the important men of the settlement. It wasn't, of course, nothing to compare with James Wilkinson's trading store in Boonesborough; it could not measure up to Daniel Broadhead's commerce in Louisville, but he was more than satisfied by his success. A good deal of this was due to his son-in-law, Beriah Mace. Beriah was his partner, and, although he was fifteen years younger than him, James admitted to himself that Beriah was three-quarters of the trading anyways. He owed something, as well, to his brother John. It was a question if John hadn't first suggested the store. He still owned an interest in it; one of the motives that had carried John Abel to New Orleans with Jacob Yoder had been to discover if merchandise could, with any safety at all from Indians and with profit, be poled up the western waters to Harrodstown. By the time anything at all was carried by wagons from Philadelphia over the mountains to Fort Pitt, sent down the Ohio River to Kentucky, it was either spoiled, stole by the Indians or cost too dear to make on.

Now, he told himself again, his brother John would have the rights of it. Unfortunately, there were still other difficulties with his business. Take money. Or, rather, a person could not take money, for the simple reason that mostly it didn't exist. When it did, in the shape of Spanish silver dollars, they were so cut into bits nobody could weigh or value them. Aside from that, there were wild-animal pelts—and deerskins worth less every month—land warrants that had no certainty to them, and warehouse receipts for tobacco. Beaver skins—everyone knew that a beaver skin was reckoned at six shillings—were getting to be scarce. It got so he didn't know at times if he were in money or out. It was wonderful, though, what he had for sale; he regarded his stock and Beriah Mace with a pleased amazement. You could go into the store and buy window glass. Plenty of the cabins in Harrodstown had windows with glass. Anybody who wanted them could get nails. Ten year ago there wasn't a nail in the settlements. Now forks and tin cups were common. James remembered when, in his own cabin, there was a wooden noggin made by William Pogue by the whisky barrel; now the whisky barrel at the store, where everyone was welcome to drink, had a bright tin cup fast to it.

But the biggest change, James Abel considered, had to do with the women. There was muslin pants for them, when once they had to do with sewed deerskins; there was French stockings and shoes you couldn't walk out in but what you would spoil them; linen was no longer made from nettles; buffaloes were about gone and so there was no buffalo wool for linsey-woolsey. It wasn't needed, James added. You hardly ever saw a person breaking and rotting flax now; he doubted were there a dozen people in Harrodstown who knew what a swingling knife was. Even the loom in his house stood bare three months at a time. The spinning wheels had more stillness than hum to them. He was half critical about it all; and yet, he added, it was progress; he was helping to bring it about.

There was a stir at his back; he half turned in his chair, and saw that it was his daughter Nancy. Time, and her trouble, he realized, had not favored her. But then, Nancy had always been spare, hard-featured; it was her spirit that made her considerable. Still. Gabriel, her husband, leaving her in the night, so soon after they married, hadn't touched her there. She sat on the step at his feet.

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"Now Look," She Commanded Him. He Could See a Crude Figure Cut in the Wood

THE SHAGGY LEGION

Troopers Fired at These Swooping Hawks of the Prairies as They Spurted Past

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IV

THE pulsing throb of the skin drums rose and fell in barbaric rhythm. There was monotony in the sound—monotony fraught with curious insistence—a compelling urge exerted by the evenly spaced and sonorous reverberations of the tom-toms, as if one's blood attuned itself to pulse in unison with that demanding throb. It broke down reason and seized upon the primitive emotions. Deep and vibrant, that steady dum, dum, dum, dum beat up against the ears with maddening regularity.

Lieutenant Stone was assailed by the curious thought that there was something age-old and deathless, a survival of the beginning of all things, in that savage pulsation; something universal, as if all living creatures, and even the trees and the tides, had been swaying in accord with it since the dawn of time. He had only to close his eyes, he thought, give way to it, and he would be swept back twice ten thousand years to find himself in the jungle dancing to the drums. He could not have that! He shook his head angrily, as if to clear his vision.

The tempo of the drums slowed down, but the slowing tended to quicken the spectator's expectancy. It seemed fraught with immediate portent. A row of warriors advanced in perfect slow time, their bodies painted jet black, save for a sprinkling of white specks. They represented darkness, with the stars showing bright against the midnight sky. They retired before a second line of advancing braves, their bodies a bright vermilion, shot through with vertical white streaks, portraying the first rays of the sun thrusting up through a rosy dawn to drive the night away.

Through it all the maddening insistence of the skin drums wove a throbbing insanity. Two mighty warriors, garbed in the entire skins of grizzly bears, shuffled into the wild picture, lurching and swaying in time to the savage strains. A brace of half-grown lads followed, their bodies painted chalk white, feet and noses black, portraying a mated pair of swans. Next came those whose bodies were painted in clever imitation of the scales and markings of a serpent. Still others were adorned in rear with the dried tails of beaver, their bodies clothed in the skins of those animals. The lordly elk, the mule deer, the bighorn sheep and other creatures of the plains and hills were represented there in pairs. In and out among the other performers lithe young boys skipped actively, jerking their bodies to whisk white flaps of skin that dangled behind them to represent the light rump patches of the antelope that frisked through every scene the length and breadth of the Western plains.

But all these furnished mere atmosphere to lend realism to the scene about to be enacted. The principal actors made entrance now, in pairs, each brave incased in the whole skin of a buffalo, peering through the eyeholes of his headpiece, his back held horizontal so that the bison's small tail dangled behind.

The booming strains of rattle and drum increased in volume. Above the rhythmic throb of it rose the savage growls of the grizzlies; the serpents hissed, the bull elk bugled, the wolves howled, the swans voiced their clarion trumpeting, all woven into a wild barbaric chant, while in and out through the scene frolicked the antelopes, flashing their rump patches in mock alarm, all as an accompaniment to the main event. In perfect time with the savage chant and the booming drums, the chief actors portrayed the mating moon of the buffalo herds.

That slow infernal movement! The resplendent costumes weaving colorful patterns in time to that chanted refrain of beasts and the rhythmic roll of drums! It drugged the senses. Stone felt his carefully acquired passivity breaking down.

"What's it all about?" he demanded with assumed gruffness.

"It's the bull dance of the Mandans," Stone's companion answered. "It's aimed to insure a plentiful supply of buffalo in the Mandan hunting grounds."

Lieutenant Stone snorted some scornful comment about pagan nonsense. "Can't you bribe some of them to start now, so that we can be getting on?"

"Nary a one would stir foot outside the village until the bull-dance ceremonies end," Coleman said. "They'll finish it up tonight. We'll start tomorrow."

"Let's leave the beggars and go on alone," the officer suggested irritably.

Slowly the plainsman shook his head.

"We'd better have a few Mandan braves to help keep an eye on our horses of nights," he said. "No. We'll make a start at sunup."

He was calmly final about it. Lieutenant Stone, specializing in the arts of war and recently graduated as an expert, felt again that rankling sense of offended dignity that he had known from the first because of Coleman's casual assumption of knowledge pertaining to things warlike.

The dance and the booming tom-toms ceased as one, and the throng surged to the big medicine lodge at the head of the village. Here the young warriors prepared to undergo the self-imposed ordeal to prove their own powers of physical endurance. The head medicine man made incisions some two inches apart in the flesh of these aspirants, lifted up the broad bands thus laid open and fastened through each such incision a horsehair or rawhide rope. Some such openings were made in the flesh of the breast, others in the back or thighs. Each participant was accorded two or more ropes. The actors chose their own individual methods of freeing themselves. Some caused their friends to fasten them aloft, where, struggling in midair, they endeavored to break the bands of flesh and free themselves. Others were made fast to the central support poles of the medicine lodge and leaped violently to the end of their tethers. Some had elected to have buffalo skulls attached to the ends of their tethers. These latter ones left the lodge to careen across the prairies until the trailing burdens would tear away the bands of flesh.

"And what has all this devil's business to do with the bull dance and the mating moon of the buffalo?" Stone inquired.

"Nothing much," Coleman said. "But it's held at the same time—a sort of religious rite to prove to each brave whether or not his own medicine is good or bad in the near future. It's common in some form with all plains tribes. The Mandans call it O-Kee-Pa; the Cheyennes Hock-e-a-um, meaning 'the lodge-made-of-cottonwood-poles,' because their tribe used to hold it in a lodge of that type. The Cheyenne name is understood and used by all tribes. In effect it means church, to include the place where it's held, the ceremony itself, the people who are there, and so on. A single Injun often decides to hold Hock-e-a-um by himself to atone for something or other. I don't know the Sioux name for it, but the white men call it the Sun Dance of the Sioux. It's largely similar, in whatever tribe you run across it."

Well, Stone reflected, the less intelligent among all races and all religions had resorted to self-torture as a matter

of penance or entreaty. Why not the Indians? But he was in no mood to watch the barbaric spectacle longer and crossed the intervening strip of prairie to the little soldier camp a half mile outside the village. A young Mandan brave came leaping past him, several buffalo skulls bouncing behind him on the prairie sod.

Throughout the night that infernal throbbing of the drums seemed to pound on in Stone's brain long after the sound itself had ceased. An hour after dawn his party was on its way, Coleman riding in the lead with Stone. Six troopers and six Mandan warriors, each leading a pack horse, followed. The new green grass formed a vivid velvet carpet on the undulating prairies.

Some three hours after noon, Coleman reined up and pointed. "There's the buffalo you've been hankering to see."

Stone's eyes swept the immediate foreground and he saw no signs of buffalo. Eventually his gaze focused on a swarm of tiny, antlike specks in the middle distance. He had expected bison to loom up bigger than that.

"They're close to three miles off," Coleman said.

Stone focused his field glasses upon the distant specks. "Great guns, man! That big dark splash is a herd bedded down. Hundreds of them. Thousands!" he reported.

Coleman nodded. "Yeah; and train your glasses over southeast a piece. You'll pick up tens of thousands. Good buffalo belt hereabouts."

"Let's be after them," Stone urged. The powerful field glasses brought the scene into closer perspective and the officer marveled. For as far as the vision extended there were those dark splotches against the table of green, scattered units of the great herd, some bedded, others grazing slowly. He picked up one band of fifty or more that traveled in single file.

"On the march; headed for water likely," Coleman said when Stone commented upon the peculiar formation.

Three troopers and three Mandans took charge of the led horses while their companions followed Coleman and Lieutenant Stone. Coleman veered to the right, against the wind, to come upon one of the outermost units of the big herd. The band toward which he headed was composed of some two hundred animals, most of them bedded on the prairie. He chose a shallow depression as the route of approach.

The officer was examining his rifle, one of the type with a revolving cylinder that held six shots

"Don't run 'em too far," Coleman advised. "If you empty your rifle, better keep your pistol in reserve until you can reload."

"In case a buffalo should charge?" Stone asked.

"No. In case the Sioux jump us up. They might," Coleman said.

Stone thought the prediction an unlikely possibility, but was too intent upon his first buffalo hunt to comment upon the matter at the moment. The draw concealed them until they were within a hundred yards of the edge of the herd.

"Now!" Coleman said, and led the way. The eight riders bore down upon the bison band at a full run. There was a dull rumble of hoofs as the buffaloes gained their feet and dashed away in mad panic. The racing horses soon overtook the rearmost members of the herd. Coleman rode near Lieutenant Stone as the officer singled out a bull and reined his mount toward it. The cavalry horse snorted and veered away; would not approach within twenty yards of the flank of the stampeded herd. The horses of the troopers performed in similar fashion. Stone fired three shots at the bull, two of them taking effect but without retarding the animal's speed. The three troopers also were emptying their rifles promiscuously into the herd. The Mandans, mounted on trained buffalo ponies, each singled out an animal and rode close alongside, launching arrows from a distance of ten feet. One cow went down with the first shaft. Two others required three feathered darts apiece before tumbling headlong to the prairie.

Stone emptied the remaining three loads of his rifle into the wounded bull. The great beast staggered in his stride and lurched to his knees, then rolled over on his side. Stone waved his empty rifle in triumph.

The Mandans had accounted for seven of the shaggy brutes. Two others had dropped from the promiscuous herd shooting of the troopers, while several others, more or less severely wounded, left the course of the stampede and strayed off across the prairie. The cavalrymen, heeding Coleman's original admonition, did not fire their pistols, but, instead, dropped out of the chase to reload their rifles.

The run led over the crest of a low prairie divide, and as Coleman and Stone topped out on the ridge, it was to come close upon the rear of a huge herd into which the animals they pursued had stampeded. Coleman held up his hand as a signal for Stone to halt, but the officer, enthralled by the wild scene that unrolled before his eyes, failed to note it. His horse—a magnificent animal—bore him on and on. The rumble and jar of countless feet rose about him. On all sides and ahead, as far as he could see, thousands of buffaloes were rushing in a mad stampede. He pulled the big pistol from its holster and with the first shot brought down a bull, drilled behind the ear. Elated, Stone pulled in behind another. His mount seemed to encounter more difficulty in overtaking this last one. But the horse settled to the chase, his powerful muscles driving him on and on. The rider saw several wolves loping off at right angles to the course of the chase. A band of antelope flashed across in front of him as if bent upon proving their superior speed. A dozen or more elk were running far off to one side. And the whole prairie seemed to be a rushing mass of buffaloes.

Stone fired two shots at a cow that his horse had overtaken, both taking effect in her rump. She held her lead for half a mile. Stone's horse was breathing heavily now, but he made a gallant effort and drew alongside the cow. The man fired two shots into her flank. The cow whipped sidewise in a vicious lunge, her horn missing the horse by inches. The startled horse stampeded and before Stone could regain control of the animal the cow had gained more than a hundred yards and was running in the wake of the rushing herd. Even at her diminished speed it was with difficulty that the horse gained on her. The gap

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The Terrified Girl Looked Into Savage Faces in Which She Could Read No Mercy

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 7, 1929

Economic Soundness

THE fallacy of identifying prosperity and welfare too closely with the movements of the stock market has been demonstrated more than once. No sensible person denies that share prices have at times proved one index of changing business conditions. But frequently prices are driven too high or too low because of the state of the market itself. Psychological influences play an extraordinary part. Hopes and fears alike carry men to extremes. Prices rise or fall more in a day than the income of a company varies in several years. Thousands of people buy stocks which they know nothing about with loans which they cannot afford to assume. If prices go up, other thousands follow suit. The number of shares outstanding is then multiplied by the rise in quotations and the country is told of gains running into the billions.

In the same way, if quotations fall, the number of shares is multiplied by the decline, and then the country hears that billions of dollars have been lost. Of course neither the gains nor losses are real. The economic activities of the country are substantially unchanged. The gains were only on paper, and the losses mean nothing to the great mass of stockholders who own their stocks outright and receive dividends upon them. The great fortunes of this country have been made not by buying and selling securities but by owning securities. The real question is whether industry as a whole, and especially the company in which one happens to invest, are doing well. Prosperity does not consist of inflated paper, whether it takes the form of currency or of shares, nor does it consist in the ability to pyramid financial operations; it is the result of productive efficiency and finds its expression in earnings and in intrinsic values.

It is true that prosperous business depends upon continued consumer buying, and during a stock-market boom a certain amount of goods is purchased from speculative profits actually in hand or anticipated. But no sound business structure can rest to more than a fractional degree upon such a base. Only madmen expect stock-market booms to continue forever. Yet there is a gradual and definite forward movement in business itself year after year. Indeed, the time to look forward confidently is when the stock market's hold upon credit has been slackened. A speculative mania draws credit from other and more productive uses. Speculation eats up money; when its appetite is less voracious, other lines of business have a better opportunity.

The country enjoys a good banking system, and a powerful and liquid supersystem in the Federal Reserve. The people are richer as a whole than ever before. The overwhelming majority can look with equanimity upon convulsions in the market, because if they have securities they really own them. The buying power of only a small fraction of the total population is affected by a decline in the price of stocks. People in general earn the same wages and salaries as before, and their income from securities owned is the same. The growth of national income has been due not to the stock market but to our ability to produce more goods and services per person at work. As Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, has said, "This gain in turn has been due to causes of an enduring and cumulative character, causes that enter into the very bodies and minds of our people, and into the very foundations of our economic structure." It is upon these elements of American life, and not upon paper profits and losses in the market, that attention should be concentrated.

Reforming Wall Street

A DEMAND usually arises, after any serious crash in the stock market, for new forms of regulation. But in what respect laws and public bodies can prevent people from overspeculation has never been demonstrated. Time and again, sections of the country have suffered from real-estate booms which were carried too far, and no device has even been suggested to rid the country of this disease. Manias in farm lands, town lots, suburban subdivisions, oil leases and mining claims—all these and many other forms of land speculation have left their wake of loss and remorse. No one knows how to prevent the recurrence of these unfortunate episodes.

Practically all the states have blue-sky laws or fraud acts, and either commissions or special prosecuting attorneys to enforce them. The states have elaborate statutes regulating public utilities, with commissions and expert staffs for the purpose. They have laws setting forth in detail the conditions under which charters may be granted by the state, and no corporation can live without a charter. Furthermore, they have departments to regulate banks and insurance companies, and in a few of the more distinctly financial states separate departments for both banks and insurance companies.

The states are close to their own peculiar and separate problems. If they cannot properly regulate the formation and conduct of corporations, what reason have we to suppose that the Federal Government can handle the far vaster task that would be given it? But how else can excessive speculation in shares be impeded? One senator has suggested a punitive tax. But common sense repudiates such measures. The structure of capital and credit is too delicate to attempt to tax stock transactions out of existence. Punitive taxes always work in unexpected ways. As for moderate, revenue-raising taxation, that would not kill stock transactions. We already have such taxation in operation, and it brings in a large revenue to both the state of New York and the Federal Government.

Nor can we see how a senatorial investigation of the Federal Reserve System would in any way hinder future crazes in the stock market. The mere suggestion is childish. Possibly changes are needed in the banking laws, but these must be considered calmly and scientifically, and not in the hectic atmosphere of the market place. The revision of banking laws requires the utmost care and deliberation, as free as possible not only from the influence of those whose interests are primarily speculative but from those who would seek political preferment and advantage.

It is frequently suggested that the only adequate remedy for Wall Street excesses lies in fuller and more accurate publicity of corporate accounts. Such publicity is to be welcomed, naturally, but when the public is share crazy it pays very little attention to corporate statements. A conservative statement is treated with contempt and the officers and directors suspected of sinister motives. The truth is that abnormal conditions must work themselves out. Economic forces are very powerful and always restore sanity in the course of time. Among the forces sure to be brought into play are those inherent in the credit system. Speculative manias cannot live except by raiding the available supplies of credit. But such raids invariably turn out to be boomerangs. The forces thus set in motion are delicate, yet irresistible. They are not to be tampered with lightly, for they bring their own healing, and with no need of resorting to quack remedies.

Colleges in Transition

THE law of supply and demand appears to function as definitely in the field of higher education as it does in the commodity markets. For some years the demand for college training has exceeded what, in industry, would be termed the plant capacity of our institutions of learning; and, continuing to employ the vernacular of trade, our college faculties find themselves in a sellers' market.

They have not been slow to make the most of this advantage, not only in restricting admissions to a volume they can handle but in making that restriction selective in its nature. This is as it should be; for in as much as tuition fees often cover only fifty or sixty per cent of the cost of tuition and overhead, it is only right that the students so subsidized—for that is what it amounts to—should be those who show most promise of making a liberal return in service and intellectual leadership in after life. The practical application of this selective system, if it is to function at its best, seems to require the services of most carefully chosen committees endowed with broad and perhaps rather autocratic powers. Marks alone do not dictate their decisions. Human as well as academic factors must be taken into account; and for that reason, if such committees were not allowed full play of judgment, they would serve no purpose that could not equally well be carried out by the clerical force of the dean's office.

Trying as this selective system is for parents and young people alike, the best colleges, instead of showing signs of weakening, seem bent upon establishing the system more firmly and upon schooling it to still higher standards. Already many institutions are beginning to subject students to a much severer test of character and determination than any which was common in this country in the past. They are treating them like adults instead of like schoolboys.

The student may attend lectures or stay away, just as he sees fit. He may have the benefit of frequent conferences with faculty advisers or he may dispense with that guidance, as he chooses. He may apply himself steadily throughout the term and turn in his reports and other required paper work periodically, or he may rely upon his ability to crowd a year's work into three weeks of cramming, and not open a book until a month before the time of examination. The whole matter is in his own hands. There is no one to reproach him for loafing, no one to prod him if his efforts are spasmodic or half-hearted. The examination will decide his fate. Nothing is asked of him but results; and if those results are honorably and satisfactorily produced, no one will inquire how they were achieved. This régime of comparatively unsupervised study has, of course, been taken over from the universities of England and of Germany. In those countries it has worked capitally for generations.

The possibilities of any régime which will teach the student to think for himself, to realize his responsibilities and obligations and to approach his tasks in orderly and diligent fashion are of the highest significance. But some of our colleges, carried away by enthusiasm for more enlightened methods, have perhaps adopted them somewhat precipitately, and have tried their students to the breaking point without first having habituated them to the new order by slow degrees. Many of them, however, have gone rather too far to retreat; and they count, with reason, upon the force of the example they made last June, when they surprised an extraordinary number of seniors by denying them degrees. The massacre of 1929, they hope, will put the fear of flunking into the undergraduate heart so deeply as to reduce materially the casualties of the class of 1930.

The Home Office—What it Is; and the Home Secretary—What He Is

By Lord Brentford—"Jix"

IN THE heart of London there is a broad street running from Trafalgar Square at the top, with Nelson's Monument on the great column in the middle of the square, down to Westminster at the bottom. On the right as you go down you will see the old Horse Guards building, with two mounted sentries sitting on their coal-black horses and wearing a uniform of a past age.

Farther on, you come to the Cenotaph in the middle of the road—the plain, simple, national memorial of the Great War—the memorial around which, on the eleventh of November every year, gather His Majesty the King, his sons, his high officers of state, his cabinet, representatives of the dominions beyond the seas and of India, detachments of the Navy, Army and Air Force, with Red Cross nurses and old-age pensioners—and there, at eleven o'clock, as Big Ben, the giant clock of the House of Commons, booms out the hour, is a silence which can be felt.

Immediately opposite the Cenotaph is the door of a great quadrangular building about eighty years old. This is the Home Office, and in this building, in a great room looking out over a silent square, lives and works the Home Secretary.

I have been asked to write a series of articles explaining the extraordinary position held by the Home Office, and, incidentally, by its chief, in the government of England. I doubt whether there is in any country in the world an institution exactly like it. I remember, when I first went to the Home Office, somebody asked me what I had to do, and my reply was difficult; so many and varied were my duties. The control of all the police, the management of all the prisons, the appointment of all the stipendiary magistrates, and of those criminal judges—called in our country "recorders"—the administration of factories, shops and workmen's compensation legislation, besides a host of other powers and duties, with some of which I will deal later, do make the Home Secretary, so far as any one person may be, in many respects a ruler of England.

The Staff

OF COURSE, he rules through and with the staff of the Home Office. There is no service in the world comparable with the English Civil Service. They are the pick of our public schools and universities; they are the pick of all the grammar schools and those great schools which are now run by public bodies, who come up by sheer force of character to the top. These men sit for the most difficult competitive examination known in this country, and when they pass high up they can apply to be appointed to the government department for which they feel they are most suited. If a man, for instance, is keen on problems connected with national finance, he will go to the Treasury. If he is interested in social and industrial reform or the administration of the law, he will go to the Home Office, and if he is interested in the colonies, he will go to the Colonial Office, and so forth. But it has always been the ambition of the best men in the Civil Service to go either to the Treasury or to the Home Office. Consequently, I found at the Home Office a wonderful staff, who were and are—whatever government may be in power the most loyal instruments of the Secretary of State.

When I mention the Secretary of State, you naturally ask: How did he get there? How was it that so much power became concentrated in one man? Historically, it is interesting. I like to think that one cold, wet afternoon, more than six hundred years ago, King Edward II—an unlucky king as ever was, who lost Scotland at the Battle of Bannockburn and who ended up by getting himself murdered—was sitting and looking at the rain, very miserable because his Lord High Chancellor was getting too much for him. The Lord High Chancellor had the Great Seal of England, and in those times was a very great man indeed; in fact, he practically ruled the realm. King Edward must have said to himself, "I really can't stand this any longer. I will have a little secretary of my own and I will only give him a little seal; then he will do as I tell him." And so he appointed my official ancestor and gave him a little seal, and for more than six hundred years that little secretary with his little seal has been acquiring more and more power, until he has now arrived at the position of the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

There are in England seven Secretaries of State, but the Home Secretary is *the* Secretary of State. Abroad the Foreign Secretary takes precedence of his colleagues, but here, perhaps because we are an island, the Home Secretary comes first. All the others have been carved out of him by acts of Parliament, as from time to time certain of his powers have been handed over to other secretaries. In medieval times, as private secretary to the King—for that is, I think, what, technically, he is still—he naturally obtained great influence and power. Nobody could see the King without going to him; all the King's letters were written by him, and even now all the King's signatures on state documents have to be authenticated by him. He was for some time always a cleric; merely because in those days nobody but clergymen knew how to write. In 1601 the King's secretary became "Our principal Secretary of State." The first lay Secretary of State was Thomas Cromwell, trained by the great Cardinal Wolsey. I remember one day, when walking through one of the government offices, I saw a portrait, after Holbein, of Thomas Cromwell. I said, "Where did you get that?" The reply was that it had been there for years and no one knew its history. But I said, "He is one of my predecessors in office," and I duly marched him off to the Home Office, where he now occupies an honored position over the fireplace in the Home Secretary's room.

The Heart of the Empire

THE room itself is typical of the age in which it was built—the middle of Queen Victoria's reign. It is a great, high room, surrounded with massive bookcases containing the parliamentary debates ever since records were kept, the Statutes of the Realm, and every possible book of reference dealing with Home Office activities. With its back to the fireplace is a magnificent square mahogany table at which I worked. On the other side of the quadrangle into which my room looked are the Foreign, Indian and Colonial offices, making this spot the heart of the Empire. No sound disturbs the thoughts of the Home Secretary, as there is a double door between him and his private secretaries' room, a second door for letting people out after an interview, and there is a third door which is not often used. I remember, once, when there was trouble with Russia, a well-known lady came to see me to give me information about some Russians.

She said to me, at the end of the interview, "Of course, you know that I am followed."

I said, "Indeed, madam?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "the enemy is always on my track, and I know that they have followed me here."

Changing the Horse Guards at the Old Whitehall Palace, London

Continued on Page 242

"I'll Take the One in Green and You Can Have the Rest"

Fall Statistical Note

SOMETHING like twenty
Per cent of the gentry
From high institutions of learning
Will go into writing,
And speak in terms slighting
Of purely material yearning.

Something like two
Per cent of the few
Who break into printed editions
Are likely to choose
To live with the muse
With prospects of better positions.

—Parke Cummings.

Whoopee Insurance

"YOU see, we offer full coverage," explained the insurance agent as he prepared the dotted line for the prospect's signature. "We were the first in the field with whoopee insurance, and we are strictly an old-line company, offering not only protection but the highest class of service as well. If, during a week-end party, your guests roll up the rugs and mar the finish of your hardwood floors while dancing, our appraiser will estimate the damage and a check will be sent you immediately to cover the amount. Should any of your china, glassware, clocks or other household articles be damaged or destroyed by hilarious guests, you are completely covered by our policy. Only last week we paid a claim where a guest threw a baseball through a portrait of his host's grandfather.

"Another feature of our policy—and one you will not find offered by any other company, regardless of the cost of the premium—is the protection it offers against damages. We pay ten thousand dollars for any guest who dies from indigestion resulting from food consumed on your premises. If the noise from your parties causes any neighbor to charge you with maintaining a nuisance, we defend you in court and provide both eloquent and technical lawyers. Our policy has a special saxophone clause, enabling you to recover for any injuries you may sustain if attacked while performing on the instrument. That, and the additional feature protecting you from suits that may be instituted should your radio bother the neighbors, makes our complete policy something that the modern host cannot be without. Thank you, sir; your coverage starts from this moment."

— TOM S. ELROD.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MAN, who was up at daybreak, now has a daughter who is still up at daybreak.

IN MATRIMONY the first hundred days are the easiest.

FUNNY THING ABOUT MONEY it goes awfully fast, yet it doesn't go very far.

POST SCRIPTS

Poet and Peasant

MRS. ARTHUR, having slept badly, rolled over and looked at her watch. It was half-past five. She decided to rise and write a letter home in the freshness of the Italian morning. She rang for coffee; it was brought by Colombina—the same Colombina who had served her coffee in the lounge at one A.M.

"Dear Mrs. Prendergast," wrote Mrs. Arthur. Mrs. Prendergast was president of the college women's club. She would infallibly read Mrs. Arthur's letter aloud to the club. It would be worth while to take a lot of pains with the letter.

"Here we are in Southern Italy," wrote Mrs. Arthur. "The happy, golden, singing southland! The sun has just climbed over mighty Capo d'Orso, and is bathing the land in languorous beauty. Languor! That word describes this country, drowsing in the memory of its past glory. The peasants, carefree creatures, tread the dust of ruined temples and sleep in the shade of crumbling medieval castles. They idle through the livelong day, for they seem to know that life is brief while these memories remain, that toil is a mockery in the face of the everlasting, and that joy is the only sure good in life."

She paused and looked down from her *terrazza* to the path beneath. It rose from the town a thousand feet below, in the form of almost continuous rough steps, considerably gullied by the rains of a thousand years. Up this path advanced a file of peasant girls. Each was bearing on her head a burden of potatoes, onions, plumbing fixtures or other supplies for the hotel. The leader, a sturdy lass of about eighteen, was balancing on head and shoulders a load of one hundred and fifty-five pounds. The fixed rate for transportation from town to hotel was about five lire twenty-six cents—per quintal, or two hundred and twenty pounds.

"Happy, carefree peasantry!" wrote Mrs. Arthur. "The sight of them makes us question whether American life, with its hurry and high pressure, its stern discipline, its sacrifice of joy to labor, is really worth while. Were it not better to take life more easily, like these simple creatures, to take no thought for the morrow, but to sing and dance and frolic through the sunny days?"

Pietro Serralunga stationed himself outside her window and sang O Sole Mio and Santa Lucia, as was his morning custom before beginning his twelve-hour day as a mason. He had been saving up for five years to buy a flute. If he could buy his own flute he would be permitted to join the village band. So he sang O Sole Mio and Santa Lucia outside the hotels when the guests were trying to sleep. He was not disturbed by the passage of an eight-year-old girl with a load of charcoal twice her own size, who was followed by her grandmother bearing five lemon poles weighing more than one hundred pounds.

"Outside my window," wrote Mrs. Arthur, "stands the typical Italian. Like a bird that greets the sun with music, he is caroling forth those delicious old folk songs, O Sole Mio and Santa Lucia. Oh, gay and simple-hearted race! How I envy you!"

She threw the typical Italian ten centesimi—half a cent. He thanked her graciously. Then Mrs. Arthur, feeling somewhat exhausted with her labors, decided to take a little nap before descending by automobile to the beach for the morning's swim.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

Earnest Request

A MOON, a song, a kiss—
So loving ends.
But spare me only this:
Don't let's be friends!

Hollywood-Trained

HABIT is a cruel thing,
A thing of dread and fear;
Pity the poor yes man
When Leap Year's here!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

(Continued on Page 104)

All Quiet on the Boston Front

Fascinating variety in all these delicious, convenient Soups!

When your need is for a hearty, substantial soup that is a luncheon or supper in itself, no doubt your choice is Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its 15 tempting vegetables.

Often, too, your choice is that universal favorite, Campbell's Tomato Soup. But remember that there are 19 other wonderful Campbell's Soups all of the same splendid quality and each one offering you its own individual flavor and deliciousness.

Already cooked for your table—ready in next to no time! 12 cents a can.

Your choice of. Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef
		Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

The Shyster

Slim's Face Was Buried in His Pillow. "My Boy, My Boy, My Boy," He Moaned

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

FIVE days after the disastrous joint debate with Stanley Wallace I fired my broadside, exposing the formidable campaign fund he was administering on behalf of his ticket. Campaign funds in our district had never been large, and my speech caused a sensation; but before the news of my disclosures could spread very far he answered me so effectively that I regretted having raised the issue. He went at once to the town where I had spoken, and standing on the city hall steps had the mayor cut every pocket out of his clothing.

"Now," he said, "I not only have no slush fund but I haven't a penny nor a crust of bread nor any place to carry either. Henceforth I shall be in the hands of the local committee wherever I go. They must feed me and deliver me to the next stop on my itinerary. Not only that, they will open my mail and read it to me. They will supply me with stenographic assistance so that I can answer my letters, and after I have answered them they will read and seal and stamp the letters. Any man who is conducting an honest campaign without money can do that. I therefore challenge Boyd McLean to do it also. If he doesn't, I ask you to draw your own conclusions. But I don't think he will, because he and his gang are the ones who have the slush fund."

I couldn't possibly accept the challenge, because ours was a real political organization while his was more like a popular uprising. Consequently his letters were mostly hot air of the up-and-at-'em school, while mine were aimed to keep down friction among hundreds of petty practical politicians.

It was urgently necessary for me to regain the aggressive, so I tried a new bombshell. Some three hundred words of Wallace's set speech were snatched out of one of Robert G. Ingersoll's orations; I told the country people who Ingersoll was. However, few of them had ever heard of him and they were not much interested. Wallace promptly answered with a list of the churches I had attended during the preceding six months, showing that I had always gone to the largest in each community, carefully seeking out the dominant denomination. That shot hit harder than he probably knew, because I had also insinuated on each of these occasions that the church I attended was of the denomination in which I held membership.

No matter what I tried he was on me instantly like a wild cat, and what hurt worst of all was his continuous criticism of my law practice. I could afford to lose the congressional race on any other issue except that one. He also began to call me J. Shylock Demosthenes. That hurt—and there was no answer.

Loyal old Slim finally determined that the drift against me portended defeat, and one day he left the crowd of candidates comprising our ticket to go on a still hunt of his own devising. Doubling back over the route the candidates had followed, he sought out those voters who had pledged him their support and said to them one by one: "Never mind about me. Vote for my boy. I don't amount to nothing nohow, but he's fighting for his life."

Scores of them gave their promise; in fact, I think that nearly every man he approached agreed to vote for me. However, all of them did not redeem their pledges. They simply hadn't the heart to refuse him.

News of this development soon reached Stanley Wallace, and he used it without mercy, charging that I had ordered my father to scuttle his own candidacy on behalf of mine. That was more than I could stand, so I traveled fifty miles by automobile one night to find him and protest.

"I don't think you want to be that unfair," I said.

"Why not?" he asked. "I'm out to get you. I told you in the first place that this campaign is going to be fought according to your own ethics and standards. Before it's over I'm likely to prove that you eat babies raw for breakfast. You'd do that to me if you could. Now roll your hoop."

I appealed to Slim to come back and join the other candidates, but he refused, knowing that he was getting me votes. Unfortunately he didn't realize how many he was losing, now that Wallace had turned his strategy against us. Moreover, the punishing heat and the outrageously long hours he inflicted upon himself were telling on his health.

During the last week of the campaign I noticed that a stranger, plainly from some other part of the country, was following me. I saw him in three audiences in three different towns. His hat brim first attracted my attention; he turned it down instead of up. The effect, I thought, was about the most ridiculous that misapplied ingenuity had ever devised. Aside from that foolish hat, however, he suggested solid, conservative prosperity. Late one night, after I had made my speech, and finally got rid of the hangers-on who infest hotel lobbies during campaigns, I saw him standing just outside the hotel door, holding his coat in one hand and fanning himself with the other.

"My name's McLean, stranger," I said. "Are you interested in the campaign?"

"Evans is my name," he answered. "Jerry Evans," and we shook hands. "Yes, I'm interested in the campaign. Came down to see who's going to win. I've been in several states. Finishing here."

"Came down from where?" I asked.

"Washington. I'm connected with a firm there. We were asked for advance reports on certain campaigns. In fact, we usually make such reports."

"I see. And now can you tell me who is going to win?" I asked

"I think so," he said smiling. "I have already reported that your opponent will win. Hope I'm wrong. No personal interest. Just a report to private parties. Won't do you a bit of harm. As for me, I'd vote for you. Enjoyed your speeches. Heard you five times, now. Didn't have to do that." Again he smiled cordially and offered me a cigar. I knew that he really had heard several of my speeches. We sat down together in chairs on the sidewalk in front of the hotel and, both in shirt sleeves, talked several hours. I knew that my prospects for winning might

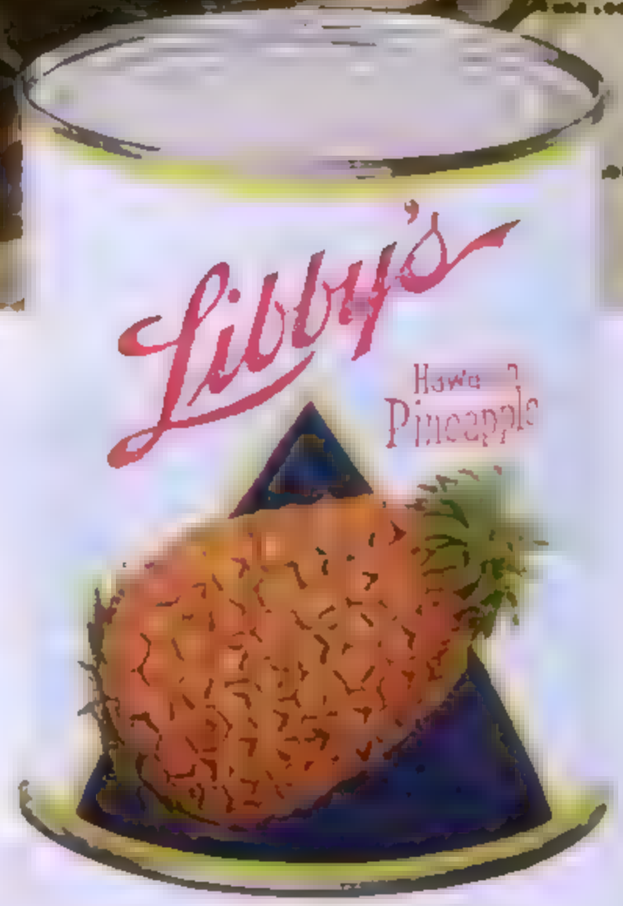
(Continued on Page 46)

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Pickles, Condiments, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

TUNE IN Tuesday evenings! Fascinating series of radio concerts . . . Around the World with Libby . . . Famous artists and the Libby Concert Orchestra . . . Tuesday evenings through a coast-to-coast network of stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company: 8:30 Eastern Time; 7:30 Central Time; 6:30 Mountain Time, 5:30 Pacific Time.

And each Wednesday morning over the same N. B. C. stations, you may hear Mary Hale Martin's Household Period which is broadcast at: 10:45 Eastern Time; 9:45 Central Time; and by special arrangement, 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time. **TUNE IN Wednesday mornings!**

Something new in a recipe file . . . "What shall we have to eat today?" . . . 52 tested recipes from appetizers to desserts . . . Printed on cards, filed in indexed folders, pretty as bound in kitchen blue . . . Extra cards too, so you can file favorite recipes of your own . . . To get file case and recipes, send 10c in stamps (30c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-51, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago . . . Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ontario, Canada . . . Write us for FREE recipe leaflet, "Pineapple Recipes."



LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY – CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 44)

not look bright to a stranger just then, but the idea that I could be defeated has always seemed bizarre and improbable to me. I dismissed the subject and asked him about Washington and Congress and his own work. We were friends almost instantly. There is a natural affinity between men of a certain type; they recognize each other without knowing how it happens. Even differences of nationality, I have since learned, are not a barrier. He had been a ward politician in Ohio with a small law practice, and finally had gone to Congress, where he served one term, and, liking Washington, decided not to go home.

"I'm what is known as a rain maker," he informed me. "It's a good graft, amusing, and no hard work. We find some group of earnest patriots or some business interest—any crowd with money to spend—and we take charge of their lobby in Washington. Most of the time what they want is ridiculous or impossible, anyway, so there's no need to sweat. All you have to do is get their chairman in touch with Senator Foozle and Congressman Poof once or twice a year and keep their executive committee steamed up with optimistic reports. Now and then some of your clients come to Washington and you see that they have a good time and keep their telephone ringing so they'll feel that they're doing something to justify the expense account. The Speaker of the House probably won't call up, but if it's necessary you can call up yourself and speak for him. Or you can call him up from your client's room and do some confidential chatter; your client can't tell when he hung up the receiver. It's a good graft. There's quite a flock of rain makers in Washington and the game is getting better all the time."

"Why do you call them rain makers?" I asked.

"Because there's no way to tell when one of these fool propositions you're supposed to be plugging for will go over. If it does—well, you did it. See? Just like selling the farmers a hocus-pocus to make rain. You can't miss every time. And whenever it rains you did it. I've just covered ten states reporting on the congressional campaign—reporting on whether the friends or foes of a certain measure are winning. That measure is supposed to be a national issue. Outside of New York—where our money is coming from—and about four other Eastern states I don't believe any politicians have heard of it yet. But my associates and I are out scurrying all over the country to put it across. Great game!"

As we parted at midnight, Evans said: "Boyd, you've got the natural talents for a good rain maker. Just keep that in mind. I think these fellows here are going to beat you, and if they do, you may want to move. I haven't the authority to promise you anything without consulting my associates, but I'd like to have you in our office. On the other hand, you may want to practice law. It's a tough game when you start from the grass roots; better to get in with an established firm. If you want to make an entirely new start I can introduce you to one of the best firms in the country. A real law firm. None of this tank-town, one-night-stand stuff you've been doing. They tell me that you're a real trial lawyer and I know a firm that needs one, a firm that pays fifty thousand a year office rent. Whether you'd like an outfit like that I can't tell, but you might give them a try. I wouldn't like 'em myself. I prefer rain making."

On the day before the election all candidates set out for their homes. I wanted to thank Slim for the generous help he had given me so I rode not to my own little cottage in town but to the parental roof, arriving at six o'clock in the evening. As I walked through the kitchen garden I could hear my mother's shrill voice.

"Slim McLean!" she was saying. "What are you doing here? On the last night before election! Why aren't you out getting votes?" Evidently Slim had come in just ahead of me. "Put up that pipe," she continued, "and take your feet off that table! The very idea of you loafing around here at such a time as this!"

"Mother," Slim answered, as I reached the door, "all of us come home on the day before election. Them's the rules, and old Slim, he plays fair."

"Yes, and gets beat. That's what's always been the matter with you."

"Now, now, now, mother. Don't talk that way. You're nervous, that's all."

"Hello, folks," I cried, entering. As my mother and I embraced each other she began to sob hysterically. "Slim's right," I assured her. "The campaign is over."

"But he's so tarnation lazy," she protested. "And it does seem to me that if the rest have all quit that's the very time to be working."

Slim winked at me slyly. But I was not enjoying the joke. For the first time in my life I realized how thoroughly I was her son, and how distantly related to Slim. And for the first time I also realized what a misfortune that was for me. Then and there I resolved that if I should be defeated I would take Jerry Evans' advice and seek connection with an ethical law firm. Begin all over again; try to develop whatever I might have inherited from Slim. For a moment I almost hoped that I would be defeated. But only for a moment. As a matter of fact I never could believe defeat possible. That experience, like death, was for other people but not for me.

On the morning of election day my first concern was the weather. There was no hope of carrying my own county against the powerful influence of Judge Prender and Stanley Wallace, but rain would reduce the adverse majority. The weather had been damp when I went to bed. I looked out eagerly. The sky was cloudless. Still believing in my luck I went to the telephone and got reports from each

(Continued on Page 154)

For the First Time in My Life I Realized How Thoroughly I Was Her Son, and How Distantly Related to Slim

Your husband may forget this—

but you won't—

you know that being careful means more money for other things

Treated right, a good battery should last you between two and three years.

But under the terrific strain of cold weather starting—with a heavy summer oil in your crankcase—that good battery wastes its very life-blood. It will die months before its time.

Cold-weather starting with heavy, thickened oil means *dry*-starting—pistons, cylinder-walls, bearings are *dry*—the oil is so thick that it can't *circulate*. This means friction, and engine wear.

If you will drain out that heavy oil, and fill your crankcase with the new Mobiloil Arctic, winter-starting will be practically as easy as summer-starting, even in below-zero temperatures.

And *after* starting—you have the full rich body of Mobiloil Arctic to thoroughly lubricate your engine from the first turn.

Mobiloil Arctic combines easy starting with full lubricating value.

Mobiloil Arctic is the international winter oil, used in every cold country in the world. Change to it now and stop worrying about winter battery-strain.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

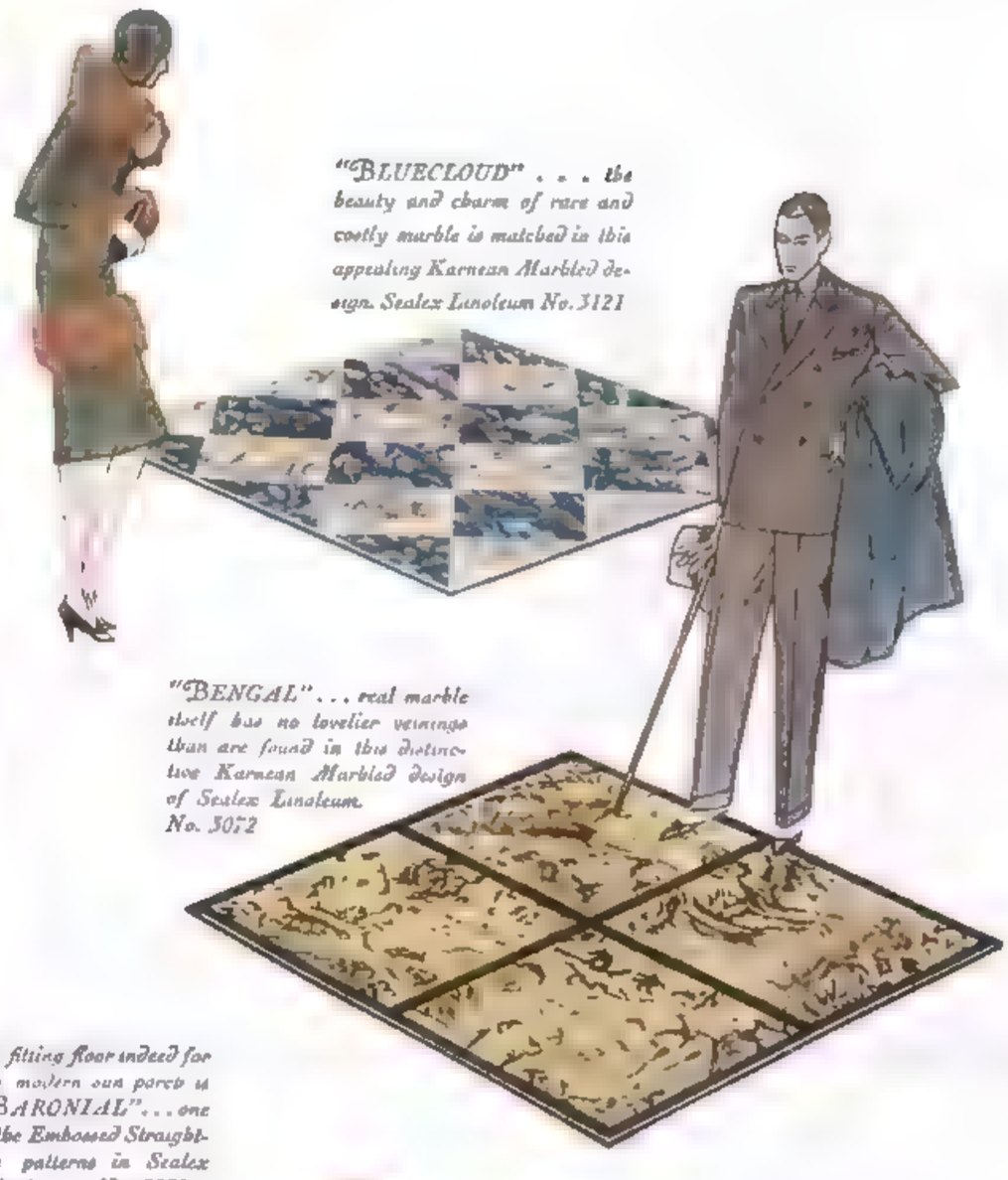
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine Summer	1929 Engine Winter	1928 Engine Summer	1928 Engine Winter	1927 Engine Summer	1927 Engine Winter	1926 Engine Summer	1926 Engine Winter
Auburn, 6-66	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" 8-cyl., other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB		BB		BB		BB	
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	..	A	Arc				
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	F	F
Model T								
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models							A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cy	A		A		A		A	
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Marquette	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Ajax, Ariston	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4-cyl.							B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

Mobiloil "CW"—the new winter gear and transmission lubricant

Until this winter, the motorist has had to choose between a heavy lubricant which stiffened in cold weather, and a light grease which might give easy gear shifting but which might also break up in service and fail to cling to the gears. The new Mobiloil "CW" gives a full, rich body of high lubricating efficiency, that always remains fluid. Regardless of cold, it clings tenaciously to each gear tooth. Easy starting, easier shifting and smoother winter performance result when Mobiloil "CW" is used.

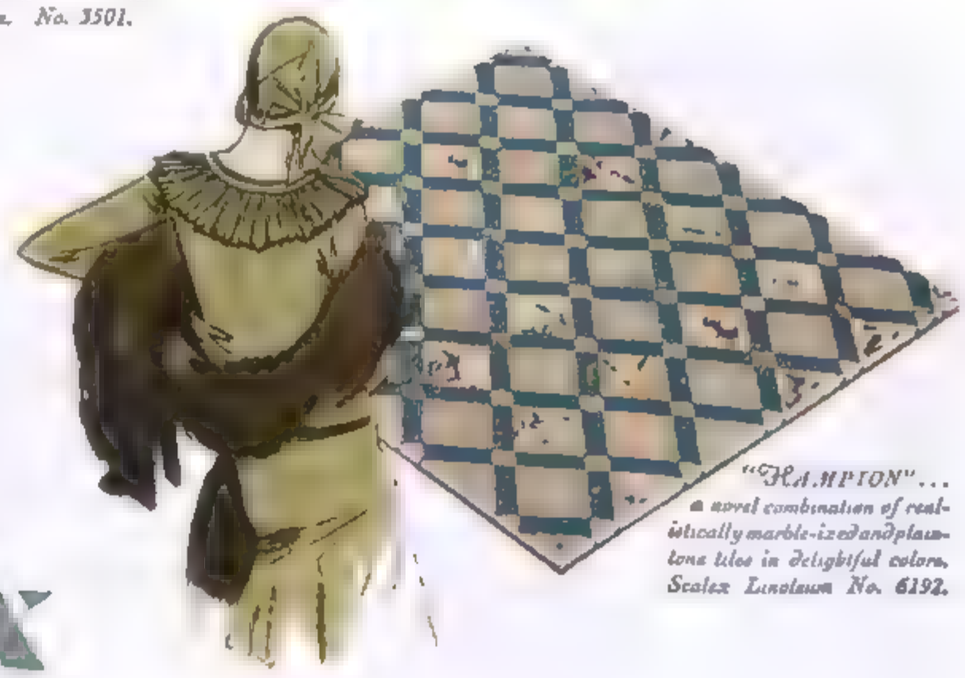
the New Mobiloil ARCTIC



"BLUECLOUD" . . . the beauty and charm of rare and costly marble is matched in this appealing Karnean Marbled design. Sealex Linoleum No. 3121

"BENGAL" . . . real marble itself has no lovelier veinings than are found in this distinctive Karnean Marbled design of Sealex Linoleum. No. 3072

A fitting floor indeed for this modern sun porch is "BARONIAL" . . . one of the Embossed Straight-line patterns in Sealex Linoleum. No. 3501.



"HAMPTON" . . . a novel combination of realistically marble-ized and plain-tone tiles in delightful colors. Sealex Linoleum No. 6192.

STYLE *in flooring is spelled* SEALEX

"CAVALIER" Sealex Linoleum No. 3093.

HOME-MAKERS have discovered that *style in floorings* and *Sealex Linoleums* are one and the same.

Styled for *tomorrow* no less than for today, *Sealex Linoleums* go beyond the demands of the current vogue. Because of their practical utility you can enjoy their beauty and charm of coloring for years to come—years when the style note of correctly decorated homes will be *colorful floors in every room!*

Suppose you want to do over your sun porch—or any other room. You can easily make it the most admired spot in your home. Just step into a good department, furniture or linoleum store and ask to look at *Sealex Linoleums*. See for yourself the many new ideas in designs and colorings. Colors from bright and gay to subdued and quiet—patterns from intricate to simple.

Of particular interest are the lovely *Karnean Marbled* designs. Only in *Sealex Linoleums* will you find such realistic veinings, such faithful colorings—truly, real marble itself is no lovelier! See also the *embossed* effects which recreate hand-laid floors—and the beautiful two-tone Jaspés.

There's a *Sealex Linoleum* for every room in the modern home. You'll find several that are just meant for those rooms of yours. Your store will lay it with little inconvenience to your household. Installation is a matter of *hours*—and the cost is moderate.

Sealex Linoleums are made by the *Sealex* Process which seals every pore of the material against dirt and spilled things. An occasional light waxing will preserve the rich, velvety lustre for years.

SEALEX LINOLEUM

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Off.*, Kearny, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

SEALEX *Stain-proof—Spot-proof—Easily cleaned* LINOLEUMS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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A GIRL OF THE NINETIES

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

When I Made My Timid Entrance, the Lady Who Came Forward and Interviewed Me Seemed as Sleek and Detached as the Building Itself

VI

THE lady who gave me my first job looked rather like a seal. She was floor woman at a fashionable millinery establishment on Fifth Avenue. I had chosen this exclusive shop as the place in which to make my first inquiry after employment because of its cool aloofness from the terrifying hustle and bustle of the crowded shopping center below Twenty-third Street. It stood quite apart from other business houses, its pretty front wedged in between two conservative dwellings which, like Aunty Sauvage's home, were withstanding the encroachment of trade up to the last possible moment.

And when I made my timid entrance, the lady who came forward and interviewed me seemed as sleek and detached as the building itself. She was clad in tight-fitting black satin which displayed to conscious advantage her Gibsonesque bust and hips. A mass of crinkly hair frothed above her forehead in an immense pompadour which harbored a gold-tipped pencil. Her very movements were seal-like as she switched the tail of her gown behind her on the deep carpets and queened toward me.

"A milliner?" she queried with lifted eyebrows. "What experience have you had?"

I was dumfounded. Up to that moment I had been so absorbed by the monstrous adventure of seeking employment that I had not considered the matter of references. I had none, of course, but my situation was sufficiently desperate to warrant a bold step.

"I have done private work only," I replied. "But I made the hat I am wearing." The lady, Miss A, gave the hat an incredulous stare.

"Are you sure you made that yourself?" she demanded. "Framework and all?"

"From the foundations out," I replied. Then she asked to see it, and I removed my long hatpins and placed it in her hand. My heart beat to suffocation as she examined it carefully, noting every detail—from the way the wire points were fastened, to the method of sewing in the lining. But it was good, and I knew it. My only fear was concerned with her taste and judgment. However, she seemed satisfied.

"Well, kiddo," she said at length, dropping her queenly air, "that's a swell lid. I don't hire the milliners myself, but I'll bet my boots Miss B can use you. Come this way."

She gave me back my headgear and I obediently followed her through a little mirrored door at the rear of the shop and up a narrow, dark stairway to the workroom on the floor above. This was a bright chamber, and would have been airy except for the fact that the windows were hermetically sealed and the atmosphere saturated with steam and with fine dust from the cluttered scraps upon the floor. It was filled with girls sitting about in black alpaca aprons, busy with frames or crinoline. Two were industriously curling ostrich feathers with sharp knives. Another was steaming out a bit of velvet over the edge of a hot flatiron. On the whole, it was not such a dreadful place as I had feared.

The head trimmer, Miss B, was a stout woman, her bosom bristling with pins and her untidy hair twisted into a careless knot on the top of her head. It was impossible to imagine that this creature was the genius who brought the proprietor's exquisite creations into actuality, but it was indeed she who was responsible. Miss A explained the situation and motioned me to hand over mother's toque again. It underwent an even more critical examination this time, while Miss B's mouth set into grim professional lines. But the hat was good enough to pass muster even with her. Indeed, both women's doubt appeared to be founded not on criticism of the hat itself but on whether or not I could possibly have made it. However, my tremulous answers to several pertinent questions soon settled the matter, and in the end I was engaged as assistant trimmer at ten dollars a week, beginning the following day.

The following day was my birthday. I would be fifteen years old, and a little pang of self-pity shot through me as I thought of what a queer birthday party I would have this year. But I accepted the offer quickly enough. Ten dollars a week was a lot of money for a girl to earn in those days, and with careful management it would more than feed the three of us at home. Where the rent was to come from did not worry me until later. Ten dollars a week, just for making hats—something which I had always regarded as the greatest fun! It seemed too good to be true.

I skipped out of the shop on air, and walked across the street to have a better look at it. There were boxes of evergreens in the windows as a background for two stylish hats and a flowery scarf. A discreet sign hung below the workroom, and above that were the mysterious quarters where the proprietor was supposed to evolve the elegant creations which had made him famous. I was to see him often in the days which followed, a nice little Frenchman who was easily distracted and always wore a pink celluloid thimble on his middle finger. His antics, when he was angry, terrified the girls immeasurably, although they laughed at him afterward, behind his back.

On my way home to tell mamma that my very first effort to secure work had been successful, I was already counting pennies—so much for meat, for bread, for the grocer. After all, it appeared that ten dollars would not go very far. I resolved to walk to work each day in order to save carfare. If I did so, it would be impossible for me to come home for luncheon, and I decided to carry lunch with me. This meant leaving mamma alone until evening, but that could not be helped, either.

The next morning I was up at half-past five, for there was plenty to do. Mamma had to be washed and her bed arranged for the day. My little sister had to be dressed and made ready for the convent. A cold meal had to be left where mamma could reach it, and my own lunch prepared. While I was giving her breakfast, mamma, dreadfully upset by all that was happening, implored me to keep my work a secret as far as was possible. Even in our desperate situation she clung to her social traditions.

"Oh, Nina," she wailed, "don't let Mrs. Richards or Mrs. Belmont see you! I know Mrs. Belmont gets her hats there, and so does young Mrs. Astor. If you ever meet them in the shop, couldn't you pretend to be buying something? It will simply ruin you when you come out, if it's ever found out that you worked, and you know, daughter, the very minute your father comes back, all this will be stopped! You simply must not tell a soul."

"All right, mamma," I replied obediently. "I'll try."

"As for making a really worth-while marriage," came a fresh wail from the bed, "it will be impossible if you're not very careful, and you know a good marriage for you is really the only way we can ever reassume our position."

It was the first time I ever heard mamma make this statement, but it was by no means the last. I heard it about once a month thereafter until my marriage actually

(Continued on Page 51)

The Doubting Partners Who Came in Obedience to the Fact That My Name Appeared on Their Cards Were Reluctant About Giving Me Up to the Next Claimant

Now~ a Rainbow of COLORFUL TONE

from the depths of resounding bass ~ to the heights of brilliant treble

PLEASE accept this invitation to a great orchestral program . . . pleading violins, laughing piccolos, rumble of kettle-drums, sonorous bass viols . . . all in the gorgeous rainbow shades of music . . . the powerful, COLORFUL TONE of Majestic radio. The world's most famous symphony conductors are ready to render their superb performances . . . *for you.* Your Majestic dealer extends this invitation *to you* . . . to hear these great programs of classical and modern music . . . as *only* Majestic can bring them. He will gladly demonstrate without obligation in your own home . . . and tell you about the liberal time payments on the Majestic Finance Plan. GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A. *World's largest manufacturers of complete radio receivers.*

MAJESTIC BEAUTY, as illustrated in this authentic Jacobean period model, matches the incomparable beauty of tone provided by the famous Majestic chassis and super-dynamic speaker.

TUNE IN Majestic Theatre of the Air —Wendell Hall, Director—over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday evening from 9 to 10 Eastern Standard Time. Famous headliners of the stage and screen.

THIS AUTHENTIC Early English period model, a superlative example of Majestic craftsmanship, combines compactness with rare beauty . . . a worthy housing for the Majestic receiver and super-dynamic speaker.

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L. Communications, Inc. Telephone Lowell by Dunmore and Hogan Patents Nos. 1,550,676

Majestic RADIO

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

(Continued from Page 49)

took place, and in time I became inured to the prospect of being the family's brightest commercial asset, but the first utterance of this motherly concern was rather a shock. Still, the past month had somewhat steeled me to shocks, and with an effort I smothered the wound it gave me and took refuge in the little motto which had long been my comfort in times when the ugliness of life insisted upon rubbing shoulders with me.

"There is beauty in everything," I thought, and concentrated on my job.

At length the flat was in order. Mother could think of no further thing which she needed for her long vigil; Eleanor was hatted and coated, and my luncheon—two sandwiches and an apple—was in an old candy box. I kissed mamma good-by, took my latchkey, and departed, leaving little Eleanor to run up the convent steps at the corner as I passed. Then I set out to walk downtown.

I was so fearful of being late that I had started too early. As I reached St. Patrick's Cathedral I saw that I had still almost an hour before eight o'clock, the time I was due at the shop, and so I stepped into the cold darkness of the great church and fell upon my knees, in order that I might ask God to help me to make good. All the pent-up nervous strain of the past few weeks went out in that prayer, and I found it so comforting that the practice became a regular habit, and scarcely once during the fifteen months of my employment did I miss dropping in on my way to work for that heartening interlude of morning prayer. Often I made a second visit on my homeward way, even though the long walk was through snow or burning summer heat. The dim, heaven-aspiring arches of the cathedral were in themselves restful and spirit-renewing, and reminded me of those happy, remote adventures in Spain with my young, handsome father, who now seemed only a remote shadow.

For as the months went by we heard nothing from him. Mamma recovered sufficiently to get about the house a bit, and she sold a valuable family portrait for enough money to pay the rent for nearly a year. I supplied the rest of our livelihood, and I had a rather bad time doing it, although the work was itself easy for me. The trouble lay in the long hours I was forced to keep, especially at the horse-show season, when everybody wanted new headgear at the same time. Then after Christmas the rush of work slacked again until our lady customers began planning what they would wear for Easter. Toward spring I would often have to work until eleven o'clock at night, without extra pay, and be back at the workrooms again by eight the next morning. I was never obliged to serve in the shop, as some of the other girls were, however, and my salary was soon increased. At the end of two months I was receiving fifteen dollars weekly, and eventually I became first assistant designer at the unheard-of salary of twenty-five dollars a week, a fabulous sum for a working girl of the period. I never received any glory for my creations, however, since all my best efforts promptly had foreign labels sewed into them and were passed off as French models. Nor did I receive any bonus on the fancy prices that these *chefs d'œuvre* fetched. The profit on hats ran all the way from 50 to 200 per cent net, and precious little of this found its way into the pockets of the employes.

The girls in the shop received as low as eight dollars a week, and the apprentices upstairs as little as six. Miss B herself received less than double my ultimate salary and she was considered a topnotcher in the trade. Even that elegant trained seal, Miss A, was paid only twelve dollars a week.

My only interest in the store was my work there. During the whole period in which I was connected with it I never formed a single social entanglement inside its walls. My lunches I ate alone. I never walked home with any of the girls or so much as knew where they lived. All through my working hours I was too busy to gossip, for my deftness was at once put to the workroom's advantage and I never had an idle moment.

But by the end of the first year a certain rebellion had begun in me. When I left the cathedral on my walk downtown, I had to pass the windows of a famous jeweler's shop. I would stop and, gluing my nose to the windowpane, glare angrily and wistfully at the display within. I would select one stone as the focus of my attention, decide on its probable value, and then, as I walked on, figure out how I would expend a like sum for the benefit of myself and my family. Indulgence in such speculation always ended in a fit of sick rage at the injustice of the world, and I would picture myself flinging a brickbat through the glass, seizing a handful of jewels and getting away before the police arrived, to live in splendid, guilty luxury for the remainder of my life—preferably in Italy. A shameful confession, perhaps, for the desire was strong and real in me, but I had some excuse.

For to begin with, I was always hungry. Often I had to stint myself in order that the others might have enough, and sometimes I had perforce to omit my luncheon altogether. I still did most of the housework at home, and I felt the added strain of it; for I had not yet stopped growing, and the stuffy atmosphere in which I worked was bad for my chest, which had always been weak since my long illness in New Rochelle. But the chances are that the long walks to and from work, of which I often bitterly complained to myself, were salvation to my health, for they provided the only fresh air I had. Take it all in all, I was in a fair way of becoming a Socialist, and the luxurious displays in the lower Fifth Avenue shops which I had to pass twice daily were greatly responsible. You can't gaze composedly upon bargains in diamonds when you are hungry.

This dawning consciousness of the economic system, together with a growing assurance about my own capacities, brought about a daring and radical step on my part. My plan was to leave the store and take with me a part of the trade of several of its best customers.

My new venture offered a great deal of risk, but it was worth trying. And so one day, when I was thoroughly determined upon my new adventure, I took particular pains with my appearance before closing time, and instead of heading directly home, as was my usual custom, I went uptown to the house of one of our best customers, Mrs. S.

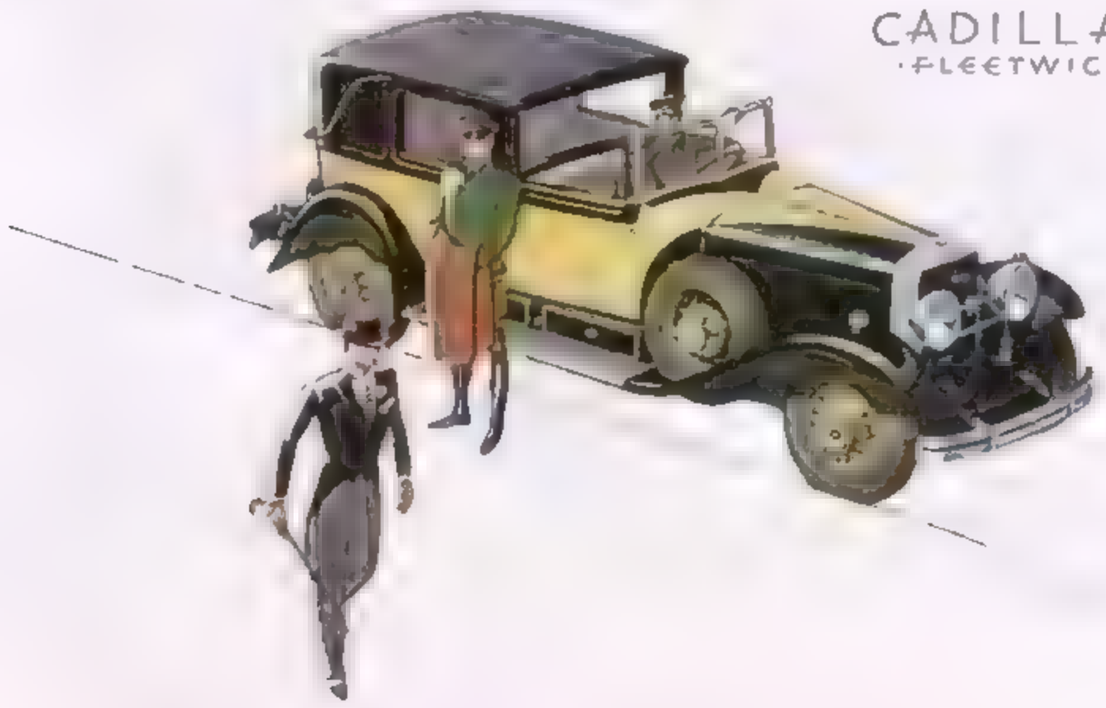
(Continued on Page 171)

One Happy Result of My Project Was the Transformation of the Dreary, Hunger-Haunted Flat Into a Cheerful, Busy Workshop

FLEETWOOD

Creates New Custom Bodies of Thrilling Beauty

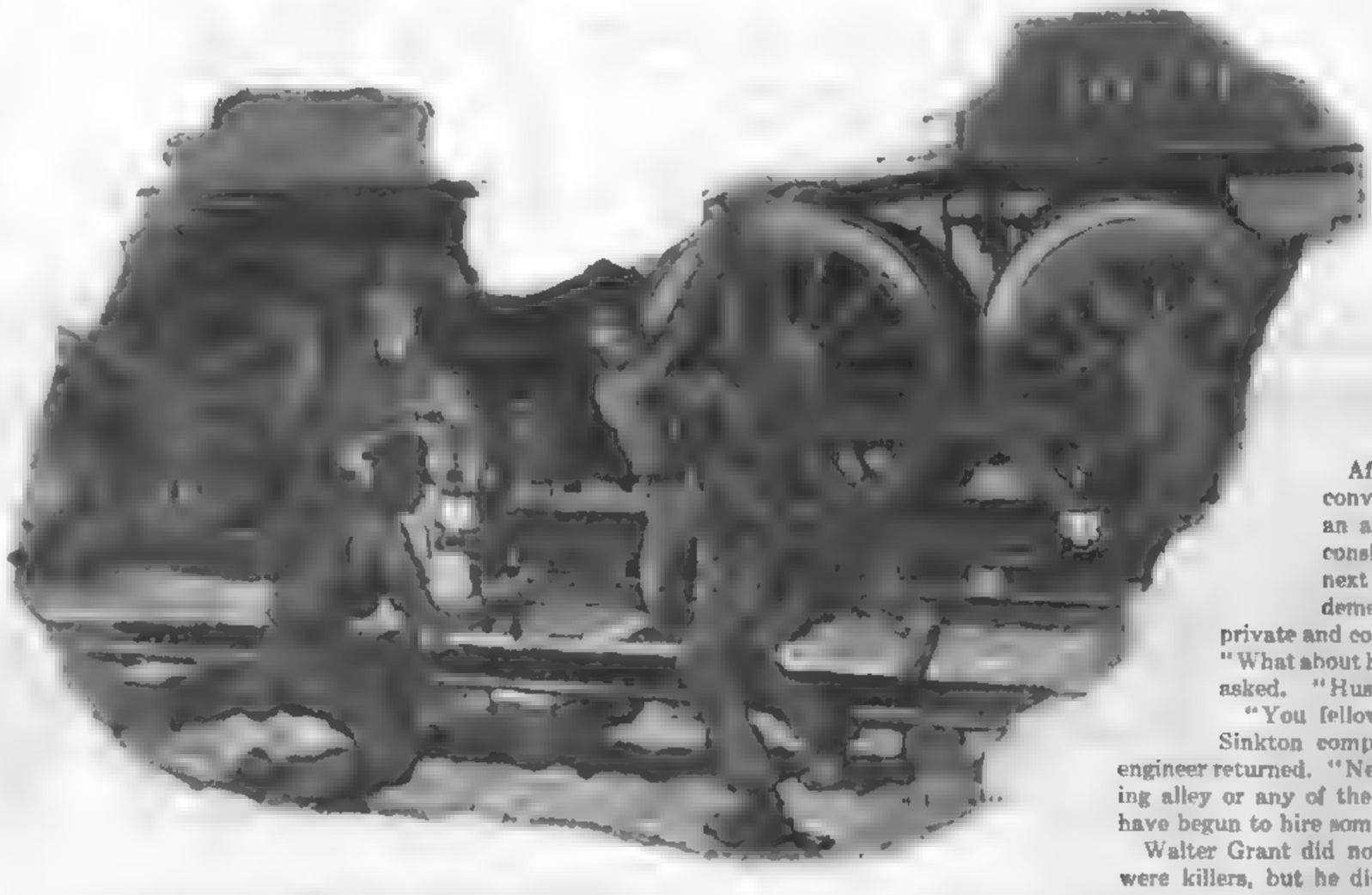
While Fleetwood itself has never heralded the fact, a large and discriminating public has long acclaimed Fleetwood the leader in custom body design. ◆ Even in Fleetwood's long history of custom body triumphs, however, there have never been created custom bodies combining such rich beauty, with strength and durability, to the degree that these fundamental attributes are combined in the new bodies which Fleetwood is building today. ◆ The Fleetwood bodies now being built are, we believe, the highest expression of the art of the body designer and of the body engineer. ◆ In every major and minor detail which can add to comfort, convenience and safety, as well as to aesthetic satisfaction, these Fleetwood creations register a notable advance. ◆ It is also worthy of note that, due to the combined Fleetwood and Fisher facilities and resources, Fleetwood bodies are unusual examples of investment value in the art of coachcraft. ◆ Examples of Fleetwood custom designs are on exhibit at permanent Cadillac-LaSalle Salons in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles; and the display rooms of Cadillac-La Salle everywhere throughout America.



SAFETY

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



A Moment Later the Night Rang With Sledges Battering Against Chisels That Bit Into the Seventy-Pound Steel

YOUNG Walter Grant felt that he knew more about what was good for him than his folks did. He was eighteen years old and he was probably right. He suspected that the thought was treason, and while his father continued an oration the young man tried to remember the verse beginning, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth ——"

The family council of three was in conference on the subject of where the son of the house would work during his vacation. On his first job he had covered a lot of territory with a topographic survey, learning to respect decimals and to work in spite of being wet or cold or hungry. During his second vacation's work on a railroad survey he had abandoned superfluous profanity, scenic effects in the matter of clothing, mental detours, vain gropings for new sensations in tobacco, and the futile habit of raising on two pair.

He brought half of his wages home with him from the second job. "Mr. J. F. Hale says I can have a job with him any time I want it," he reported after the reception committee had backed away. "There isn't a better railroad-locating engineer in the world than he is. He says I can have a level in some outfit of his in Oregon next year. That's where he is going. I was running a transit all last month. I wouldn't be surprised if next year he'd start me as a transit man."

Now, here was next year, right in the front room in Illinois with young Walter Grant and his father and mother, and here was a letter from J. F. Hale. "He never forgets what he says." The engineer was two thousand miles west of the front room of the comfortable residence wherein the Grant family sought the light relative to Walter's future, and, as he set forth in the letter, he was in mighty rough country, with a survey for an eighty-mile cut-off to handle before the snow got him.

He offered Walter a transit on final location, transportation and salary enough to make Walter's father think back to his own youthful days with some misgivings as to what the world was coming to in its mad race for wealth.

"Another thing—there are lots of rattlesnakes in the West," the male parent protested. "Snakes, Indians, drunken cowboys ——" The pageant of peril was not helping the argument. "You'd a lot better take some job right in this civilized country, like Mr. Shipley offered you, where, if you get sick, you will be close to home."

"I couldn't bear to have you go so far away," his mother said.

The boy gave up the fight. "I'll take the job Mr. Shipley spoke about," he conceded. "It's only a rodman, and a rodman isn't much better than a stake artist, but I'll take it."

"The Lord be praised!" his mother exclaimed then, while his father subtracted sixty from one hundred and twenty-five.

"You will more than make up the difference in wages in the outfit you need," his father suggested. "You would need lots of expensive woolen clothes in the West."

"The Lord has played a mighty dirty trick on me and J. F. Hale," Walter Grant reflected. "Rattlesnakes!" he exclaimed with some passion when he had withdrawn to the sanctuary of his room. "If they're any worse than these Ozark clickers I'd like to see 'em! Drunken cowboys! If they can beat these hill-billies and coal miners and rivermen, they're mighty wild! Indians—oh, gosh! Sometimes dad gives me an awful pain in the neck. All for my holy good! Just too dog-goned cowardly to give me a chance out of their sight. That's what's the matter!"

He thought more thoughts. Well, he had one understanding friend left in the world who had never failed him. He would write to that friend.

"Dear Mr. Hale," he wrote, "I had already said I would help out a Mr. Shipley on twenty miles of the Gumbo Southern when your letter came." That seemed to be about all there was to say. That ended it. He laid the pen down and rolled a cigarette. His heart was heavy. There was something wrong with that brief letter. For one thing, it was a lie. Nobody ever lied to J. F. Hale. If you told the truth to J. F. Hale he made things almost as pleasant for you as if—as if —— Walter Grant began a new letter.

"I cannot come to work for you now," he wrote. "As soon as I can I will, if you still have any kind of a job for me. I have finished high school and I am not going to college, so I will wire you as soon as I can come."

He said farewell to the home plate and journeyed to Sinkton, in the Missouri lead country.

"I'd met you at the station if I'd known you were coming," the resident engineer of the Gumbo Southern told Walter after the boy had found the building that housed the survey crew. "There are some mighty bad actors hanging around Sinkton. They don't like us. Most of 'em are miners. You'd better keep clear of the town, single-handed. Gumbo Southern men are half as popular as smallpox in that burg."

"What's the scrap?"

George Casey, the husky resident engineer, frowned. "Sit down," he invited. "The Gumbo Southern busted into this mining country that the Low River & Western has owned for twenty years. We're built from Riverton to the Galena Mine crossing, and we're blocked from there on. Court injunction stopped everything last year. Didn't you see that crossing when you came through?"

"You mean where the ore cars are scattered around?"

"That's it. They gummed up the scenery with those cars right ahead of our construction crews, and managed to hold us until the court issued an injunction. It still stands, but they can't stop us from building up to the Low River crossing from Rockville, nor from grading the five-mile stretch between the two crossings on our own right of way. Those two crossing jobs will come up later. In the meantime everything is pleasant except for the miners around here. The Low River Railroad has all the lead mines except the Galena people steamed up to give us a battle every chance they get, and they're not above tryin' to beat us to death one at a time if they get a chance. Stay away from Sinkton unless some of the rest of us are with you."

Six months of high-pressure construction work. Grades and centers and team outfits. Rock men and then the steel. Twenty miles of action and accidents. Construction work. Dead men and live women. Walter Grant knew all about women, he thought, but presently some of the feminine visitors who called at survey headquarters puzzled him. The yellow-haired girl from Sinkton; she came at midnight and interrupted a poker game.

"Never mind about breaking up the game," she said to George Casey. "I just wanted to talk to you for five minutes."

After the girl had finished her conversation with George Casey, an abstraction which cost him considerable poker money in the next hour marked the engineer's demeanor. Nothing much was private and confidential around the place. "What about her?" one of the survey crew asked. "Husband on the warpath?"

"You fellows better stay away from Sinkton completely from now on," the engineer returned. "Never mind visiting the bowling alley or any of the saloons. The lead people have begun to hire some strangers."

Walter Grant did not know that the strangers were killers, but he did know that when George Casey dressed the next morning he wore a .38 revolver in his right hip pocket and another one slung in a holster under his left arm.

Up at the Galena Mine, the only outfit in the territory friendly to the Gumbo Southern, the manager and three of his assistants were good companions and good poker players. Now and then they were hosts to George Casey and his crew.

A week after the resident engineer adorned himself with the two revolvers, "They're building a stockade around the Galena Mine," Casey announced. "Don't try to break into it without telling the sentries who you are."

"Sentries!"

"Day and night. They're expecting trouble. That's the price of their friendship for us. Their guards have orders to shoot prowlers. Keep it under your hat. Everybody knows it, but there's no need of spilling all the war talk through the construction outfits."

For the next week it seemed to Walter Grant that the women visitors coming to the survey headquarters late at night increased in numbers. Some of them were inclined to drink too much; all of them talked too much. The boy was playing poker on credit now, and the female chatter ruined his game.

Finally, "No more poker for me!" he announced early one evening. "I can't play poker and listen to all the rag chewing."

"Come into my office a minute," George Casey ordered.

"Maybe here's where I get canned," Walter Grant thought.

The resident engineer closed the door and thereafter for five minutes he talked to Walter Grant in a voice low enough to prevent it being heard by the group around the poker table in the adjoining room.

"Saturday night winds it up," George Casey concluded. "Act pleasant, listen to everything those guls say, drunk or sober, and go easy on the whisky. Remember that I'm leaning on you heavy to run our part of the show at the Galena crossing. The rest of our crew will be away—safe. It's you and I against the field. We've got to run the big play when the time comes. Get out here now and get back into the game and act like white folks. And listen—that bartender's wife from Sinkton is stuck on you. Kick her in the face. There's grief enough around here without any love stuff. I'm goin' to run her out in a few minutes. Don't let her rope you into any moonlight farewells. I've got a hunch she's double-crossing us, so keep your mouth shut about the Saturday-night show."

In the mail the next day Walter Grant got a letter from his mother. She had not ceased to rejoice at the fact that her boy was safe from the perils of the Western country where his job with J. F. Hale would have taken him.

"I am sending you two flannel shirts by express to Sinkton," she wrote. "You must put them on right after every

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BIG SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

$745

2-DOOR SEDAN · F·O·B · PONTIAC MICH

Since the first car to bear this name appeared upon the market, Pontiac has always stood for unsurpassed value. During 1926, the original Pontiac Six won the greatest first year sales which had ever been awarded to a new make of car. The motoring public bestowed this distinction on Pontiac simply because it offered value unprecedented in the low-priced six-cylinder field. But that was only the beginning of value-giving on the part of the Pontiac Six. During 1927, this already-famous car was enhanced mechanically and in style—and later was actually reduced in price. The following year saw even greater improvement in Pontiac value. And then came the Pontiac Big Six, the greatest value of them all. Today's Pontiac Big Six represents a memorable achievement in motor car manufacture. For at list prices as low as $745, this car offers the greatest performance, the most distinctive beauty and the highest reliability to be found in the entire low-priced field. Ask the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer to demonstrate the Pontiac Big Six to you and point out the many improvements which make it the greatest Pontiac of them all. Learn, too, how easily and conveniently you can purchase a Pontiac Big Six and enjoy the big car advantages which it provides.

Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Bumpers, spring covers and Lovejoy shock absorbers regular equipment at slight extra cost. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.

Faster—Offering the highest top speed and the fastest acceleration to be found in any low-priced six—proved by the "fifth wheel," the most accurate speed measuring device known to automotive engineers.

More Powerful—Developing 60 horsepower at 3000 r.p.m.—the greatest power offered by any low-priced six, produced at the moderate engine speed so essential to reliability and long life.

Smoother—Because of the improved Harmonic Balancer which eliminates torsional vibration in the crankshaft—full-pressure lubrication—the G-M-R cylinder head which eliminates spark knock and roughness using ordinary gasoline—and many additional engineering advancements.

More Beautiful—Because of its arresting bodies by Fisher with big car proportions and the distinctive concave belt moulding—because of its variety of lustrous Duco color combinations—because of its flaring, big car fenders.

Safer—As a result of the finest braking system ever adopted for a car so low in price—internal-expanding four-wheel brakes which are unaffected by weather, temperature or road conditions—special non-squeak linings, often good for more than 30,000 miles.

More Economical—During 1928, a large corporation owning 996 automobiles of 33 different makes found that its Pontiacs cost *one cent per mile less to operate* than any other low-priced six. And today's Pontiac is even more economical, as a result of many improvements in design.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

A Bigger Value than ever before

PONTIAC

Body by Fisher

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rain. Your father sends his love and is pleased with the report about your progress."

"I've got an express package over at the Sinkton express office," Walter Grant said to the survey party's teamster. "If they telephone about it, never mind getting it." Sinkton had become desperate ground for even so neutral a scissor-bill as the driver of the survey crew's line wagon. "Don't bother about getting any express for me out of Sinkton." To himself: "To hell with flannel shirts and pneumonia. Those shirts could be mighty expensive."

"Boy, bid them shirts farewell," the teamster answered. "I was born in that town, but I wouldn't go near it now for a keg of whisky. The express man ain't gonna deliver nothin' neither. Bid your shirts good-by."

Walter Grant found a spare half hour on Friday afternoon, and he wrote a letter to his mother and father. "I am certainly much obliged for the two flannel shirts," he wrote, among other false statements. He gave the letter to the teamster.

"Post this next time you go into Rockville," he said.

On Saturday evening, of the Gumbo Southern survey crew only the resident engineer and Walter Grant sat down to supper. The supper table was crowded, however, because the room held half a dozen guests in addition to the engineer and Walter Grant. The manager of the Galena Mine and one of his assistants were with them, and beside this pair sat three important-looking strangers who had been introduced without elaborate descriptions to the young man.

The sixth guest left before the meal was ended. "I've got too much to do to eat any more," he explained to George Casey as he left the table. "I'll have the outfit in from the east end five minutes after midnight."

The resident engineer nodded his head toward Walter Grant. "Grant will be there to meet you," he said. "I'll be busy with the show at the Low River crossing. Good luck. See you tomorrow."

Some of this was news to Walter Grant. He asked his chief about it. "Where do I meet that man? What did you say his name was?"

"His name is Jim Rogers, and he'll be in charge of the job at the Galena crossing tonight. I won't be there. You'll be there. What I want you to do is to be there." The engineer accented the last two words. "Spot the frog points for Jim Rogers' gang. Check up on all the short rail he connects with before he tries to lay it. The crossing frogs have to fit, and it's going to be a rush job. Check your measurements and don't make any mistakes. There will be plenty of grief going on all around you, but do your work in spite of it."

"What kind of grief do you mean?" Walter Grant began to feel some misgivings about the simple job of laying the Galena Mine crossing

"There's only one kind of grief in this country—battle. I don't think there'll be any shooting. If there is, lay flat. The program is all scheduled for Jim Rogers' outfit. The first thing he has to do is to drag those wrecked ore cars off our center line. He is bringing three engines on the head end of his train. That's enough to drag 'em up a tree. You ought to have the line clear two hours after you start. It'll take an hour to throw up the grade and to lay the steel up to the intersection. It'll be three o'clock by that time. It oughtn't to take you more than an hour to get the crossing frogs set, barring accidents. That's four o'clock, and that's all the time you need. The Low River injunction expires at midnight, and they can't stop us with another one before tomorrow morning By that time we'll be an operating railroad. The minute the crossing is laid, Jim Rogers' outfit comes on through to Rockville. There'll be a passenger train right behind him. I'm going to put in the Low River crossing while you're on your own job. If you hear any shooting don't let it bother you. That bartender's gal tells me there may be some dynamiting at my end. Go ahead and get your work done, no matter what goes on around you."

"I will, George." The youngster hesitated, and then: "You really expect some shooting up at your layout?"

"Probably not unless we start it. There'll be a hundred guards around my job and more than that on yours. The lead people know it, and they know better than to start a heavy war. There'll probably be no shooting, but if the Low River outfit begins, they're mighty apt to get a heavyweight receipt for what they deliver. Don't use too many lanterns when you're measuring up the rails. That's all."

Here was a fine, reassuring mess of final instructions! Walter Grant devoted some thought to the hard-boiled population of Sinkton, to the venomous crew of the Low River & Western, to the partisan desperadoes who populated the lead country, and to the theater of action at the Galena Mine crossing, where in a little while the curtain would rise on the last act of the eventful show wherein he was hired to play his part for sixty dollars a month. He thought of the peaceful mountains and of J. F. Hale, two thousand miles to the west. He thought of his mother and father, and out of it all came two things: A reasonable conviction that they had overestimated the safety and security of their son's job with the Gumbo Southern, and a resolve to take no more parental advice relative to what was best for him.

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The Ties Came Up, and Then, Slung in the Tongs Between Their Stumbling Pallbearers, Came Two Lengths of Seventy-Pound Rail

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Queen Victoria visited the City of London with all the luxurious pomp and splendor historically demanded of England's sovereign

PACKARD luxury goes deeper than richness of upholstery and the comfort of cushions and springs. It is more than grace of body design and beauty of finish—more than abundant power and speed.

Packard luxury is born of a thirty year intent to build nothing but the finest of all fine motor cars. It is the ideal of Packard engineering and the directing force behind Packard manufacturing methods. It governs every detail of the car from the balance of the famous nine-bearing crankshaft to the centralized lubrication of shock absorber arms. Every part of the Packard Eight—great or small—contributes to the fineness of the whole.

New owners sense the luxury of Packard transportation in the very feel of the wheel, the responsiveness of the throttle, the ease of the brakes. And as their years of ownership grow their pride and satisfaction increase.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

LOBBYISTS AND LOBBYGOWS

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE first lobbyist I ever met in Washington was past his prime when I met him, and in sorry standing. Business had been bad with him and he had been reduced to the tiresome extremity of hobbling around on crutches for a year and a half, with one leg heavily bandaged, in order to make his claim good against a railroad for the frightful injuries he alleged he had suffered in an accident on that road. He was Exhibit A in the case.

Eventually, the railroad paid him a considerable sum of money, and when he received it, after making sure there could be no come-back, that the check was authentic, and that everything was in legal order and air-tight, he threw away his crutches, stripped off his bandages and gave a whale of a dinner at John Chamberlin's in celebration of his remarkable recovery and his triumph over a soulless corporation that had kept him on his crutches for so many weary months before coming across. Among others, he invited several of the high officials of the railroad to his feast, and they were sportsmen enough to go to it. They knew they had been bilked, but they got a good dinner out of it anyhow.

John Chamberlin's dinners always were good. His was a famous restaurant in Washington for many years. His cooking was perfect and his cellar celebrated. The place was passing into eclipse when I began my work in the Capital, and I had little chance to eat at it. It was closed soon after I arrived, but I did manage to get a few canvasbacks and some terrapin, and what not, on several notable occasions before the doors finally were shut.

It was there I met my lobbyist friend who had collected from the railroad, and it was there I heard my first stories of those gaudy grafters who flourished in Washington in the 70's and 80's, and who operated largely at Chamberlin's and by aid of the marvelous food and drink John provided. It was admirably adapted as a meeting place, eating and drinking place, and scheming place for politicians, statesmen, officials and the members of the third house—the lobbyists. Two or three old-fashioned brick houses up by McPherson Square had been thrown together, and there were all sorts of private dining rooms and such useful nooks all over the place. Two men could dine in quiet luxury there, or thirty, and no one be the wiser. And the food! And the wine!

How Exciting It Is to Visualize Some Capable and Pretty Woman Enticing Important Legislators and Officials to Her Dinners or Teas or Dances

The Wrong Twist to Lobbying

PRACTICALLY all the legislators, officials and other influential people on whom those lobbyists claimed to exercise their wiles are dead, and so are all the lobbyists. It was a gay, high-living, high-playing, high-spending crowd, and all their official acts are matters of record. As for their unofficial acts, those, too, are in the limbo, and no names shall be used or any deals specified. Not that I know them all, or more than a small part of them, but I knew of some, back in those days, for I was an active newspaper correspondent there, with excellent and veracious sources of information. And excellent and unveracious sources, too, that had to be guarded against, for this lobbyist business in a good many of its aspects, and especially as it used to be carried on by the aid of ducks and terrapin and wine to drink, was hooey then, and a lot of it is hooey now.

In my newspaper work in Washington I came to know a considerable number of men who were lobbyists, men who tried to be lobbyists, and men who claimed to be lobbyists. These were of all classes and conditions, from the top-lofty ones who wore plug hats and had munificent expense accounts to slithery ones with dirty collars and a feverishly eager grasp for a five-dollar bill. I give it as my considered opinion that a very large percentage of these, and others operating, were as bogus, when it came to delivering such goods as their credulous patrons paid them for, as a china egg is for breakfast purposes. Most of those who had a public and newspaper reputation as lobbyists were frauds and grafters. The ones who were not fraudulent were little in the public eye.

This lobby business needs a clarification because, under a strict interpretation of the term, every lawyer who presses a claim on Congress, every person who makes an argument before a legislative committee, every person who asks a senator or a representative to vote for this or that is a lobbyist, in the sense that he is seeking to influence legislation. Ministers asking for stricter Sunday laws are lobbyists exactly as are bootleggers trying to get a pardon for a pal. So, if there is to be a comprehensive discussion of lobbying, every angle of it must be taken under scrutiny. Or a comprehensive investigation of it.

If there should be an all-embracing restriction against lobbying, in the strict interpretation of it, an enormous number of lawyers, reformers, uplifters, public-relations persons, organization agents and special-interest representatives would have to go out of business or bootleg their efforts. In this great Washington convocation of people who, for one purpose or another, ranging from an ideal to a fat fee, seek to get legislation favorable to their various projects, there are many reputable persons who are doing a work that is as reputable as they are. Fortunately for these, the present-day use of the term "lobbying" has given it an ulterior twist and meaning, and when we speak of a lobbyist we think of a person who is trying by improper and, usually, financial means to gain a desired end.

Barnum Was Wrong

I PRESUME there are some of these, but I do not know who they are, for I have not been interested in knowing about that phase of Washington life for a good many years. It seems likely that the United States Senate thinks there are some of these also, for at the time I am writing, the Senate is about to start an investigation into lobbying. Surely, the Senate would not waste its time investigating lobbying unless the Senate felt there is some lobbying to investigate. Unless, of course, the Senate virtuously thinks there is no lobbying, but senses a general public impression that there is, and desires and intends to show by this investigation that there is no lobbying and, hence, no member of that august body can be held under suspicion as being susceptible to the wiles and inducements of lobbyists.

The question whether there is any real lobbying in Washington, whether now or in the past legislation can be or has been obtained or detained by the use of financial, political, social or other suasion on the legislators who make up the Congress, does not arise in this gem of English prose. It is up to the Senate to find that out, if the Senate wants to find it out, and can. The thing that concerns this writer is not real lobbying, but fake lobbying, and there is a subject that induces the reflection that instead of one sucker being born per minute in this country, the number has been increased to a dozen, most of whom eventually get into big business.

The childish credulity of people who want to get things done at Washington has amazed and entertained those of us who have a knowledge of the ins and outs of legislation and politics in that city and elsewhere for many years. Personally, I have given the matter exhaustive study as one of the interesting phases of our civilization, and have

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—in Automobiles

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Dodge	Graham-Paige	Oakland	Viking
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NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

UNDER THE CORK—By Harry Jolson

NINETY-NINE times out of a hundred, when I am introduced to a stranger, one of two things happens: Either the introducer, after he mentions my name, identifies me further as Al's brother, or the new acquaintance immediately inquires, "Any relation to Al?"

To explain how and when I happened to become Al's brother, I shall have to go back some forty years and more to the little village of Srednike, near Kovno, on the border between Russia proper, as it was then, and Poland. Srednike was a village of perhaps less than 100 houses and largely Jewish in population. There were a few stores, a tavern, a tiny Greek chapel for the few Christians, and two synagogues, one of which was used daily while the other was opened only on feast days and special occasions. The whole village was the property of a wealthy man—a nobleman, I think—whose manor was not far off, and the occasional passing of whose carriage through our village street was one of the two or three great events that might occur in our daily lives.

The cantor of the synagogue in Srednike was young Rabbi Yoelson. The cantor and his good wife, Naomi, had five children, though one died young, leaving two girls and two boys. The two girls were Rose and Etta; the boys were Hirsch, the elder—myself—and Al, the baby of the family.

Our family name has gone through a curious transformation. Two generations back our name was Hesselson. My Grandfather Hesselson dealt in boots and shoes in a modest way in a town in Kurland, which is just north of Kovno province. He had five sons and one daughter. In Russia in those days the government claimed for service in the army all a man's sons save one, who was left to him as a support in case he became enfeebled by age. If a man had only one son, that son was not taken from him.

But money had its power then, and if a man had the cash he could buy immunity for his sons. But each son thus immunized must take a new name to carry out the flimsy pretense that he was the only son of another family. The amount required to buy off a son ran all the way from about $400 to $1000, depending on how good a bargainer you were and how hard-boiled the officials were with whom you dealt. So, although grandfather was considered fairly well-to-do in a middle-class way, it must have been no small strain on his purse to raise the money for the freedom of three boys from the army octopus. He did it, however, and one of the three took the name Hirshon, while the two others—one of them my father—for some reason both assumed the name Yoelson, though different fathers and mothers—entirely fictitious—were assigned to them to carry out the fiction that they were from different families.

Why Russian Families Change Their Names

THE two other sons escaped from Russia before they were twenty, and after reaching America decided to shorten their family name. Their ideas on the subject differed, however, and one thereafter called himself Hessel, the other Hess. This is how it happens that I have a good old rabbi uncle named Hess, who was for some time located in Chicago and is now the beloved head of a congregation in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, one of the most learned and best-known Jews in the Northwest. After my father had come to this country, he retained his assumed name of Yoelson because of a groundless fear that if he went back to the name of his fathers the Russian Government might somehow be able to seize him again for army service.

Father had a beautiful singing voice, and it was his early ambition to become a grand-opera star. While a mere boy he studied the old Jewish music until he was a qualified cantor, as we call it in this country, though the old Jewish name for such a singer is "chazan." While he was studying, he went to visit an uncle in Keidan, a town not many versts from Kovno. He hoped that by singing and praying some of the services in the synagogue there he might earn a little money with which to pursue his musical education. When he made application for the privilege of doing this, the president of the synagogue, Asa Cantor, a very influential man, was at first opposed to the idea of having the service sung by so young a man, but at length he was persuaded to give his consent. So profoundly impressed was he by the young student's scholarly, reverent and melodious performance of the duty that he invited him to his home for the Sabbath evening dinner and also for the next morning's breakfast.

To make a long story short, no more than two weeks after Moses Reuben Yoelson first sat down to Asa Cantor's table, his marriage with Naomi, Reb Asa's comely daughter, was celebrated with elaborate ceremony and great feasting, to which guests came from many miles' distance.

Harry Jolson

The marriage contract provided that the young couple were to live under Reb Asa's roof for a year, board free. There Rose, my elder sister, was born.

Having married and begun a family, father gave up the thought of the long and precarious climb to grand-opera greatness and decided to carry out his father's dearest wish by becoming a rabbi. But when he had obtained his *semichah*, or rabbinical degree, it seemed that there were more candidates than there were vacancies in the synagogues. He finally heard that the position of cantor in the village of Srednike was vacant and decided to try for that in default of something better. Through his father-in-law's influence, which Reb Asa made even more potent by a donation of 100 rubles to the community bathhouse, father obtained the position.

This village bathhouse, by the way, was something like the so-called Turkish baths of present-day America, but it also had some religious functions. Jewish women in particular were expected to bathe there at specified times under the watchful eyes of certain older ladies who were overseers of the process of purification.

There in Srednike we three younger children were born. When our parents first went to Srednike the only home they could afford was a three-room log house with thatched roof and an earthen floor, which for the Sabbath was sprinkled with white sand, dotted with hemlock needles. In that house Etta and I were born, then another little sister who died, and finally, Baby Al.

The stipend of a village cantor was pitiably small and father eked out his income by officiating as the shochet, or killer of kosher meat. Geese are a favorite article of food among the Russian Hebrews, and it was the custom for the shochet to receive one foot of each goose he killed. We frequently had on our table a savory stew made of these goose feet. I remember that once a Jewish woman who had brought a goose to be killed, thinking to be helpful, seized a knife and cut off the foot before father had finished his ceremony, which automatically rendered the bird unfit for use as kosher food. It was a serious loss to the poor woman, but the law is inexorable.

At Passover time it was customary for the congregation to give a large donation of eggs to the chazan, or cantor. He had two helpers in the synagogue who, as the Passover approached, would go with their baskets from door to door, gathering up the egg contributions. The butcher would also send gifts in return for killing kosher meat.

Srednike consisted mainly of one long, straggling, unpaved street, paralleling the River Niemen and bordered by little cottages on which thatched roofs were the rule. The mud in this street in late winter and spring was frightful. Once Etta lost one of her shoes irretrievably in it, and came hobbling home with one foot clad only in a muddy woolen stocking.

Although we were poor, we were better off than most of our neighbors. When I was a little more than three, we moved into the only double house in the town, Haym Yossi, the lumberman, occupying the other half. That is the home in Russia which I remember best. There were no wealthy folk in the village. We were considered rather well-to-do because we had a wooden floor in our frame dwelling, while most other people had only flagstones or just bare earth. And how white our mother kept that floor with her constant scrubbing! The rent of our house was less than twenty dollars a year and the landlord had to furnish our kindling.

An Orthodox Bringing Up

THERE was only one source of water supply in the village—the public well—and every drop of water used in the homes of the town was carried therefrom. The well was just across the way from the synagogue and near the home of the village doctor, a highly respected and supposedly very learned man—though I think he had no diploma—whose dwelling was the largest in the town, painted white and boasted a lawn with flowers. The water was delivered to the homes by a man and his wife, each of whom carried two buckets suspended from the ends of a yoke similar to that seen across the shoulders of men in the Vermont maple groves for carrying pails of sap. For this service they received two kopecks a bucket. There was a large barrel in our home which was filled almost daily with water. I must admit that we did not all bathe every day, but in orthodox Jewish home life there is much washing of hands in connection with eating and religious observances. I have mentioned the public bathhouse in the village, and my recollection is that this was supplied with water in the same manner.

For an orthodox Jewish boy in the old country life holds many duties; and, of course, for a rabbi's or cantor's son no item of the daily routine could possibly be omitted. The law governed all our going out and coming in. Every week day meant three trips to the synagogue for us children, as well as an hour or so in the *chayder*, the Hebrew school where we were taught the Talmud and all Hebraic history and lore. In addition to this, we had an instructor who came to the house and not only endeavored to polish up our Russian grammar but imparted to us German and a smattering of English. We should have been very learned youngsters, indeed, had we not forgotten nearly all this in the hurly-burly of our American life shortly thereafter.

I remember that I was smacked more than once for failing to put on the *tsitsis*, the little fringed ceremonial garment which I was expected to wear under my blouse. And I was supposed never to pass through the front door without stretching upward to put my hand on the *mazuzeh*—the sacred inscription in its thin metal box nailed to the doorpost—and then touching my hand to my lips. We were allowed to omit no ceremonial of the day, even down to the "Hear, O Israel!" which we drowsily intoned at night

(Continued on Page 62)

SPEED ◦ POWER ◦ PICK-UP
EASE OF CONTROL ◦ SAFETY
QUICK SHIFTING ◦ ECONOMY

Chrysler "77" Royal Sedan, $1695. (Special Equipment Extra)

Performance only Chrysler gives!

Even the greatest of Chrysler's previous accomplishments—epochal as they have been—are completely overshadowed by the new Multi-Range Chryslers. In them, power, speed, acceleration, economy and safety are raised to the highest degree. New and larger engines, down-draft fuelization, and the exclusive Multi-Range transmission and gear shift create performance never before even closely approached.

In one gear alone—the Acceleration Range—you now have all the pick-up of "second" plus smooth, silent flexibility of ordinary "high." In the Speed-Range—a new "high" gear—you feel as if you were coasting, so greatly is engine speed reduced at maximum car speeds. And shifting back and forth between forward speeds, no matter how swift the pace, is so quick, quiet and deft as to defy description.

There's new beauty in these marvelous cars—and new comfort, too, in their larger, roomier, exquisitely upholstered bodies, with fitments by Cartier, the famous international jeweler. As pacemakers of performance and criterions of style, the new Multi-Range Chryslers transcend even Chrysler's previous best so decisively that they leave no basis for comparison.

FEATURES:—Larger, more powerful engines . . . 7-bearing counter-balanced crankshaft . . . multi-range four-speed transmission and gear shift . . . down-draft carburetion . . . Chrysler weatherproof four-wheel hydraulic brakes . . . para-flex springs . . . rubber spring shackles . . . hydraulic shock absorbers . . . oversize 6-ply balloon tires . . . larger, roomier bodies of dreadnought non-squeaking construction . . . adjustable front seats . . . luxurious pillow-type upholstery . . . finger-thin steel reinforced steering wheel . . . metalware by Cartier.

• • •

All Chrysler models will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows. In addition, special displays during the New York Show, January 4th to 11th, in the Commodore Hotel and during the Chicago Show, January 25th to February 1st, in the Balloon Room and lobbies of the Congress Hotel.

MULTI-RANGE CHRYSLER

8 Body Styles, priced from $2895 to $3475	77	9 Body Styles, priced from $1595 to $1795	70	7 Body Styles, priced from $1295 to $1525	66	6 Body Styles, priced from $985 to $1065	ALL PRICES F.O.B. DETROIT

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with the bed sheet over our heads just before snuggling down to sleep.

How vividly the Sabbaths of our childhood come back to me! What a bustle there was on Friday afternoon, cleaning the house and cooking the Sabbath food; for no cooking must be done on the seventh day. When it was ready we children carried it to the village baker's, in whose ovens it was warmed for our Sabbath use. Then at dusk on Sabbath eve mother lighted the candles, said a prayer and we all went off to the synagogue, for the seventh day had begun at sunset. There were special dainties to eat on the Sabbath—perhaps a pudding of stewed carrots and raisins—and a holiday atmosphere seemed to prevail, in spite of the numerous prohibitions of the day. You could not write, sew, cook, do housework, touch money, ride a vehicle—dear me, such a list as there was! You could not light a fire, even in the coldest weather, and if you had one at all, a Goy Gentile—fireman must be employed.

I have spoken of our father's rich, clear, beautiful voice and his training in singing. People came from miles around in the country to hear him chant the services in the synagogue, and the Passover supper in our house was an event of importance in the village. Father began training us in singing almost as soon as we could talk, and of course no man's sons were so strictly drilled as Cantor Yoelson's. When we sat down at table on that evening—all we males with our hats on, of course—there was always a group of neighbors outside the windows to look on and listen. Some other families made a practice of having their Seder a little early so that they might hurry over and enjoy ours. Even Gentiles sometimes added themselves to the outdoor audience. Our curtains would be drawn aside and the windows opened—the spring evening was usually mild—so that those outside might get the full benefit of our service. I have an idea that our father was not a little proud of the proficiency of his family in these ceremonials, though of course he sternly concealed it.

Mrs. Harry Jolson at the Time of Her Marriage in 1903, and a Recent Photograph

According to the strict tenets of orthodoxy, the ceremonial dish was on the table before the head of the family, containing the three pieces of unleavened bread, the shank bone with a little meat on it, the egg, the bitter herbs, the salt water and the *charoseth*, which is a compound of apples, almonds, wine and spices. With prayers and washing of hands, we tasted all these while our father explained their significance. Later, with other ceremonies, came the real meal. Father would gently give us boys our cue for our portions of the service and woe betide us if we were not letter-perfect in this, as in all other ceremonials of the year.

Celebrating the Passover Supper

AT ONE point it became a duty of the youngest of the family to pipe up in his shrill little voice "Father, I will ask thee the four questions," and then speak the long paragraph which he had learned in *chayder*, beginning, "Wherefore is this night distinguished from all other nights? Any other night we may eat either leavened or unleavened bread ——" and so on; which served to bring from the head of the house a recital of the story of the Israelites' deliverance from bondage in Egypt.

At the end of the supper came one of those touches of playfulness which occasionally lighten the old orthodox religious life. The father of the family always slips out a piece of the unleavened bread and hides it, the boys meanwhile trying to steal it from him or to find it after he has hidden it. If they succeed they exact a forfeit from him. I used to enjoy this little game tremendously, and though we were already stuffed to the gills with the bountiful Passover supper, we would never fail to eat the bit of matzoth also when we found it. There were other little jollities connected with our religion, too—the spinning tops with which we played at the Feast of the Maccabees and the rattles which made such a clatter in the synagogue when the name of Haman was mentioned during the reading of the story of Esther.

Outside our hours of study and prayer we romped through the little folk games of our country and race, paddled in the river—though we were so young and our parents were so fearful for our safety that we never learned to swim and during the long, cold winters snowballed, coasted and skated on homemade wooden skates on the frozen Niemen. How clear the ice was! Sometimes we could look down through it and see the swift, cold current sliding along under it; and then perhaps a fear would strike us that the ice wasn't so thick as it ought to be, and we would fly for the shore with black terror at our heels.

But in spring, when the break-up came, we grew daring, and despite all parental warnings, delighted in giving unconscious reproductions of Eliza's escape from the bloodhounds, skipping lightly from one big floating ice cake to another, until at last would come the fateful misstep, the splash into the frigid water, the wailing dash homeward in wet clothes, the inevitable spanking and the hours in bed, both as punishment and preventive of pneumonia.

Springtime meant floods, too, and oftentimes we watched the Niemen in considerable fear as it crept up to the very threshold of the village. Fortunately we lived on the higher side of the street; but once the water flooded the thatched and earthen floored cottage of Mrs. Yoels, a cousin of my mother's, who lived across the way from us. But springtime brought also birds and flowers and wild strawberries, and there were many jolly tramps to the hillside near an old water mill, where acres of the delicious berries grew.

This Perri Yoels, whom I have just mentioned, was a bustling, forceful woman with an unimportant husband—she was really the head of the household—and a daughter, Hesse, who later played an unexpected part in our lives. Mrs. Yoels used sometimes to buy the crop of a farmer's little orchard on the trees, and I always strove to be among the pickers engaged by her to harvest it. Under our system of picking, we ate quite as many cherries as—and sometimes more than—we dropped into the baskets; and not infrequently we would totter home with stomach aches which were treated with caustic scoldings, tablespoonfuls of castor oil and a day or so in bed.

In summer we watched with longing eyes the steamboats that sped up and down the river to and from Kovno. We had never seen Kovno; we had never been anywhere more than a few miles from home. The fare by boat to the city was fifty kopecks—then about thirty-three cents in our money—and obviously we could not afford it. But one memorable summer a competing boat line appeared on the river, a rate war was precipitated and presently the fare to Kovno was reduced to five kopecks. Father now felt that he could afford to take us for the grand tour. You may be sure our mouths hung open in stupefaction as we little country jays glimpsed the wonders of that great city which then had nearly 50,000 inhabitants. The ride on the boat, too—jammed to capacity because of the low fare—was something of which we talked for months afterward.

One of the chief joys of the village children and one of the chief vexations of their elders was the annual army encampment for maneuvers, which took place in the vicinity of our village every summer. Few of the soldiers lived in tents, most of them being billeted upon the citizens. A few days before the encampment opened an official would appear in the village, stalk into each cottage, note the number of rooms, their size and the number of persons in the family, and then say, "You will entertain two soldiers" or "three soldiers," as the case might be.

It was useless to remonstrate: "But, sir, we are poor; we have five children, and neither food enough nor beds enough for all." His first decree was the law—inexorable, unchangeable. He chalked the figure 2 or 3 on the doorpost and no one dared erase or change it, for he also had it down in his little book.

When the Soldiers Came to Town

THEN would come the soldiers—some of them brutal and terrifying to the youngsters, it is true, but many gentle, as the average Russian peasant is when sober and under control. Not a few of them were Jewish too. Our entertainment of them must be cordial or we would hear something unpleasant from headquarters. But they had a terrible fascination for us youngsters, even when we feared them. And, oh, the ravishment of listening to the band! Of seeing the brilliant uniforms march, wheel and flow hither and yon in beautiful lines and masses! Of the flash and smoke, the spine-thrilling, rattling roar of the musketry when they practiced firing! One summer one of the soldiers quartered upon us was a flutist—a good-natured soul who would solemnly promise to play for us in the evening if we would be good; and we, not realizing that nothing less than an imperial ukase would have prevented him from playing that flute in the evening anyhow, would be so correct in our deportment all day that our parents actually feared for our health.

And how well I remember how the village belle, Haym Yossi's daughter, who lived next door to us, fascinated the soldiers! I can close my eyes and see her now, in her short skirt and gay striped apron, standing in the front door of her home with one plump arm up against the jamb, her flashing black eyes, white teeth and shapely red cheeks the attractions for a group of men, usually officers, who crowded around her like flies around honey.

We were a scrappy pair in those days, Al and I. We had the peppery temper characteristic of our family, and had not a few battles, sometimes with other boys, sometimes with each other. Although Al was three years younger than I, he did not hesitate to pitch into me or any other boy larger than himself, like a cub wildcat, if he was angry enough. At one moment one of us might be fighting some outsider in his brother's behalf, at the next we might be pummeling each other, and in yet another moment would be reconciled and loving pals again. It has been that way with us throughout life.

(Continued on Page 64

Harry Jolson in 1903

• • • ALONG COLONIAL AIRWAYS

Features of Ford Plane

All-metal (corrugated aluminum alloys)—for strength, uniformity of material, durability, economy of maintenance, and structural safety.

Tri-motored (Wright or Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engines, totaling from 900 to 1275 horse-power) —reserve power for safety.

Speed range—55 to 135 m.p.h. Cruising radius, 580-650 miles.

Disposable load—3670 to 6000 lbs.

High wing monoplane (single, streamlined, cantilever wing) for strength, speed, inherent stability, visibility, clean design.

17 *capacity* (including pilot's dual-control cabin)—Buffet, toilet, running water, electric lights, etc.

Durability—Uniform all-metal construction is insurance against deterioration

Price, $42,000 to $55,000 (standard equipped at Dearborn) Exceptionally low because of multiple-unit on-line production methods.

•

High over upper Manhattan Island, six minutes after leaving Newark Airport! . . . Where Fulton's steamboat once chugged northward to Albany, the Ford plane of Colonial Airways wings at a hundred miles an hour to Montreal in Canada.

AIRWAYS meet their most severe competition in settled regions. From New York City northward and eastward is such a region, extraordinarily varied, thickly populated, served excellently by every form of transportation . . . railroads, boats, high-speed electric cars, automobiles and busses. It is broken up by mountains, rivers, lakes, cities and towns, and the irregular coastline of the Atlantic Ocean. It would seem that commercial airships have little chance here.

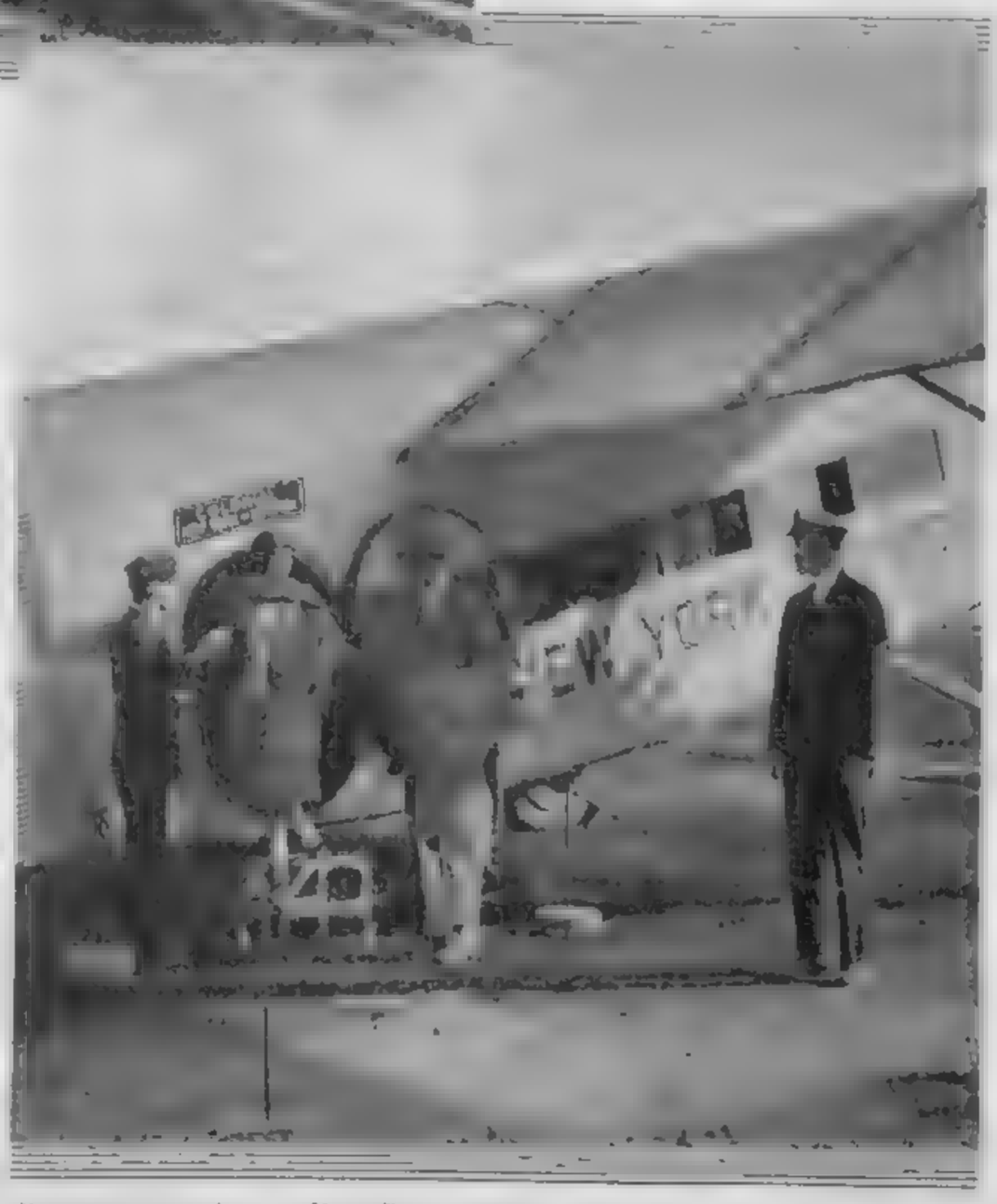
Nevertheless during this last year the Colonial Airways was forced to employ double-sections to take care of passengers between New York and Boston and New York and Montreal on regular scheduled flights from Newark Airport!

The giant tri-motored Ford planes of this line are proving exceptionally popular for swift, safe travel. Sea fogs seldom hinder them from keeping close to their scheduled flights, since a slight deviation of the course inland always brings them clear of the influence of the ocean. Many travelers choose the Colonial Airways not only because of the safety and comfort of the Ford all-metal planes, but because of the rare and varied beauty of the regions over which they fly. It is doubtful if anywhere in America so much natural and historic beauty can be concentrated in a few hours smooth travel as here over the Colonial Airways of New York and New England.

There is no more delightful means of travel than the big all-metal Ford planes moving like swift shuttles across the skyways of all the nation. With the highest factors of safety in transport planes, each ship provides the convenience and smooth comfort of a well-appointed yacht.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Visitors are always welcome at the Ford Airport at Detroit



Passengers arriving at East Boston Airport, one hour and forty-five minutes after leaving New York from Newark Airport.

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Our oldest sister, Rose, was quiet and dutiful—a born housewife, the little mother of the family. But Etta, the second sister, was a wild spirit like myself, disliking toil and responsibility. To avoid housework she would appear with a book in her hand, pretending that she was going to study, and would steal up on the hill back of the village to spend an hour or so in joyous idleness. I know she will forgive me if she reads this, for according to my theory of life she was not much to blame. Her taste simply lay in a different direction.

Of course it was the ultimate desire of poor folk in Russia, especially Jews, to emigrate to America, where it was said no one ever suffered from poverty or oppression. The Gentiles in our vicinity were gentle and tolerant folk, and we never suffered from pogroms or other violent persecution, but we were subject to frequent annoyance and humiliation by many civil officials and army officers, who devised all manner of restrictions on our family and religious life and could be fended off only by the payment of bribes. Father had for years cherished a longing to get away to America, where, it was said, everybody was well-to-do, comfortable and happy, and where his children would have a chance to make something of their lives such as they never would have in Russia.

But it was not easy for a man to get out of Russia. Even if you had supposedly bought immunity from army service, you found it next to impossible to obtain passports. My mother's younger brother, Charlie, was determined to go to America; and through mother's intervention, our neighbor, Haym Yossi, who was a foreman on the big log rafts that floated down the Niemen into East Prussia, took him across the border as a laborer on a raft; and once in Germany, he did not come back, but took ship for America. So, after long hesitation and discussion, father decided to escape in the same way.

One never-to-be-forgotten day we children saw what at first appeared to be a strange man in our home—our father, dressed in shabby workingman's garb, ready for his adventurous journey. He kissed his weeping family, disheveled his hair, Yossi smeared axle grease on his face to make him look dirty and rough and, picking up the pathetic little bundle which contained his best clothes, he went aboard the raft, took his place at one of the big sweep oars and started down the river.

At the East Prussian border there were always certain formalities with the German officials—a listing of the names of the workmen and a small fee to pay for the passage of each.

"And this man?" said the official on this occasion, pointing his pen at one particularly tough-looking, dirty-faced fellow.

"Reuben Yoelson, another of my raftsmen," replied Yossi.

Leaving Russia Informally

The functionary entered the name; there was a fee amounting to about forty kopecks for each man; and then the raft went on its ponderous way down the river, past the historic city of Tilsit—where the Emperor Napoleon and the Czar Alexander once signed a treaty on another raft in the middle of the stream in 1807—and finally the sawmills near the sea were reached. There, a grasp of the hand, a word of thanks and farewell to good Haym Yossi and his men, and father turned his face westward. If there arose a question at the border when the gang went back upstream as to what had become of Reuben Yoelson, Haym Yossi had only to shrug his shoulders and say, "How do I know? He disappeared—that's all I can tell you. He may have got drunk and fallen into the harbor, he may have been knocked on the head in a tavern brawl, or he may even have sneaked away to America."

The Germans never did more than jest, anyhow, over the escape of Jews from Russia through their territory. When they lined up a bunch who had come across the border on obviously faked passports, their officers would make laughing remarks such as: "More good soldiers lost to the czar's army! This way for America!"

Meanwhile father, cleaned and dressed in his best clothes, was making his way by rail to Hamburg; thence he took a steamer to New York. But life in the New World he found to be not quite so smooth and easy as he had hoped. He was able after a time to obtain a small charge in New York City, whence he removed a little later to Newburgh, New York, and still later to Washington, where he has ever since remained.

But salaries were small at first, and four weary years dragged by before he was able to send for his family. In the fourth year his letters to mother began to say, "Just a little longer now; only a little longer, if God wills it, and you can join me." At last—ah, I shall never forget the excitement in our cottage on that winter day in 1894 when the momentous letter came, bringing the carefully hoarded money for our journey and the summons, "Come!"

From Srednike to Washington

Few in present-day America, where starting for a journey across the country is regarded with little more concern than stepping across the street, can imagine the magnitude of the removal to a strange land across the ocean as it appeared to my mother, who had spent her life thus far within a fifty-mile circle. The four children to be cared for, the problem of what to take and what not to take—and, of course, we could bring with us little baggage, no furniture and no household goods save a trifle of bedding—these were terrifying questions indeed. But she rose to them valiantly.

Great was the stir among the neighbors when it was noised about that Rabbi Yoelson, now located in the capital city of America, had sent for his family. Many were the offers of assistance, many the kind wishes, many the wistful suggestions as to the happiness and prosperity probably awaiting the family in the great land of opportunity. Messages were intrusted to my mother to be delivered to kinsmen in America in case she happened to run across them. No one realized how vast was the land, how remote such possibilities might be.

Finally the day of departure came. Amid a babel of heartfelt cries, "Good-by!" "Have lots of luck!" "God keep you in health!" and many other good wishes, mother and we four children, with our bundles of clothing and bedding, were loaded into a wagon for our night drive to Kovno, our nearest railroad point. The weather was cold, and for protection we children were packed under layers of straw in the wagon bed as if we had been glassware. There we slumbered peacefully—though poor worried mother could not close her eyes—as the wagon jolted heavily over the frozen ruts on the all-night journey to Kovno. We reached the city in the morning, boarded a train—we boys' first experience with the iron horse—and after several changes, finally reached the port whence we were to embark for America.

There, as the old steamer creaked and groaned her way out of the harbor, we peered back through a porthole and looked our last upon Russia, the land of our birth. For several days we pottered along through the Baltic and the North Sea and around the southern part of England, finally reaching Liverpool. There we stopped for a few days, and I had my first glimpses of a foreign city; for in spite of maternal scoldings, we went out and did a bit of exploring. How different were our circumstances when we went back there at various times in after years!

At last we were really embarked for America, with hundreds of other immigrants, in the steerage of a big English liner. It was an uncomfortable journey, all of us taking our turns at being seasick. We were typical immigrants in appearance. I wore long trousers—never seen then on boys of twelve—and mother and the girls wore shawls on their heads. Father, already becoming accustomed to the smarter appearance of people in America, was—no, not ashamed of us, but much saddened to see us looking so disheveled, gawky and poverty-stricken.

"I'm glad it was night when you come," said he—a remark for which we have often teased him since.

We children and our father were almost strangers to one another when we met after our four years' separation. We were at a period of life when four years' growth made a vast difference in our appearance, and I doubt whether father would have recognized us if he had met us alone. And on our side —— Well, as everyone knows, images fade rather swiftly from children's memories in those earlier years, and we were a bit shy when the handsome bearded young rabbi embraced us so fervently. We were somewhat dazed and frightened, anyhow, by the immensity of the cities we passed through, the tall buildings—some of them fifteen stories high!—and the clamor and hurry of the life which surged about us.

Father's synagogue and our new home in Washington were down in the southern quarter of the city—the district between the Capitol and the Navy Yard. The rabbi once more took up our strict religious training, which he had been compelled to drop when he left Russia four years before, and which, in spite of our mother's efforts, had not been quite so zealously pursued since.

But now there were other agencies which made his course more difficult. We were four years older and no less headstrong; we were in a big, strange, fascinating city, where it was much more difficult for him to keep his thumb upon us than it had been in tiny old Srednike. Here, too, we promptly picked up the talk and the ways of the new country—it is a well-known fact that children in a foreign land learn the new language much more quickly than their elders—and we consequently developed new interests, a new realm, entirely separate from that of our parents, who still had little knowledge of the English language and American customs.

Training for the Future

We learned that a majority of the folk around us were not orthodox or even Jewish, and were far more liberal and devil-may-care than we had ever been; and their scheme of life had a strong appeal for our youthful, rebellious spirits, though our two sisters were more conservative, better disciplined, as is usually the case with girls.

Nevertheless, our education in the Torah progressed; we continued to go to *chayder* and the synagogue, and to sing and pray skillfully through the various services at home. Father perhaps did not entertain any hope of making cantors of us, but his own love for the music of his fathers impelled him to keep up our training in voice culture. We were at times but indifferent students. When he commanded us to sound a note, "A-h!" we sometimes opened our mouths so slightly that only a thin, flat, nasal "A-nh!" emerged through teeth and nose; and finally, in desperation on two or three occasions, he propped each of our mouths wide open with a match set upright just back of our teeth—first breaking off the head of the match under a suspicion that it might not be wholesome—and then, when we bellowed "A-h!" through the cavernous openings thus formed, the volume of sound fairly bulged the walls of the house. How valuable that training of father's has been to us in our professional career! And how persistently the old music has clung in our memories throughout life! To this day, when Al and I try out our voices in our rooms, we are apt to break into something like the old chant that one hears in the synagogue on Friday evenings:

L'cho dodie likras kalo,
L'cho dodie likras kalo,
P'nai Shabus nekablo ——

But if it had been possible to reveal to our father then that he was training his sons for a career on the stage, I verily believe he would almost have dropped dead in his tracks. He had thought vaguely of apprenticing us both to some sort of trade when we grew older. Of course we didn't know then what we hoped to be, but I fancy we must have had showmanship in our blood from our birth.

Our family was destined to suffer a terrible loss before we had been long in America. Scarcely a year after our arrival our dear mother died. It was just at the time of my *bar-mitzva*—confirmation—usually a time of joy and feasting in a Jewish household. On the day before she died, I, not realizing how terribly ill she was and thinking to cheer her, went into her room, saying eagerly, "Look, mamma! Listen how well I can say it!" I put on my newly acquired *tfilim*—which the Gentiles call phylacteries—the little amulets fastened by straps on the forehead and left arm—and recited some of my prayers. She was no longer able to speak or to move herself, but she smiled slightly and signified her loving pride and approbation

Next day she passed away.

Our grief for our mother was deep and lasting. No matter how far I ran wild in the months that followed, no matter how much mischief I got into, I did not forget to say Kaddish, the prayer for the dead, three times a day for a year, according to ancient customs.

Singing in the Streets

Good sister Rose now became the little mother of the family, indeed, and gave us younger ones real maternal care. Unfortunately she did not possess the authority that our mother wielded. I was now thirteen and beginning to feel myself quite a young man of the world. As father's earnings were still very small and the outgo—as it seemed to us—cruelly large, it had long ago been agreed that it would be desirable for me to add a bit to the family income, which I did by selling papers on the streets, a job into which I was soon followed by my dynamic little brother. Of course, as newsboys, we learned all the tricks and rough stuff of the street urchin, and our father began to fear for our morals.

When we first reached Washington, we had entered the public schools, and though we were still deficient in the English language, we picked it up rapidly. We made a particular hit with our teachers because of our singing. When a whole roomful of pupils sang The Star-Spangled Banner and other patriotic songs, we didn't have to listen long before we joined in, and when we did we made an impression. I had from very early years possessed a fine boyish tenor voice, and when I finally caught the drift of the school songs, I fairly took the lead in the singing.

Outside of school our singing of popular songs attracted attention even among our harum-scarum schoolfellows and street pals, and finding that grown people frequently stopped to listen to us, we decided to capitalize our talent. As a matter of fact, I first did this alone and became known as the Singing Kid, but it wasn't long before Al joined me.

In front of the Hotel Raleigh, in those days, congressmen, government officials and Supreme Court justices often sat in chairs along the sidewalk on spring and summer evenings, just as they did in the small towns, and there was our favorite concert ground. We knew all the popular songs—Sweet Marie, The Sidewalks of New York, Maggie Murphy's Home, Daisy Bell, Say Au Revoir But Not Good-by—but we found that some of the songs which the gray-haired statesmen and jurists liked best were old ones that carried them dreaming back into the past—Suwanee River, Old Kentucky Home, and When You and I Were Young, Maggie. When we sang those we often received quite a shower of nickels, dimes and occasionally quarters. At last, when the concert was over, we would hie us to a neighboring three-cent lunch stand, where,

Continued on Page 266

YOUR LOVE FOR COFFEE *need never cost you another wink of sleep*

MAKE THE NIGHT TEST!

Does coffee keep you awake at night? If so, yearn no more when you sniff its tempting fragrance. You can forget the hour—you need think only of the delights of coffee. Fill up your cup and revel in the rich, full flavor, the steaming cheer, of this beloved beverage

For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one ingredient that can rob you of sleep—caffein. Now you can enjoy coffee without caffein's ill-effects. Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed

Coffee that is uncommonly delicious!

One single cup of Sanka Coffee will prove how delicious it is. One single cup will prove that, while caffein may steal your sleep, it adds nothing to coffee's flavor—nothing to its aroma Caffein doesn't even contribute to the immediate sense of satisfaction you get from a cup of coffee. That comes from the delicious flavor and cheering warmth of the drink itself

Sanka Coffee is marvelous coffee—a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees. Nothing is added—nothing but caffein is removed. Judge it by quality, by flavor, or aroma, and you will agree with coffee experts that no other blend is finer

Satisfaction—or your money back!

Physicians here and abroad endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. Your grocer carries it—ground or in the bean—in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. And he sells it on this money-back basis! "If, after a thorough trial, you are not satisfied on every score, return what's left in the can and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price

Get a pound today. Drink Sanka Coffee—and sleep tonight!

© 1929, S. C. Corp

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine

Delicious

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

"A TREE IS KNOWN BY THE FRUIT IT BEARS"

THE FACTS
AND FIGURES
BEHIND A
SUPERLATIVE SUCCESS

DE SOTO

The Youngest Best Seller

De Soto completed its first 12 months last August with an all-time sales record for a first-year car—soon swept past the 100,000 mark—reached 14th in national sales volume, having passed 27 well-known makes.

PLYMOUTH

Only full-size car in the lowest-priced field

Plymouth has climbed to 10th place in national registrations—has sold to a volume of 161,000 cars, aggregating $108,675,000 in dollar value

DODGE BROTHERS

Greatest Values in Dodge History

Sales of the Dodge Six in the first 9 months of 1929 showed an increase of 45% over sales of its comparable predecessor reaching a total of 106,141 cars. Since affiliation with Chrysler Motors, Dodge Brothers have shown steady, substantial gains.

CHRYSLER

Besting Chrysler's Previous Best

The new Multi-Range Chryslers—"70", "77" and Imperial—and the new low-priced Chrysler "66" have swelled Chrysler's six year sales record to the amazing total of 778,623 cars—a public investment of $1,100,000,000

DODGE TRUCKS

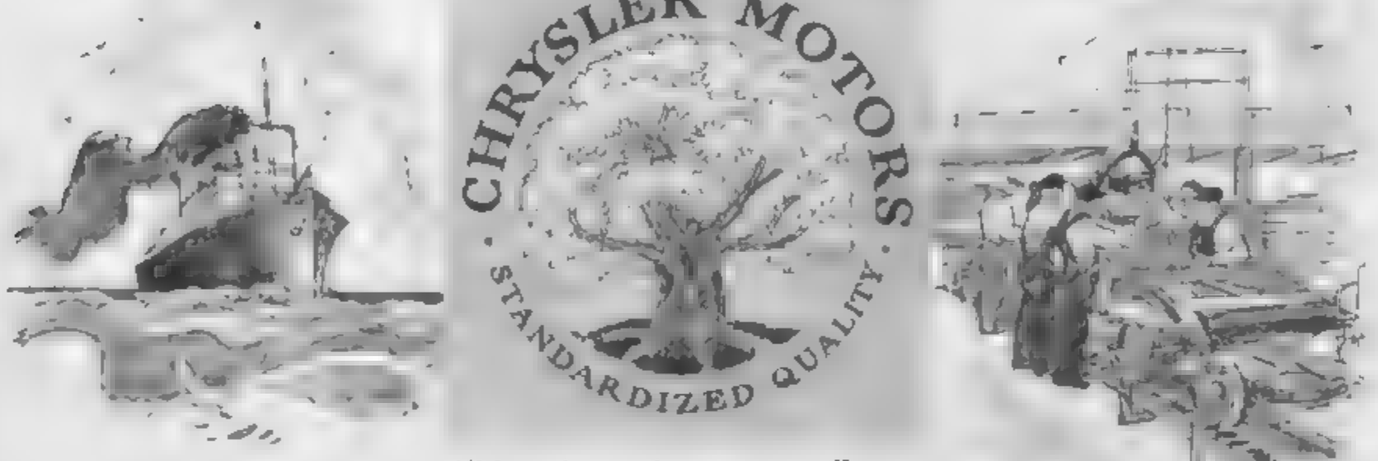
Meeting 96% of All Hauling Needs

Progressive institutions the world over have invested an average of more than a million dollars a week in Dodge Trucks, Buses and Motor Coaches. More than 35,000 units were delivered during the first 9 months of 1929

FARGO

Truly Chrysler in Build and Style

Less than a year after Fargo commercial cars were introduced, 6,600 units—representing a value of $7,260,000 had been sold. Fargo has already entrenched itself in a commanding position in the commercial car field.



All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

Seven gigantic factory centers in Detroit, embracing a total floor space of over 293 acres . . . five additional plants throughout the United States and Canada . . . a million-dollar engineering laboratory with advanced scientific facilities and precision equipment second to none anywhere . . . a vast army of 56,000 skilled craftsmen . . . over 12,000 dealers located throughout every country in the civilized world—

Such is one panorama of Chrysler Motors—one of the three largest organizations in the motor car industry.

But, impressive as this may be, to get the real estimate of Chrysler genius, the true picture of Chrysler Motors success—turn not to what Chrysler Motors has acquired—*but to what it has achieved.*

De Soto and Plymouth passenger cars, Dodge Brothers passenger cars, trucks, buses and motor coaches, Fargo commercial cars, Chrysler "66", "70", "77" and Imperial—these are the fruit of the Chrysler Motors tree.

By these—what they are and what they have done—is Chrysler Motors most accurately appraised.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · CHRYSLER "77" · CHRYSLER "70" · CHRYSLER "66"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · DODGE BROTHERS SIX · DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

CHRYSLER MOTORS

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

DE SOTO SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

EVERY NEW OWNER MEANS *MANY* NEW FRIENDS

Visit De Soto Motor Car exhibit at Grand Central Palace during New York Automobile Show, January 4th to 11th.

The personality of the De Soto Six made an instant and lasting impression upon American motorists.

Thousands were immediately captivated by its charm, its dashing style, its virile action. Consequently, demand for the De Soto Six shattered all sales records for a first-year car.

Today, though youngest of the low-priced sixes, De Soto is a veteran in experience. And with this experience—in the hands of owners — comes ever-increasing momentum in its upward sales climb.

Over 100,000 owners now drive De Soto Sixes. They have *proved* the performance of these superb cars over many millions of miles. They have found De Soto Six a car of tireless energy and dauntless courage—a trusty, sturdy, thrifty traveler—a thoroughbred performer.

They are broadcasting De Soto's deeds — praising its prowess — spreading De Soto enthusiasm. Thus a car that achieved the seemingly impossible in its first year is accelerating to higher and higher success every day.

SEVEN BODY STYLES

$845

and up

F. O. B. DETROIT

SPLIT-SECOND ARRESTS

By RALPH L. PETERS

POLICE work the nation over, by the adaptation of radio as a weapon against crime and the criminal, has entered into a period marked by a speed never before equaled. Arrests have become a matter of split seconds instead of minutes, hours or possibly not at all. Burglars have been trapped in homes they were looting. Hit-run drivers have been halted; bandits captured or killed; racketeers apprehended and automobile thieves surprised at the wheels of cars they were just starting to drive away.

Crooks have learned they must move faster than ever before or face capture, and possibly death, at the scene of their misdeeds. The advantage that was given them by the advent of the automobile, paved streets and highways is being wiped out slowly but surely as the police use of radio spreads throughout the country.

Not that radio has made America's large cities crime-proof. Far from that. But alert police officials see in this newly proved ally the means of curbing the tide of lawlessness that has become so alarming.

Surprise and speed have long been the salient features of accomplished crime. A sudden descent on the chosen prey, a few seconds for a holdup, and the bandits had leaped into a waiting car and were off in headlong flight. The police might arrive only a few minutes later, but the trail already was growing cold.

A Radio-Equipped Scout Car of the Detroit Police Department

Possibly a police automobile and crew would be within a few blocks of the scene of the holdup, but had no way of knowing of it until some member of the crew reported by telephone for orders.

All this is being changed by the use of this newly proved weapon—radio. No longer do the cruising or patroling police automobiles call headquarters or the precinct station for orders. Their orders are flung to them through the air by a police radio station and are received through the car's receiving set and loud-speaker.

The crook in Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland and nearly a dozen other cities where radio has been or is being put into use never knows when a radio-equipped police automobile may roar up to trap him.

Perhaps a police cruiser will be within a block of the scene when warned of an attempted or accomplished crime. The odds are growing better, as additional police cars are radio equipped, that one or more of them will be within thirty to ninety seconds' running time of any holdup, burglary or other crime.

The Detroit Police Department, a pioneer in the broadcasting of orders to radio-equipped cruisers and scout cars, has thirty-five police automobiles equipped with radio receiving sets and loud-speakers. The crews of these cars have made nearly 1300 arrests in the past eighteen months.

Arrested in Nothing Flat

MANY of the arrests have been made within thirty to sixty seconds after the orders were flung through the air, and the average time for all arrests has been approximately ninety seconds, police records show. During the month of September, 175 arrests were made at an average time of sixty-one seconds each.

Four seconds after a crime of serious nature is reported to the Detroit police all radio-equipped police cars in the city are receiving the report simultaneously. Nightly they figure in the city's fight against crime, often in a spectacular manner. Nor is the day devoid of breath-taking arrests.

The police dispatcher, sitting before a switchboard at police headquarters, takes the report of a holdup, burglary or some other type of crime. He plugs in on the police radio station, located miles across the city on Belle Isle, automatically putting the station on the air. He gives the flash to the cruisers and scout cars, and the message is repeated several times by the radio operator to insure its reception.

The cruisers are high-powered seven-passenger touring cars manned by a crew of four. The scout cars are light and fast touring cars to which two men are assigned. One cruiser and several scout cars are assigned to each of the precincts of the city. They are on roving patrol duty when not carrying out some order flashed by radio. If the crime reported is just a few blocks over the precinct line, cars from both precincts will respond.

Down a dimly lighted Detroit street slips a purring cruiser. The four men in the car are scanning passing and parked cars, checking their license plates with lists of stolen automobiles.

They also are on the alert for suspiciously acting persons, for known and wanted criminals. Store interiors are given sharp, experienced glances for possible prowlers. The city is comparatively quiet after the confusion of the day. On rolls the cruiser.

Swiftly comes the change. A voice rings out. It is tense, crisp, clear:

"No. 10 cruiser!"

The members of the crew stiffen. The driver bites his lips, bends slightly over the wheel and grips it tightly. A patrolman in the rear section of the cruiser leans toward the car's loud-speaker.

"No. 10 cruiser," the voice repeats. "La Salle and Taylor! Burglar!"

The cruiser leaps to life. Away it speeds toward the intersection named. The voice continues:

"Someone will show you the house. A neighbor spotted him

"No. 10 cruiser! No. 10 cruiser! Burglar at La Salle and Taylor. Neighbor will show you the house."

On roars the cruiser. The car swings into Taylor Avenue, on toward La Salle. On the corner a man is waiting. The cruiser slides to a halt. The figure runs toward the cruiser, pointing excitedly to a house.

"He's in there," his voice quivers. "Downstairs."

The members of the crew, already out of the cruiser, silently post themselves at the four corners of the house. A side door creaks. In the doorway is a man with a bundle under one arm.

"Put them up," snaps the nearest officer.

There is a startled exclamation. A bundle crashes to the ground with a telltale rattle of silverware. The prowler raises his hands. A few seconds more, still bewildered by the sudden arrival of the police, and he is being taken to the precinct station to be booked on a charge of breaking and entering.

This is an actual incident taken from the log of Station WCK, the Detroit Police Department's radio station. Thirty seconds after No. 10 cruiser had been given this alarm the cruiser was at the scene. Less than sixty seconds after the order was broadcast the prowler was in custody.

Nor is this an isolated incident. As often as four times in one week burglars have been trapped while still engaged in ransacking homes. Each of the four arrests was made in less than sixty seconds after broadcast orders had sent radio-equipped police cars speeding to the homes being burglarized.

The credit for making the fastest arrests on record goes to the Chene Station cruiser, No. 7. These arrests were made in "nothing flat," the station's log discloses.

The police dispatcher at headquarters received a report that someone had broken into a grocery store. The informant said the prowlers were still in the store. The alarm was broadcast to the police cars at 12:06 A.M. No. 7 cruiser at that instant was turning into the street on which the store was located, just nine doors from the store itself. Before the operator had finished flashing the warning the cruiser had halted and the crew had surrounded the grocery. Two youths were trapped inside and they promptly surrendered.

The cruiser and scout-car crews do not always know what to expect when they arrive at the scene of some reported disturbance. Perhaps a drunken man has been annoying someone. Perhaps there has been a domestic quarrel and neighbors want to restore quiet to the vicinity. Maybe a nervous citizen merely imagines someone is attempting to enter his home. They call the police. The cruisers and scout cars, their receiving sets constantly turned on and tuned in on the radio station, are ordered to investigate. It may be a trivial call. It may mean the risking of the life of one or more of the crew.

It was the radio system that finally brought an end to the Green Sedan Gang in Detroit. A group of bandits had come to be known by that term because of the sedan which they used in one holdup after another. Several times the cruisers were within a few seconds of the gang after a daylight holdup, but never soon enough to effect a capture. The license number of the car was broadcast to all cruisers and scout cars. It also was published in the press.

An End to One Racket

SHORTLY after one noon a citizen called to report that a car bearing the license number of the bandit car was parked in front of a barber shop. No. 4 cruiser was dispatched to the scene. Inside the shop two men were being given haircuts, shaves and massages. The members of the cruiser crew posted themselves and waited. When the pair came unsuspectingly from the shop, the police closed in and captured them without resistance.

The pair refused to name their fellows, although they admitted participating in some of the holdups. The following day they were taken to court. Alert detectives caught a court-room spectator signaling to them. He was arrested and admitted being a third member of the gang. Questioning of the three revealed the name of the fourth man involved. A cruiser was directed at once to his address and he, too, was captured. All four went to prison for long terms

One of the rackets stopped by the police radio system was the robbing of apartment-house mail boxes. A gang had been stealing pay checks from rifled mail boxes, forging and cashing them.

Several days after the first of these robberies had been reported No. 10 cruiser was informed by radio the gang was operating along a certain string of apartment buildings. Two minutes later the cruiser crew had the men responsible in custody.

Recently three prisoners escaped from the Hillsdale County jail, not a great distance from Detroit. A widespread

(Continued on Page 70)

BIG AND LITTLE, RICH AND POOR, CAN PROJECT THEIR PERSONALITIES OVER THE WIDE NETWORK OF ITS WIRES

In the service of all the people

An Advertisement of the

American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell System is owned by 450,000 stockholders and operated by more than 400,000 workers for the service of the people of the nation.

It is a democratic instrument of a democracy. Big and little, rich and poor, can project their personalities over the wide network of its wires. For friendship or business, pleasure or profit, the telephone is indispensable to our modern civilization.

This year the Bell System is erecting new telephone buildings in more than 200 cities. It is putting in thousands of miles of cable, thousands of sections of switchboard and hundreds of thousands of new telephones. Its expenditure for plant and improvements in service in 1929 will be more than 550 millions of dollars—half again as much as it cost to build the Panama Canal.

This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

Continued from Page 68

alarm was sent out immediately. Two days later the police received a telephone call from a frightened woman who said her former husband was attempting to force his way into her apartment and had threatened her life. No. 10 cruiser hastened to the scene and three men found there were arrested. They were the escaped prisoners.

A storekeeper telephoned the police that a man in his store had given him a bill he was certain was counterfeit. He was advised to delay the man for a few minutes while a cruiser was directed to the store. The Vinewood Station cruiser reached the store in time to apprehend the passer of the bad bill. He revealed, at police headquarters, that his accomplice had walked out of the store. Another cruiser was sent racing to the address furnished by the arrested man. The accomplice, all ready to leave the city, was taken off to jail. Subsequent investigation by Federal authorities resulted in the men being charged with having passed counterfeit money on more than a dozen store and shop keepers.

Sixty seconds after No. 9 cruiser had been given the report of a shooting, the cruiser had arrived at the address given and arrested a woman who had shot her husband and her brother-in-law. The wounded men were placed in a taxicab and rushed to a hospital. The woman was taken to headquarters.

Parked automobiles at night have been stripped of tires and accessories. A number of this sort of thieves have been captured in the act. For example, No. 62 scout car was given a report that two youths were stripping an automobile. The scout car got to the scene in ninety seconds and the patrolmen placed two greatly surprised youths under arrest.

Scout car No. 31 was flashed a warning at 1:48 A.M. that a prowler was attempting to force his way into a hardware store. Thirty seconds later he was in custody.

A Running Gun Fight

ONE of the most spectacular arrests achieved by the use of radio occurred only a few weeks ago. At 11:56 P.M. Station WCK broadcast a warning to all cars to be on the alert for a stolen taxicab. The driver had reported that two thugs had held him up and then taken the cab from him. Just a few seconds later, the two patrolmen in scout car No. 143 saw a taxicab come speeding along the street on which they were patroling. It was the stolen taxi.

The patrolmen set out in pursuit. The taxicab speeded up. The scout car was equal to the occasion and leaped ahead with renewed speed. Guns began spitting fire. The fleeing thugs were attempting to shoot their way to escape. Relentless, the patrolmen continued the chase. The taxicab was forced to the curb. Three men leaped out. Again the guns flamed.

One man dropped, another fled, and the third surrendered. One of the three tossed a package to one side. The patrolmen took the two men into custody and recovered the package. It contained nearly $5000 in currency.

The men were taken to police headquarters and questioned. The following day, just about the time the pair admitted having received the recovered money as ransom money for the release of a young Detroit man that had been kidnaped, the kidnapers' victim, weakened from lack of food and chained to a bed, managed to get to a window. He raised it a few inches and called for help.

Minutes passed and then the police forced their way into the apartment where he had been confined. He related how he had been kidnaped, forced to write a ransom note to his father and had been held a prisoner for five days, chained to the bed. He identified the pair captured after the gun battle as two of his captors. They are now serving from thirty to fifty years each in a Michigan prison. These instances, all taken from the log of Station WCK, show why the crook has come to fear this newly proved weapon of the police. They also show why police officials are so enthusiastic and why the radio network is being flung far and wide.

These results were not obtained overnight. Police officials have been predicting for ten years that some day radio would prove the valuable police ally it now has demonstrated itself to be.

Commissioner William P. Rutledge, of the Detroit Police, was one of the first police executives in the country to foresee the possibilities of radio as a police aid in the never-ending battle with the criminal element.

Through his efforts, the Detroit police had a radio station and one radio-equipped car in operation in 1921. Other cities began experimenting with radio for police use. Enthusiastic predictions were made as to the future. Then came a series of disappointments. One city after another lost interest in radio and dropped it as far as general police use was concerned.

In Detroit, meanwhile, the police radio system had operated now with success and again with poor results. In the spring of 1927, Commissioner Rutledge ordered it closed. Considerable money had been expended on the station without bringing the results the commissioner wanted. Suggestions that the equipment be sold were voiced. Commissioner Rutledge's faith could not be shaken.

"Some of these days we'll make a go of it," he declared. His prediction was to come true sooner than he realized.

Into the commissioner's office came a patrolman who had been assigned to the Traffic Bureau. His name was Kenneth Cox and his hobby radio. He asked for permission to try his hand at the radio system. Commissioner Rutledge was ready for another trial. He assigned Cox and two licensed radio men, Patrolmen Bernard Fitzgerald and Walter Vogler, to radio work. Later, Patrolman Robert Batts and other experienced radio men were added to the staff.

The station was removed from the downtown area to Belle Isle to remove various forms of interference. Vogler and Fitzgerald tore down and rebuilt the old transmitter. Batts designed a receiver rugged enough to withstand the demands made by police work. The station was reopened in April, 1928, and has operated continually since. The results have made police history and are revolutionizing police methods. Further enlargement of the radio system in Detroit is contemplated.

The aerials for the cars are concealed in the tops. The receiving sets are locked in steel cabinets. They are tuned to the police radio station and cannot be tuned to any other station. This eliminates the possibility of some cruiser crew tuning in on some lilting dance music instead of the sterner voice of the police dispatcher.

Additional sets always are in readiness in the event a car's set goes faulty. A trouble-shooting car, as it is termed, is ready to dash out on short notice to service or replace a set that has gone dead.

The sets are turned on constantly. If fifteen minutes pass without some message having been heard, the crew calls the radio station and asks for a test to make certain the set is working. Each time the cruiser and scout car crews are changed, the sets are tested anew.

The police radio station is operated on a low wave length. This makes it practically impossible for the ordinary commercial receiving set, such as those used in homes, to catch the police orders. The station offers no entertainment features, being devoted to police work entirely.

The success attained by the Detroit police revived the interest of other cities. One after another, they sent representatives to study the system.

The Police Radio Network

COMMISSIONER RUTLEDGE, of the Detroit police, gave Cox a leave of absence at the request of the Chicago police that he might assist in the installation of the Chicago system. Cox, now a lieutenant, is still in Chicago.

He expected that the complete system, calling for more than 200 radio-equipped automobiles and three radio stations, would be placed in operation during November. It is planned to operate the three stations independently for a time, each of them serving a particular section of the city, and later to synchronize them. When this is done, should anything happen to any one station, either one or the other of the remaining stations could still flash orders to the radio-equipped cars.

Additional systems have been placed in operation or have been authorized by the Federal Radio Commission in Buffalo, New York; Berkeley, California; Beaumont, Texas; Cleveland, Ohio; Cincinnati, Ohio; Highland Park, Michigan; Indianapolis, Indiana; Miami, Florida; Pasadena, California; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Tulare, California. Several other cities, headed by New York, also are planning the installation of radio systems. These include Atlanta, Georgia, and Youngstown, Ohio.

The Dallas, Texas, police have been using the municipal broadcasting station to send out descriptions of missing persons, license numbers of stolen automobiles and other police information it was deemed advisable to give the general public. Other cities also have been assisted in this manner by local broadcasting stations. The Dallas police do not have any radio-equipped cars, and Chief C. W. Trammell says none are contemplated at present.

The police department of the city of New York already operates Station WPY, which is used exclusively for marine purposes, communicating with police boats and with incoming and outbound boats for emergency calls. This station has been in operation since 1916. In addition, the municipal broadcasting station is used twice daily to broadcast descriptions of missing persons.

Nor is the use of radio limited to the municipal police departments alone. The Pennsylvania State Police have been using radio for more than nine years. In 1920, the department placed a station in operation at the state capital. Later, transmitters were established at the five district posts for communication quickly and efficiently with headquarters. Experiments also are being conducted with portable sets for use in troop districts.

The Department of Public Safety of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts

(Continued on Page 74)

A Radio-Equipped Cruiser of the Detroit Police Nears the Scene of the Crime to Which It Was Dispatched by Radio

Smiles that attract

Let your tooth paste buy you a good tie

Buy yourself a new tie with what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The saving averages about $3 per year per person, assuming you use a tube a month

See *how quickly* this modern dentifrice makes teeth *white–lustrous*

YOU are urged to try Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine and in every way worthy of the Listerine name.

We ask you particularly to note how swiftly it removes stubborn discolorations, tartar plaques and fermenting food particles.

Note, too, after a few brushings how white, lustrous and brilliant your teeth become. Such results are due to modern cleansing and polishing agents present in this unusual dentifrice. Many years of study preceded their selection. Their purpose is to cleanse speedily but with absolute safety. They do this because they are harder than tartar and consequently remove it. But they are softer than the precious enamel, and so are harmless to it.

Listerine Tooth Paste not only gives you ideal cleansing but definitely improves the hygiene of the mouth for it also contains the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine with their marked potency to inhibit the growth of dangerous bacteria in the mouth.

Incidentally, at 25¢ Listerine Tooth Paste saves about $3 per year per person when compared with dentifrices costing 50¢ or more. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"Our SECOND CAR *is banishing colds*"

THERE is a mother in Ohio whose home is a mile from the school which her children attend.

"On sunny days I like to have them walk," she writes. "It gives them sturdy legs. But rainy days are different.

"Two winters ago our eldest was out of school three weeks because of a cold that came from wet clothes and wet feet. In the spring of that year her younger sister lost nearly a month.

"We could not live in the country, as we want to do, if my husband did not have the use of a car. Two cars seemed at first an extravagance, but we decided that we simply must have a car that I could drive, no matter how much it cost.

"Our second car has added wonderfully to my pleasures. But the big thing is that our children were healthier last winter than they had ever been before. Every stormy day I am waiting for them when school is out, and the second car has kept them happy and well."

* * * *

A second car can do for you what it has done for this family. The General Motors line provides every combination of cars that any family can require; and for those who want even lower cost transportation General Motors dealers have used cars which—like the new cars—are also sold on the GMAC Payment Plan.

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • MARQUETTE • OAKLAND • VIKING
BUICK • LASALLE • CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher*
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS • YELLOW CABS *and* COACHES
FRIGIDAIRE *The Automatic Refrigerator*
DELCO-LIGHT *Electric Power and Light Plants* • *Water Systems*
DAY-FAN *Radios*

* * * *

Brown-Lipe-Chapin—*Differentials* • Delco-Remy—*Starting, Lighting and Ignition Equipment; Klaxon Horns; and Batteries;* Lovejoy Shock Absorbers, Guide Lamps • Harrison Radiators • Inland Steering Wheels • Jaxon Wheels, Rims, and Tire Carriers • Durex Bearings • Jacox Steering Gears • AC Spark Plugs, Oil Filters, Air Cleaners, Speedometers • Ternstedt Automobile Hardware • New Departure—Ball Bearings • Hyatt—Roller Bearings.

* * * *

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan.

* * * *

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 38 other stations associated with N. B. C.

GENERAL

MOTORS

(Continued from Page 70)

has been granted a license to operate a radio station for police purposes. Commissioner A. F. Foote plans the installation of receiving sets in the twenty-two state-police posts. Several municipal police departments are expected to join in the hook-up for the purpose of making a state-wide alarm a matter of seconds just as a city-wide alarm is possible at present in the cities using radio.

Commissioner Oscar D. Olander, of the Michigan Department of Public Safety, has been perfecting plans for a similar state-wide system in Michigan.

Lieut. Donald S. Leonard, who has been working out the details of the system, says county and municipal law-enforcing agencies are expected to coöperate in the network. When the system is placed in operation, every sheriff's office, every state-police post, state-police automobiles and a number of municipal police departments will be equipped with receiving sets and loud-speakers.

When the need arises, such as in bank robberies, or other crimes and disasters, a state-wide alarm could be spread in a matter of seconds. The bill enacted at the last session of the legislature, providing for the radio system, makes it mandatory that telephone and telegraph companies operating in the state give precedence to state-police calls.

Most of this has been accomplished in the past eighteen months, and much of it since Commissioner Rutledge spoke at Atlanta a few months ago, before the convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. His address concerned the police use of radio.

"Seconds are precious to the lawbreaker," he said. "They spell the difference between escape and capture. The wider the margin of time, the better his chances to escape apprehension. By the use of radio we are catching the criminal red-handed. We are eliminating the introduction of circumstantial evidence in trials by indisputable proof of guilt.

"Economically, we are cutting down the cost of law enforcement by catching the crook with the goods on, instead of getting him after a long chase. We have quickened and lengthened the arm of the law. We have synchronized the arrest with the depredation. Instead of trailing behind in the criminal's dust, we are as near abreast of him as it is humanly possible to be.

"I do not think I exaggerate when I say that, if time permitted me to go into the history of each important arrest effected by means of the police radio in Detroit, I would probably relate to you the most spectacular series of criminal apprehensions in the history of our profession."

Commissioner Rutledge, in commenting on President Hoover's reference to the lawlessness of the country, added:

"What is the most effective means we can employ to stem the tide of lawlessness? What weapon is the most formidable with which to battle the unseen army of criminals which constitutes the vicious minority—an army which acts as one man because it is bound together by a common desire to make a living by defying the law and preying upon society?

"I am convinced that in police radio we have found the weapon. The psychological effect of quick capture acts as a powerful deterrent to crime. The actual effect is being recorded daily in the log of our police radio station in Detroit. We are catching and convicting more stick-up men, robbers and other criminals than ever before. Prosecutions have increased 54 per cent. From our experience in Detroit, I am convinced that the use of radio in our work is the most forward step taken since I entered the profession thirty-five years ago."

These opinions are being shared by others as the interest in police radio mounts. Police officials are now predicting the time when police information will be sent from coast to coast by radio and television. Each additional city and state that adapts radio for police work is another link in the invisible network being spread over the nation to snare the criminal everywhere.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Believe That and They'll Tell You Another

WE HAD camped, the prospector and I, at a spring in Stein's Pass where the rocky hills fling their sharp summits into a serrated boundary line between New Mexico and Arizona. There was the only water for miles, and another car, its driver drawn from the highway by the sign the state had erected to notify all who could read that good water could be found within fifty yards, had turned in and parked near us.

We sat and watched the party—two men, their wives, and a thin-shanked child in faded, flapping overalls—pitch their camp. Our own bedrolls had been lifted from the rumble; when they were unrolled our night's lodging was ready. Our neighbors' establishment, however, was more pretentious. They pitched tents, one for each couple. They spread ground cloths, erected folding cots, and carefully trenched each tent against the possibility of the rain that might come a couple of months later. Finally one of the men, evidently prompted thereto by his wife, crossed to our fire and, admitting they were strangers in the section, inquired if there was any danger of snakes in the spot they had selected. We assured him there was none, but the incident moved the prospector to speech. And in as much as he had, since his graduation from college thirty years before, traveled the dim trails of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, and Northern Mexico, since he knew the land of the dry ranges, of beautiful, savage desert and shimmering mirage, as a farmer knows his south forty, I listened.

They're just like all the rest of the tourists—he began—that come out here each year in everything from imported straight eights to tin cans on wheels. Arizona—all this desert country, in fact—doesn't mean a thing to them except rattlesnakes and Gila monsters, scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, and hydrophobia skunks. Sure, I know we have all those critters—all except the hydrophobia skunk—but these summer visitors think you can't put foot to the ground without walking on a few dozen of them

Did you ever stop to think how many wild stories are told about the insects and reptiles of this country? There's scarcely one-half of one per cent of truth in any of the tales, yet they're accepted everywhere and believed implicitly.

Take the rattlesnake, to begin with, as our best-press-agented citizen. There are plenty of them in this part of the country, of course, but how often do you actually see one on the road? Maybe once or twice a year, if you're traveling all the time like I am. You've camped all over the Southwest. How many times have you ever been bothered by a snake in camp? Never, I'll bet

I lived for three years in the desert at the foot of the Tanque Verde Mountains. They say there are lots of snakes out there, that they den up by hundreds in the rocks around the Twin Knolls. Maybe they do, but in the two years I lived out there I saw just two rattlers. One was crossing the road about a quarter mile from my place; the other I killed in one of the tool sheds. He'd crawled in there to shed his skin and I disturbed him.

The Terrible Gila Monster

So much for their abundance. Now for the stories about rattlers—the stories with which the tourists are stuffed and which they come out here believing more firmly than they do the gospel.

First, that the number of rattles shows, in years, the age of the snake. Eight rattles and a button—that reptile's rising nine years old.

Dead wrong. A snake gets a new rattle on his string every time he sheds his skin, and that's at least twice a year and at times more frequently than that. A young snake, when he's growing fast, may shed his skin four times a year. A fair-sized snake with five or six rattles may be less than two years old.

Speaking of the rattles, you'll be told that the rattlesnake is a gentleman; that he'll always buzz his warning signal before he strikes. He won't. During the period that he's getting ready to shed the old skin and step out in a new suit he's blind, and you can scarcely make him rattle. He may buzz once or twice if you're prodding him with a stick, but ordinarily he'll just try to crawl off.

You'll be told that if you kill one snake you've got to be very vigilant for the mate that's sure to be hanging around and will attack you instantly and without warning. That's an exploded idea too; particularly the attack part of it. You may see a second snake, or even a third, but it's pure coincidence and nothing more. Once I saw four all at one time out in the flats where the old road from Tucson to Ajo crossed the Santa Rosa Valley. It was just after sundown, the air was beginning to get cool, and they were all stretched out taking it easy in the warm, soft sand of the road.

I've known men that have lived in the desert all their lives who will swear that a mother rattler watches over her young ones for several days after they are born, and that if there's any alarm she will open her mouth and all the little squirmers run down her throat and hide until the danger is past.

That story is believed implicitly, but you can never find a man who can say he's seen it happen. He always knows a fellow who had a friend that witnessed it. The truth is that a female snake has about as much maternal instinct as a shad or a mosquito, and a baby snake no more runs down its mother's throat to hide than a newborn calf does.

Now what about the next on the list, the Gila monster, the only poisonous lizard in the world? There are even more fantastic yarns told about this slow-moving old bluffer than there are about the rattler. Let's take a look at the fairy stories first.

You'll hear that the breath of the Gila monster is poisonous, almost asphyxiating. You'll be told to beware of the animal's leaping ability; that he can jump four or five feet in the air and will hang on like a bulldog. There's one class of enthusiasts that maintain that a Gila monster is not poisonous, another that says he's mildly so, a third that gives him credit for being as sure death as a cobra, and a fourth group that asserts he is venomous only at certain times. This last party is by far the largest, and their story is that the Gila monster is the only creature in the world with a closed alimentary tract. What he eats, they say, remains in his stomach until it is completely absorbed into the system. Only when the stomach is full of this mass of putrescent food is the bite of a Gila monster deadly. Laugh all you want, but that story actually received serious mention in an allegedly scientific-magazine article a couple of years ago.

So much for legend. Now what are the facts?

No animal on the face of the earth has a poisonous breath. That story is born of the fact that the natural odor of this lizard is one far from pleasant. It is heavy, musky, almost nauseating; hence the tale that it is toxic.

The Gila monster has no more leaping ability than a turtle. One look at his heavy body and his small, short legs should satisfy anyone on that score. His legs are not at an angle that would permit of leaping, and his top speed—full throttle, downhill, and with a favoring wind—is about two miles an hour. His normal gait is a ridiculous waddle; when he's trying to make time it's more so

Naturally, his processes of digestion and egestion are the same as those of any other animal. Nature doesn't go in much for anatomical freaks.

He has a poison gland in each cheek and a short duct through which the venom discharges to the lower jaw between the cheek and the gum. He has no fangs like a rattler. His teeth are scarcely an eighth of an inch long, widely spaced, and only in the lower jaw. He moves so slowly that it is difficult to understand how he could bite anyone that was not a paralytic, and his poison is only mildly venomous.

The hydrophobia skunk never existed except in the vivid imaginations of camp-fire jokers that thought it was funny to see fellows go to bed with their boots on through fear of a prowling night animal that loved to gnaw at exposed toes. The bite was supposed to result in immediate, violent and incurable insanity.

I'll grant you that the Southwest has its share of poisonous insects, but they're none of them quite so deadly as they're described as being. One finds scorpions under old boards and deep in woodpiles, places that are also favorite haunts of those big ten-inch centipedes. The sting of a scorpion—save for one extremely venomous species that is found very rarely north of Mexico—is no more painful nor dangerous than a bee sting.

Harmless as Humming Birds

I wish I could say as much for a centipede. Infection almost invariably follows the bite of these creatures and the wound heals very slowly and leaves an ugly scar. I never heard of a healthy adult dying from the effects of one, though. A scorpion cannot be angered to a point where he'll sting himself and die. At least I've tried a dozen times to goad them to that action and I've never been successful.

There's only one of 'em left—the vinegarroon. And as a last effort at debunking I'm here to state that the vinegarroon, an object of terror from the Rio Grande to the Pacific, is a whip scorpion, has no stinging apparatus at all, and is about as poisonous as a humming bird!

The prospector leaned over the dying fire and by its light glanced at the watch on his wrist.

"Half-past ten!" he exclaimed. "There's a long day ahead of us if we're going to drive all the way to Phoenix. We should have been in bed an hour ago."

He rose, kicked sand over the embers, and strode through the night to where his bedroll was spread beside the roadster.

"Pleasant dreams!" he observed, grinning.

—Hoffman Birney.

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He brings you an important message

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Known to physicians of two continents, Dr. Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, in Paris, is one of the younger leaders of the medical profession in Europe. His latest book is "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

"MANY infectious illnesses," says Dr. Delort, "enter the body through the digestive tract. Yeast plays the rôle of digestive disinfectant. It reduces the power of germs. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines.

"The action of yeast in skin disorders has long been known. Yeast is not a thing of fashion. It has proved itself."

The astonishing purifying power of the fresh food, Fleischmann's Yeast, comes from the millions of *active* yeast plants in every cake.

Daily, as these microscopic yeast plants pass through your body, they stimulate laggard intestinal muscles and soften the hardened food wastes.

Quick new energy is yours when normal elimination is restored. Headaches and indigestion cease. You no longer easily catch cold. Your "nerves" and "touchiness" disappear.

Don't let constipation poisons cloud your true vigorous self! Start today. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains . . . Read below how this famous food now brings you greater health benefits than ever before.

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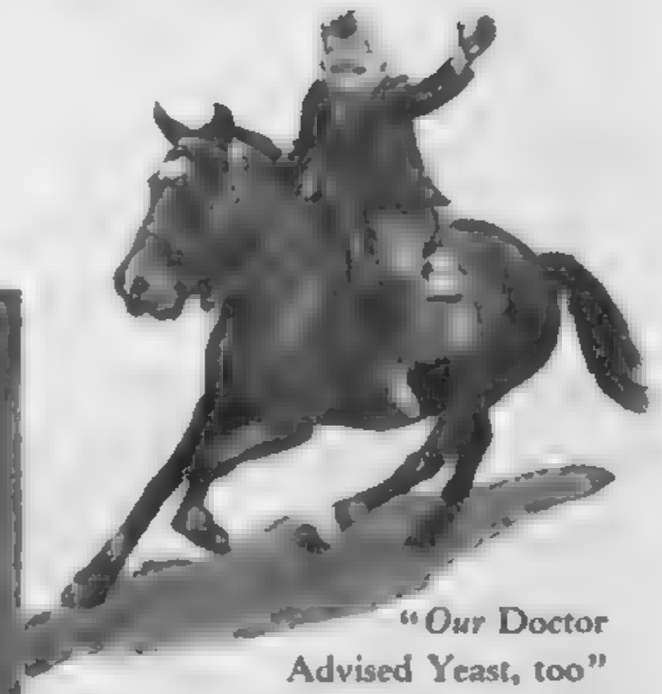
"When I started my restaurant I missed the outdoor life I had been used to," writes Charles Stanley of Stanley's Restaurant, 100 W. 32nd Street, New York City. "The trouble started—indigestion. I was run-down—tired. My skin was bad. I had to resort to laxatives daily.

"My physician gave me the same advice as the noted physicians have recently given—fresh yeast. In three weeks I had returned to regular habits. Appetite picked up and my stomach gave me no more trouble. I felt the same pleasure in life I had enjoyed in my college years."



"*Our* Doctor Advised Yeast, too"

Faulty digestion and elimination cause most skin troubles, doctors say. From Jacksonville, Fla., Master Joe Power's mother writes: "Joe always has been healthy—except for a skin eruption which persisted until we took him to a doctor. His advice was yeast. The trouble soon began to disappear."

Never Missed any Winter Sports

"Snowshoeing, dances—I never missed anything until, about a year ago, headaches set in," writes Mrs. Pauline Stowe of Worcester, Mass. "I had constipation, indigestion and a roughening skin . . . Eating Fleischmann's Yeast soon helped my constipation and indigestion, and appearance. My headaches have gone."

Now on sale! The new Fleischmann's Yeast contains vitamins B and D

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Now . . . "Sunshine" Vitamin in this Famous Food

Powerful ultra-violet rays give each cake of the *new* Fleischmann's Yeast the hardening, energizing value of hours in the summer sun! The "sunshine" vitamin, of which Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest source, enables your system to absorb its share of lime and phosphorus—elements necessary to firm muscles and sound, straight bones and teeth. It is essential for expectant and nursing mothers. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. D-102, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

A new Radio Hour! Fleischmann's Yeast-for-Health Hour is packed with musical surprises. Thursday evenings, over 47 associated coast-to-coast N. B. C. stations.

Confidential . . . *to Wives*

HE tells you that he really doesn't *want* anything for Christmas. But there's one thing he may need and not realize it.

Many times a day as he struggles for success in business he may be hampered by a watch he himself only half trusts.

Yet every investigation proves that the successful man *is* time-minded—accuracy-minded. Time to him means money. Every minute must work. His watch must be accurate.

That's where your help comes in!

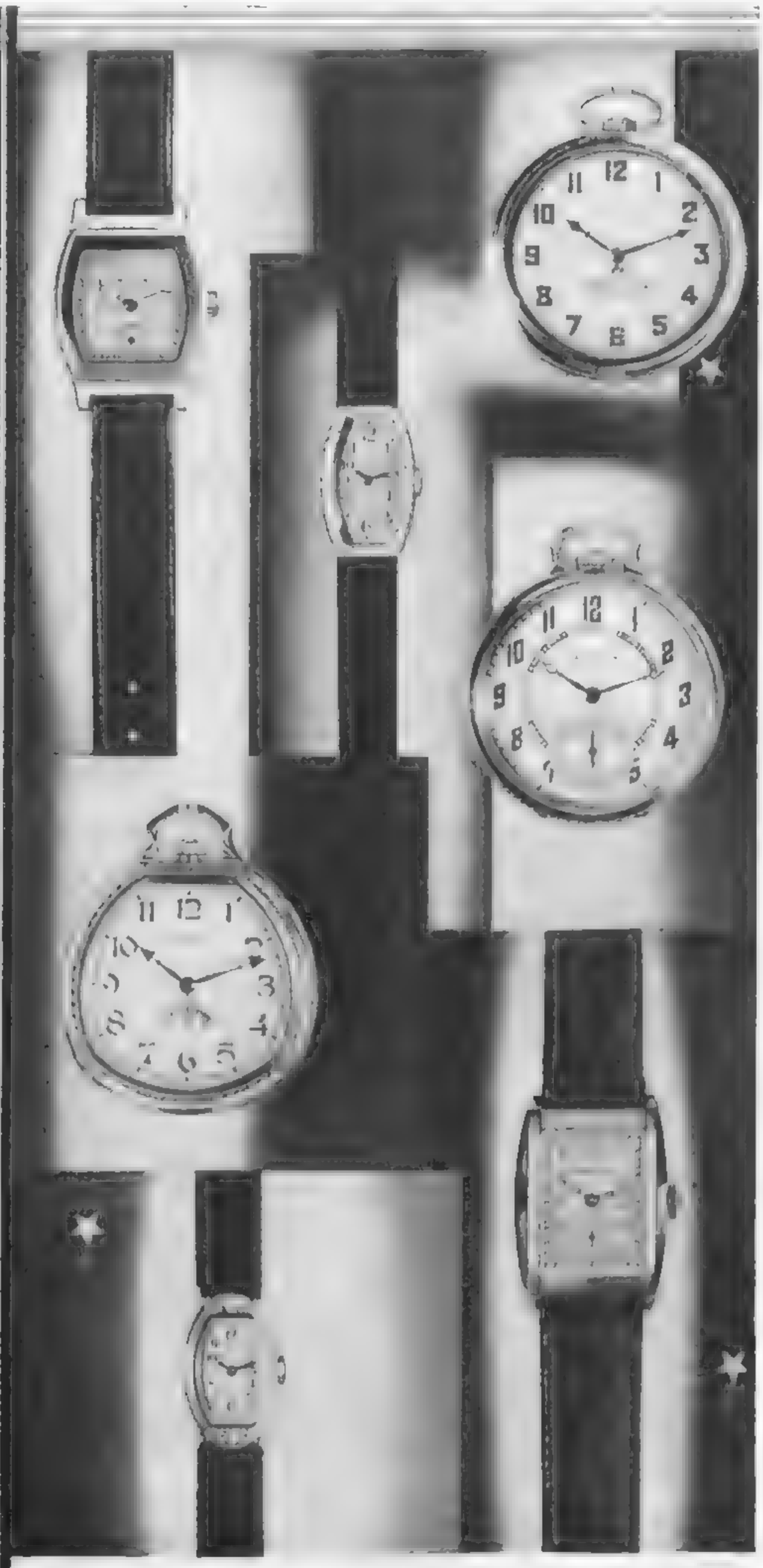
Give him a watch upon which he can rely *completely* . . . a watch that will help him get ahead, and so bring you both happiness.

Such a watch can be had—at a reasonable price, too. It is the timepiece that times America's fastest trains and air mail planes . . . that nestles in the pockets of many of the country's foremost business chiefs.

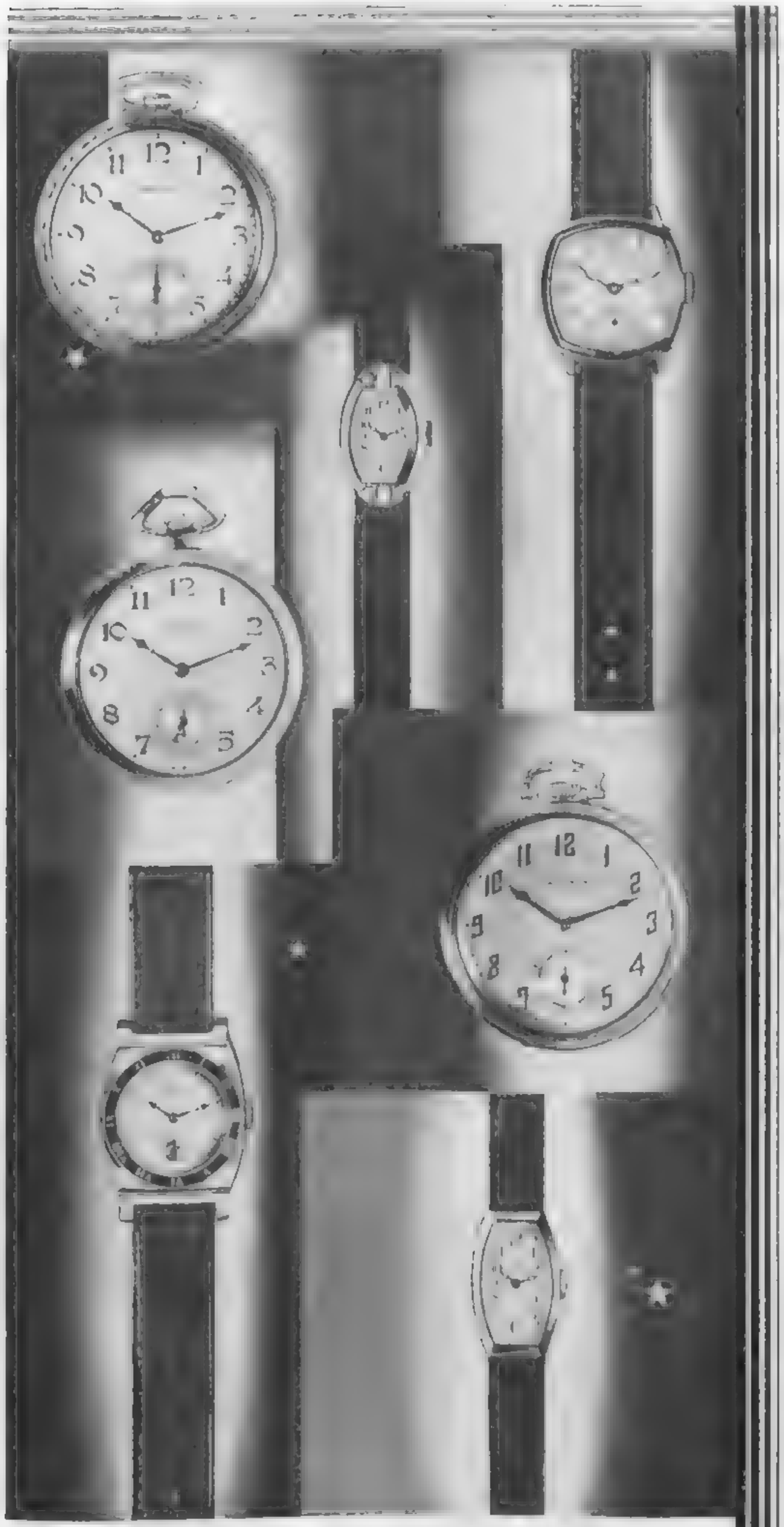
Its very name (Hamilton) assures you of accuracy—uncanny accuracy—in a living Christmas gift that will go on living!

Hamilton

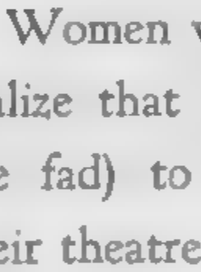
The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



The three men's pocket models shown on this page are: *Above*—The "Farragut," with a modish new secometer dial. In filled white or yellow gold, $55. *Center*—The "Wheatland"—In 14k filled green or white gold, engraved (as shown), $50. *Below*—The "Van Buren"—In 14k filled green or white gold, $55. The men's strap models are: *Above*—The "Raleigh" In 14k filled gold, yellow, green or white, plain (as shown), $55. *Below*—The "Gladstone" In 14k filled green or white gold, $55. The ladies' wrist watches are: *Above*—The "Nightingale"—In 18k gold with top of platinum. Set with forty brilliant diamonds, $375. *Below*—The "Briarcliffe"—In 14k white gold, $75. With raised gold numerals, $10 extra. ¶ Let us send you a copy of "The Timekeeper," a beautifully illustrated booklet showing a complete line of exquisite Hamilton gift models. Address Hamilton Watch Company, American manufacturers of high-grade watches, 850 Wheatland Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.



Confidential . . . *to Husbands*



IF there's one thing you don't want said about your wife, it's "old-fashioned." Her well-run home—her charming clothes—every little thing about her—simply *can't* be old-fashioned.

You may remember the day when it was "smart" to be "fashionably late."

How the old order changes!

Women who are leaders in society today realize that now it's the fashion (not just the fad) to keep appointments and start their theatre parties—*on the dot.*

This calls for a supremely accurate watch—a watch that ticks gracefully along, always giving reliable time.

If your wife is the gracious, understanding woman we believe she is, she wants Accuracy first of all.

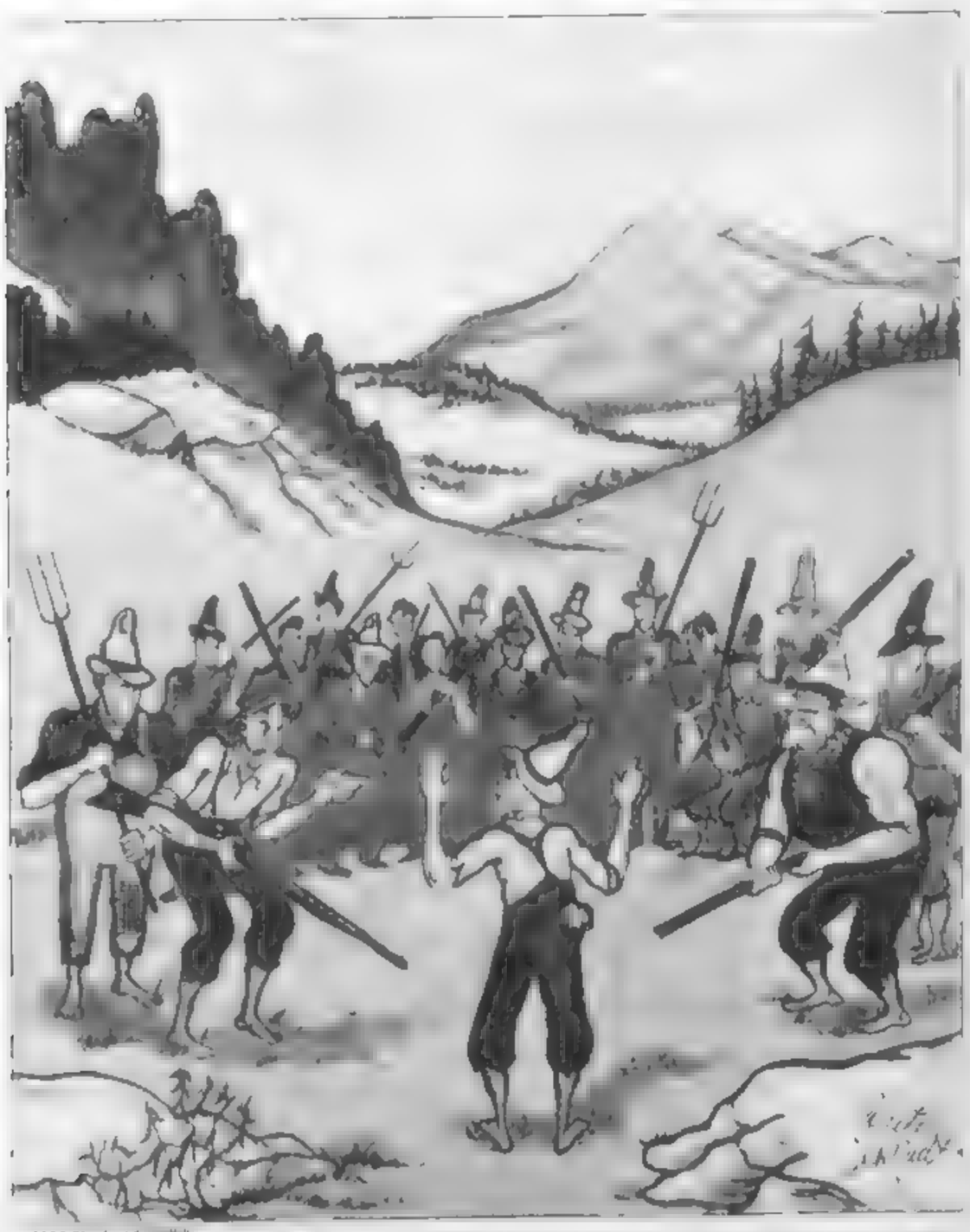
Accuracy? Do not let the beauty of these watches mislead you, sir. Each is a Hamilton! Each makes that rare and happy thing — a living Christmas gift that will go on living!

THE three men's pocket models shown on this page are: *Above*—The "Rittenhouse" In 14k filled green or white gold, $7[illegible] to $12[illegible]. *Center*—The "Stephen Girard"—In extra heavy green or white gold, with raised gold numeral dial shown, $137 to $197. *Below*—The "Masterpiece," Model C. The dial of sterling silver has raised numerals of solid gold and solid gold hands. In 18k white or green gold with 23 jewels, $250. The men's strap models are: *Above*—The "Cushion"—In filled or 14k green or white gold, plain [illegible] or engraved, $50 to $77. *Below*—The "Piping Rock"—The numerals of gold are part of the case, not of the dial. In solid 14k yellow or white gold, $125. The ladies' wrist watches are: *Above*—The "Portia"—One of the slimmest gift Hamiltons. In 14k white gold with platinum top set with eight diamonds, $225. *Below*—The "Chevy Chase," Model A. In 14k white gold with silver dial and raised enamel numerals, plain case as shown, $75

Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

CARTOON AND COMEDY



Leader of Man Hunt—"Ah, at Last We Shall Have Revenge! This is McToonie, Whose Grandpap's Uncle Shot Our Great-Grandpap's Second Cousin!"

"Aw, Ya Make Me Sick. Why Don't Ya Jump? If I Was as Big as You I'd Take a Sportin' Chance"

"Mary Smith's Mother Told Her the Stork, and Susie Jones' Mother Told Her the Doctor—and Now You Tell Me Under a Cabbage Leaf! Humph! Come Clean, Mamma, Come Clean!"

Here Comes the Bride! Here Comes the Bride!

Nothing *Finer* Can Be Said of Any Motor Vehicle Than, It is-

POWERED BY LYCOMING

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ITXAS GAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

branded, the yearlings are sorted out, and those who are to be sold for *novilladas* are sent away, while those who show the most promise are turned in to herd with the hidalgos, or full-grown bulls.

This is the time of year when the chief herdsman is the busiest, and Enrique this year seemed more than usually irritable and hard to please. Every lot of calves that were driven in from the distant hills received his closest inspection and the *ganaderos* his choicest curses. And then, suddenly, as the last calves from the most distant pasture, far away to the south, were driven in, his displeasure fell from him like a cloak. Among the newcomers was a red calf, lean, and noticeable even among his fellows by his greater size.

"Beef!" said Enrique, pointing to the red calf with his lance. "Brand him, and we'll see whether the duke wants to veal him now or sell him."

They drove the calves to the fire, threw them one by one, branded them and allowed them to go kicking off where a crowd of small boys—herders' children, gypsies, or what not—amused themselves with "passing" the little creatures, using a ragged coat as a cape, or a shirt on a stick as a *muleta*.

Enrique dismounted and, rolling a cigarette, strode over to the red calf, felt of his hide, rubbed the shoulder and neck muscle idly, then turned away. The calf was thrown and branded, then released. A half-grown boy, shouting, leaped forward with his coat held out. There was a chorus of gusty laughter as the boy went crashing to earth. The calf, however, did not go kicking off into the landscape as had his fellows, but proceeded to gore the boy on the ground, and trample him with his tiny hoofs. The boy cried out, this time in genuine fright and pain, for those knobby horns hurt, and a *ganadero* was forced to lay down his iron and, going over, drag away the red calf by the tail. The calf leaped about like a cat, and went for this new enemy. The man, by a quick twist and leap, escaped, while his companions jeered.

"By this and that," cried the herder, "that's a bull! Why, he reaches like a Miura! All right, laugh! An empty jug and a fool's mouth are always noisy! Watch this!"

He hurriedly snatched up a blanket from the ground, for the red calf had turned and was watching him.

Enrique, his mouth open, looked on in stupefaction. The calf charged, but the blow he gave the extended blanket was not the usual short hook of a rushing bull, but a long, reaching thrust of the horns, for all the world like the lunge of a trained swordsman. And then, the blanket being swung away too soon, the calf saw the man behind it and, striking him with a quick sideways toss, knocked him rolling in a cloud of dust.

"*Ole!*" roared the herders, and choked with laughter. Several rose to their feet from about the fire, but Enrique, striding forward, smote the calf a smashing blow with his lance.

"*Anda*, little one!" he shouted. "Outside!" He struck the calf again. "Look at this devil! He won't go even now! Be off! Back to work, you men!"

The calf pawed the ground once or twice, then turned and galloped off toward a group of his companions. "Cross him off the beef list, Eusebio!" ordered Enrique.

"He'll make a bull for the roll of honor!" declared the herder that had been overthrown. "I am not the lightest here, and he knocked me for a double loop! I shall be all colors of the rainbow tomorrow. God help the man that draws him."

"We'll see about that after the *pruebas!*" said Enrique. "Come on, let's get this done! Next calf!"

That spring the calf roamed the range with others of his age, as wild and unfettered as a buffalo. Enrique watched him from afar. The chief herdsman had not the slightest doubt that this red calf was a son of the bull that had come ashore from the wreck. His red coat was a color that was foreign to the Penapobre bulls, he was bigger than the calves of his own age—a sure mark of beef origin—but he had shown exceptional courage that day at the branding fire, and that long lunge of the horns, the reach, had saved him from the butcher. That reach, a characteristic of the great Miuras, the finest bulls in the world, was another sign that the red calf was not a pure Penapobre; for they did not have it, but gave a short sharp hook full in the center of the cape, and were liked accordingly by the matadors.

The calves required more attention than the larger bulls, for they had to be taught to follow the *cabestros*—great oxen whose necks were garnished with tremendous bells. The *cabestros*, guided by the herders, led the calves from water hole to water hole, moved them from one side of the range to the other, galloped them up the hills to develop their wind, and at night led them down into the valleys again. Enrique gave them his personal attention, for bulls, like wine, are made or ruined the first three years. He would wait at the top of a long slope as the *cabestros* went thundering by, the calves following, then, as the herd was brought to a halt, he would ride among them, pointing with his lance.

"Take that one out for veal!" pointing to a calf so winded that it could hardly stand. "Those two for the *becerrada* next week!" And then, winding his horse in and out, he would hunt for the red calf that the herders were already beginning to call "Enrique's little one."

No matter how long the hill, how stiff the climb, the red calf would always be a little apart from the rest, his head high, defiantly facing the horsemen, and with not even a ripple in his flanks to show how fast and hard he had run. Enrique would swear and marvel. This simple Basque-Andalusian could not know that that calf's ancestors had come from a ranch at the foot of the Bear Paws, that they had roamed those rugged hills for generations, fighting wolf, coyote and mountain lion, drought, flood, blizzard and starvation.

Who would believe the trick of fate that made a bull from a Montana ranch the father of a fighting *toro* in Andalusia?

The fourth year of the red calf's life he took part in a *prueba*. This was a fairly severe test, used to separate bulls worthy of the arena from the others who could either be sold to cut-rate *plazas* or to the butcher. Guests would gather at the ranch house from all over Spain, drink and dance most of the night, and then, on horseback, go out on the ranch to where Enrique and the herders had gathered the candidates for the *prueba*.

The guests, yelling and spurring their horses to a gallop, would rush down upon the herd, their wooden lances leveled. Some of the yearlings would stand, some gallop away at their best speed, to be pursued by the horsemen and knocked over with the lance

It was the custom to invite a bullfighter or two to these affairs. However retiring and tongue-tied he might be in the *salon*, and however the young nobility might patronize him there, he came into his own during the *prueba*. The duke was always at his side, and Enrique always within earshot. The guests would first visit the calves, where some of them would dismount, and, with the colored blanket that forms part of every Andalusian horseman's equipment, make a few passes. Calves that would not charge went to the butcher the next day. When the yearlings, the three, four and five year olds were visited, however, no one dismounted but the bull fighters, for these bulls, even the youngest, were quite capable of killing a man.

Enrique, by means of his own, had kept the red calf out of these affairs. All branches of bull fighting had degenerated during and since the war, and the *prueba* had become nothing but a social event. A calf that had any spirit at all would be knocked on his nose so often that all his savagery would be beaten out of him, with the result that after a series of *pruebas* every year he would arrive in the arena with a deadly fear of a man on horseback with a lance or another on foot with a cape.

But this year the red calf appeared, trotting with the yearling herd, to the surprise of the *ganaderos*.

"Enrique!" they exclaimed. "Your *chico* is with the *novillos*. You intend to prove him?"

"Once," said Enrique. "Four years on the grass may have changed him a lot."

"He put his back up at me over near the Tres Hermanas last week!" growled a herder.

"Yes, but what he'd do to one man and what he'll do with a lot of these baboons waving blankets and yelling at him is a different matter."

The guests arrived, led by the duke himself, resplendent in his stamped-leather apron, and his elaborately carved leggings to match, with tassels so long that they reached from his knee to the ground. The cavalcade halted, for the *novillos* were large, and all faced the horsemen threateningly.

Finally one of the bolder youths twisted his horse's head so that the leather fringe between his mount's eyes fell over one eye and concealed the bull on that side of him. Then he urged him up to a *novillo*, from whom his lance drew a grunt. The *novillo* turned, bellowing, and made off, pursued by another youth in full career. A third youth, advancing upon a young bull, evaded a charge more by the agility of his frightened horse than by any skill of his, and galloped away himself, pursued by the bull, to the tremendous delight of the spectators.

"*Ole rejoneador!*" they jeered. "He thinks he's Canero! Come on back here, Simo da Vega, or Luis Lopez, or whoever you think you are; this isn't Portugal!"

The *rejoneador* is a bull fighter who kills a bull from horseback, a special form of fight much thought of by the Portuguese, and Canero, Da Vega and Lopez are its foremost exponents.

"Speaking of Portugal," said the duke to Enrique, "have you noticed that big red *novillo* over there? He's big enough for a Pahla! You don't think any bull has strayed down from Portugal, do you?"

"No, my lord," said Enrique, his face, tanned and weatherbeaten like an old saddle, quite emotionless.

"He looks too big to be any good," continued the duke. He turned to one of the guests. "Gitanillo, would you like to have a go at that red one?"

Joaquin Rodriguez, called "Gitanillo, the little gypsy," urged his horse toward the red *novillo*. The latter watched him, swinging his flank away, so that the horseman had nothing before him but a pair of menacing horns. Gitanillo could do nothing with his lance, and risked his horse or himself to injury from a rush. The two antagonists circled warily, while the duke looked on smiling.

"Hoh! I'll prove that bull!" shouted a thick-lipped youth.

He had secured somewhere a pronged *ganadero's* lance, and with this in rest he charged the red yearling's unprotected flank. There was a crash. Enrique's horse had plunged forward and received the other's rush on his shoulder, so that the guest's horse was nearly thrown.

"What's the idea?" sputtered the youth.

"Back where you belong!" ordered the duke sternly, and the chapfallen youth returned to his companions.

"Who's the boss here—the guests or the *ganaderos?*"

"Aw, that's old Enrique! He runs these things like a sergeant. Leave him alone! He's three-quarters bull himself!"

Gitanillo, meanwhile, had dismounted, and unstrapping the cape he carried in place of the blanket, had stepped out and was calling the red yearling. He responded instantly, and Gitanillo was careful to pass him at a safe distance. He made no attempt to turn the bull, once passed, and the red yearling went galloping away.

"He'll do!" remarked Gitanillo. "He's a little too wise. I wouldn't prove him any more; you're liable to spoil him completely"

"Write him down for the hidalgos, Enrique," ordered the duke. "We'll have to have a name for him, now, to put on the fight programs. What shall we call him? Give him a family name, so that we can remember his genealogy. Shall we do that? Come, what shall we call him?"

"We'll call him Itxas Gain," suggested Enrique.

"Eh? That's Basque, isn't it? That isn't a family name, is it?"

"Kind of a one."

"Well, do as you please," said the duke. "Now! Watch young Casamayor! The boy rides well!"

That night Enrique and the *cabestros* led the red yearling with a few of his companions to the barrier that marked the limit of range of the hidalgos—the full-grown bulls—and opening the gate, they turned the yearlings loose inside.

This part of the range was wild and barren, with rocky hills and blue-black cliffs rising against the stars.

Enrique watched the red yearling, recognizable in the darkness by his larger bulk, leave his companions and go off by himself toward the river bed. Enrique had much the feeling of a father whose son has just graduated from college. This bull had come to him, he felt, from his own country. He was a Basque. He had a Basque name—Behold the Sea—and when his day came in the arena, he would uphold the finest traditions of the Basque race. He had been born in Andalusia, it was true, but Enrique was his godfather. What pride would be his if Itxas Gain should have his name inscribed on the roll of honor with great bulls like Papa Negro, of Guadalest, seventeen rare blows of the lance—the average bull only gets three—killing a horse for every blow; or Hombron, of Murube, that, in 1893, killed all the horses in the corral, a *picador*, two cape-men, and was absolute master of the arena for upward of an hour while the crowd wreaked its vengeance on the *toreros*, who dared not leave the shelter of the *burladero*. Itxas Gain would do that or better, and Enrique would be there to see it.

Though the calves and the yearlings received more or less care on the range, the hidalgos rarely saw man. They roamed the uplands in bands of two or three, sheltered in the valleys against the winter storms, and from time to time, when a well had gone dry or grass was giving out, followed the *cabestros* to a different part of the range, without realizing that the *cabestros* were directed by horsemen who rode in and out of gullies along the line of march.

Two years of this life, and Itxas Gain was a full-grown, fighting bull, thick of neck, enormous of forehand, but with the wide, sweeping, side-reaching horns that clearly showed his Western beef blood. The Andalusian bull's horns curve forward.

There was a day in early spring when four men inside a breast-high barricade of stone remarked on these peculiar horns. The four were the Duke of Penapobre, a veterinary, the manager of a *plaza* come to select his bulls, and Enrique.

"Furthermore, he has a rough coat," said the manager of the *plaza*. "I tell you that bull is beef. He's a loss every day he spends this side of the abattoir."

"Yes"—smiled the duke—"but he goes at the price of a Penapobre bull just the same."

"Not to me. No, I'd rather have Fifty-Four there"—pointing to a nervous black

(Continued on Page 84)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright."

The story of a great Christmas Gift

Lighted tapers in the hands of child carollers gleamed through the gentle snow. Small voices hymned Mulock's ancient and luminous assurance, "God rest ye, little children." Through Berlin's dimlit Ziegelstein Strasse, that Christmas night in 1891, the spirit of peace seemed to rest upon all God's creatures.

Yet, only a few steps away from the happy singers, in Bergman clinic, a little girl lay gravely ill of diphtheria.

Suddenly through the snow and the music hurried the famous scientist, Emil August Behring—preoccupied, tense, fully aware that the mission he was about to fulfill might prove to be an epoch-making one.

Entering the sick room, the bearded scientist bent over the suffering child, deftly passed a hypodermic needle under her skin—and injected the first dose of diphtheria antitoxin ever given. The little girl recovered.

What a happy Christmas gift for this child and for all the children to come after her! After years of tireless effort and many bitter disappointments, Behring in Germany, Roux in France, and other devoted scientists had discovered in this antitoxin a sure method, not only of *curing* diphtheria, but of rendering children *immune* to it.

A heritage that all can share

Less than two months after Behring's announcement was made to a scientific congress at Budapest, Parke, Davis & Company began the manufacture of diphtheria antitoxin in America. During succeeding years, we have been steadily improving the quality and effectiveness of this life-saving serum.

Through the preparation of many serums, antitoxins and vaccines for the prevention of disease, Parke, Davis & Company have been privileged to play a vital part in the never-ending task that faces medical science in guarding life and health.

And nothing in our work has given us greater satisfaction than the knowledge that we have helped to lift the shadows of illness and pain from the lives of little children.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

The *Electric Clock*

The famous accuracy of Hamilton watches in Clocks that form the beauty centerpieces of your rooms*

NOW you can have perfect reproductions of famous and beautiful clocks—and each of these fine clocks is electrically wound, railroad accurate.

An authentic copy of a Simon Willard Banjo . . . a majestic Federalist Grandfather . . . modern designs of appealing severity . . . wherever your fancy lights, you will find just the clock that will proudly reign over each room in your house.

The Hamilton-Sangamo has a mechanism comparable to that of the finest watches, even including a jewelled escapement. Thus Hamilton-Sangamo brings into your home the famous railroad accuracy of Hamilton watches.

You simply plug a slender, unobtrusive cord into a light socket. Ever after, the clock will tell exact time railroad accurate time—beautifully, gracefully.

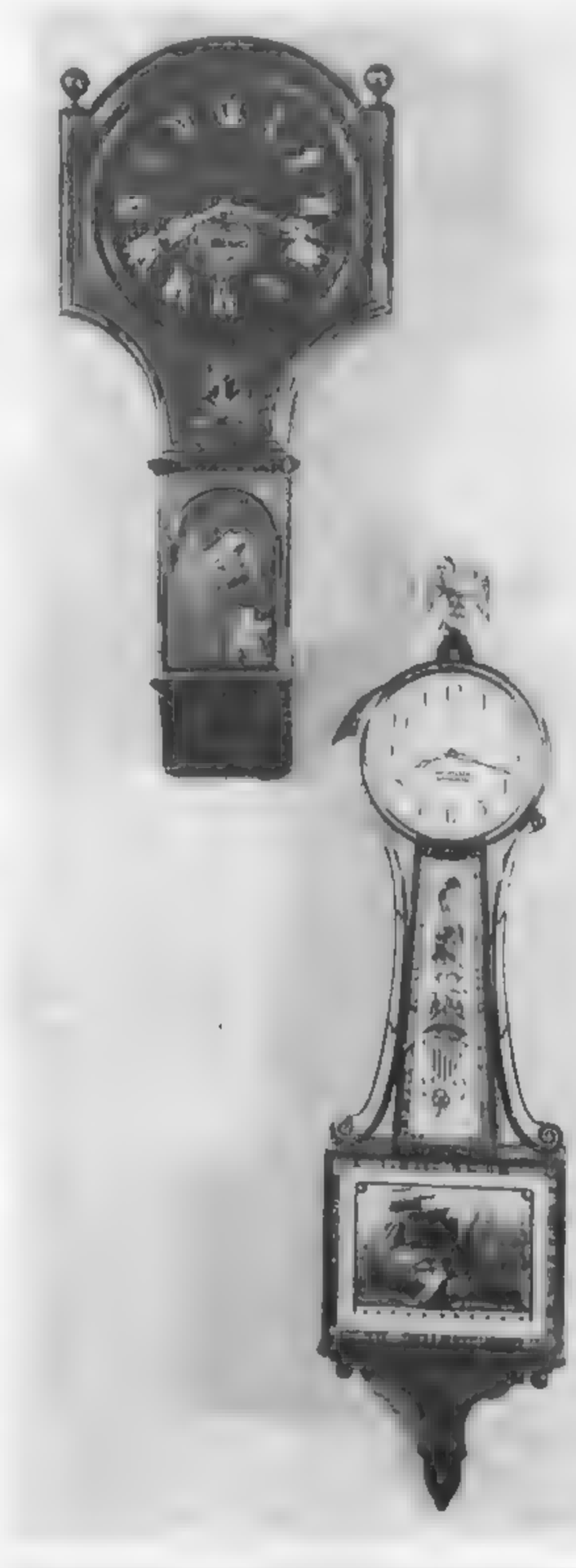
A tiny electric heart keeps these clocks perpetually tight-wound. Gone is the chore of hand-winding and with it the annoying irregularities in time-keeping that result.

Even when the current is suspended by storm, blown fuse or other accident, your Hamilton-Sangamo continues to run for hours. For each is a complete clock in itself—independent and self-sustaining.

There is a Hamilton-Sangamo to fit in with any spirit of decoration you plan, including cases designed by Erskine-Danforth. Dials have been chosen in pleasing color harmony. Even the strike has an age-old, mellow quality.

Only a few models can be shown on these pages. Permit us to send you the book, "Telling Time," which lays before you 45 new Hamilton-Sangamo models, many of them shown in full color. All are ready to start serving you accurately when plugged into your light socket. Address Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation, Lancaster, Penna., or our Canadian distributors, Sangamo Electric Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.

FEDERALIST GRANDFATHER CLOCK—Hamilton-Sangamo, in perpetuating this masterpiece, have faithfully reproduced the original. Crotch mahogany, with mellow hour and half-hour strike, 11-jewel escapement. Height 90 inches; width 20¾ inches. Price $400.



Upper Left—ACT OF PARLIAMENT—picture a beautiful 18th Century Clock in black and gold Chinese lacquer. Imagine Parliament placing a luxury tax upon it! Then imagine this same clock in your living-room with the tax removed (as well as all irregularities of timekeeping) and you see the Hamilton-Sangamo "Act of Parliament." Resonant hour and half-hour strike 11-jewel escapement. Height 31¼ inches; width 14 inches. Price in black lacquer, $200; in rich mahogany, $265.

Lower Right—SIMON WILLARD BANJO the memory of Simon Willard remains alive in this faithful reproduction of his famed Banjo clock. Made of rich mahogany inlaid with tulip, it has hand-painted glass panels and dainty brass ornaments. Musical hour and half-hour strike. 11-jewel escapement; 42 inches high; 10½ inches wide. Price, $115.

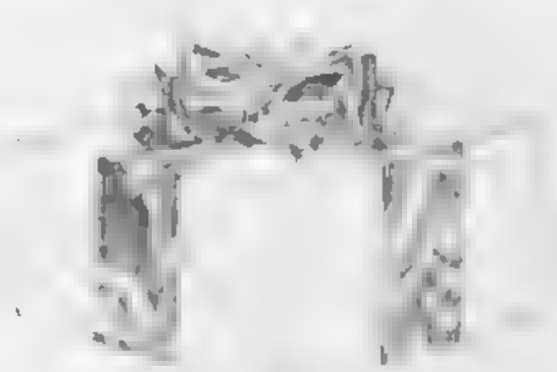
*And we hardly need to remind you that no home could welcome a more appropriate or more lasting Christmas gift.

of *Railroad Accuracy*

HAMILTON SANGAMO

THE ELECTRIC CLOCK OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

The Gift of the Year



Top Row, Left—Ridgon—a charming small clock of pleasing proportions, fashioned of mahogany or walnut. Non-strike movement with 7-jewel escapement. Height 8 inches; width 5¾ inches. Price, $25

Top Row, Center—Savery—naive in its appeal, the Savery is small enough for a desk, yet large enough for a mantel or bookcase. Fine mahogany or walnut. Height 6 inches, width 14½ inches. Non-strike movement with 7-jewel escapement. Price, $25

Top Row, Right—Sandia—Color! The Sandia, of tooled leather, is obtainable in a variety of modern tones. Non-strike movement with 7-jewel escapement. Height 7¼ inches, width 5 inches. Price, $35

Second Row, Left—Lexgard—lovely as a bird, dependable as an old servant. What better guardian of one's resting hours than this delightful boudoir clock? Walnut or mahogany with burled panel. Non-strike movement with 7-jewel escapement. Length 10¼ inches. Price, $37.50

Second Row, Center—Lascron—anyone with an eye for balance and symmetry will quickly discover its merit of proportion. Mahogany with contrasting panels. 7-jewel escapement. Hour and half-hour strike. Height 9 inches; width 10¾ inches. Price, $42.50.

Second Row, Right—Hexham—Gothic in spirit, inspired by old cathedral designs. Like a far cry from another century, it sounds the hour and half-hour in lingering notes. Selected mahogany. 7-jewel escapement. Height 12½ inches; width 10¾ inches. Price, $47.50

Third Row, Left—Granville—graceful simplicity, always a charming quality, accounts for the low price of this fine clockspec. Finished in mahogany. 7-jewel escapement. Height 9 inches, width 10 5-8 inches. Price without strike, $32.50, with strike, $40

Third Row, Center—Hannington—gleaming hand-rubbed mahogany, with raised panel. A clock of perfect balance and unquestionable dignity. 7-jewel escapement. Height 10¾ inches; width 8¼ inches. Price, with strike, $40.

Third Row, Right—Seacroft—an inspiring design in dull cast bronze. The dial is silvered; the hands and raised figures are gold finished. An exquisite clock that fulfills a promise of perpetual beauty and perpetual accuracy. 11-jewel escapement. Height 7 5-8 inches; width 17¾ inches. Price, with strike, $150.

Bottom Row, Left—Ellsworth—king among time-pieces. Re-created by Erskine-Danforth from an original in the famous Ellsworth Collection. Burled walnut and inlaid holly and ebony carry the motif to a magnificent climax. Silver-toned hour and half-hour strike. 11-jewel escapement. Height 13½ inches; width 8 5-8 inches. Price, $175

Bottom Row, Center—Newgate—the slender spires, the duo-toned wood paneling, the clear dial with raised figures all contribute to a symmetric beauty. Deep-toned hour and half-hour strike. 11-jewel escapement. Height, 11¾ inches; width, 11 1-8 inches. Price, $95.

Bottom Row, Right—Levington—the refreshing vigor of modern art—shorn of its absurdities. Highly grained mahogany. 7-jewel escapement. Height 11¼ inches, width 8 inches. Non-strike, $32.50. With strike, $40.

(Continued from Page 30

bull that had been making tentative passes with his horns at a patient *cabestro*.

"You'll want a runner for the *encierro*," suggested the duke. "I don't think Fifty-Four has the build for it."

"*Encierro?*" gasped Enrique. "What *plaza* do you manage?"

"Pamplona."

"What happened to Angelino?"

"He died last fall. I replaced him."

Enrique removed his hat and, crossing himself, said a hurried prayer for the repose of Angelino's soul. Then, replacing his hat vigorously, he took the manager by the arm.

"Buy the red bull," said he vehemently. "I tell you—I, Enrique—that never *toril* saw bull as fine as that one!"

The manager fingered his chin and looked at the veterinary. The latter nodded. If the chief *ganadero* recommended a bull, then that was a bull to select.

"Well," said he, "write him down. What's his name?"

"Itxas Gain," said the duke.

"Behold the Sea? Who named him that? Why, that's a Navarrese name. How did he get that name?"

"Enrique here named him. He comes from that country."

"Good! *Hombre!* That will go fine on the programs! All right, that's three. Now which for the fourth?"

That night the excited rumor ran from ranch house to corral to bunk house that the red bull had been sold for the fiesta of San Firmin at Pamplona, capital of Navarre. This, of course, was hardly a matter of interest, but what made it news was that Enrique had asked and been accorded the duke's permission to go with him. It was not the custom for a chief *ganadero* to go with a shipment of bulls.

"A Basque returns to his own country," quoted some.

"Never Enrique!" said others. "He must have his bulls! Can you imagine him running a *ganaderia* of those mice they call bulls in Navarre? And then, he is chief here. Enrique is not a man that will get out of bed to sleep on the ground!"

Pamplona, the capital of the province of Navarre, is in the north of Spain, just across the frontier from France, on the Spanish side of the so-called Pass of Roncevalles, where Roland and Charlemagne's rear guard were destroyed by the Saracens. Thither the bulls were shipped, each in his strongly built box, like a piano box on wheels. Enrique rode with them, and when the boxes had been dragged from the railroad to the corral in the lower town, he hurried to the one that held the red bull. There was a tiny sliding door in the lower part of it, and this Enrique unchained. He thrust in the bottom of it a five-gallon gasoline can which he filled with water. There was a snuffing and gurgling inside, while the level of the water in the tin slowly sank.

"*Chico*," whispered Enrique, "all right in there?"

He said this softly, so that the bull would not be startled. The bystanders drew near, on tiptoe, fascinated to see the water sinking in the can, and to hear, from time to time, the faint stamp of hoof or rattle of horn. As the eight boxes came in, one by one, Enrique watered them all, and then, when the fight for that day was over, and the crowd had come down to see the *desencajonamiento*—that may be awkwardly translated as "unboxing"—the sliding doors in the front were jerked up, and the bulls, guarded by strange *cabestros*, were turned into the stone corral. Here, the next day, numbers of the *aficionados*, or fans, came to peer at them through the narrow slits in the wall.

The seven black ones were on their feet, alert, tossing their horns, watching the moving figures on the distant walls, disturbed by the chiming of the bells in the city, the faint crash of bands, the sound of singing, or the heavy roar of the crowd at the day's fight. The eighth—the red one—lay down in a corner, chewing his cud, his eyes closed.

"The red one!" whispered the crowd. "Beef! Bah! Look at his horns!"

Each night the bulls who are to fight the following day are moved from the stone corral to a smaller one, just outside the city gate. The feature of the Pamplona fights that makes them unique is the *encierro* that takes place in the early morning. The bulls for that day's fight are driven through the streets to the bull ring, straight through the center of the town, while the youth of the place run before them. The citizens of Pamplona date maturity from the first time they run before the bulls.

Enrique had nothing to do with the *encierro*, except to see that the corrals behind the arena were ready to receive the bulls. This done, he climbed to the top of the *plaza*.

It was hardly an hour after daybreak, and the sun, although it flashed on the great peaks that girdled the city, had not yet descended into the valleys. As far as the eye could see up the valley, the roads were black with people—men, women, and children coming in for the *encierro*.

The sun rose higher. It would be fine and hot. The sky was cloudless, save for one gray mass that hung about a solitary peak. It was Itxas Gain, which thrust its massive head of hoary rock above its fellows, as if it craned its neck. This was the mountain for which first the ship and then the red bull had been named. There was a farm upon its side where Enrique had been born, and fishermen, far out at sea, could see the fires that his father lit to burn the gorse. The love of country tugged at his heartstrings, the homesick longing of the Basque for his native land, but Enrique grunted and fell to making a cigarette. There were no bulls in Navarre.

"Enrique," called a *ganadero*, "come down if you want a place. The arena is filling up. All the kids in the country are down here!"

There was a sudden sharp explosion, followed by tremendous yelling in the town.

"They're off!" yelled the other man, and disappeared.

Enrique scrambled down to the lower tier of seats. The arena was jammed, even at that early hour, and in the streets, their presence marked by continual roars of excitement or applause, was twice the number. The bomb had been the signal for the departure of the bulls from the lower corral, and in two minutes they should arrive.

Suddenly the men began to pour through the great double doors at the far end of the arena. The crowd gasped. So soon? Why, the bulls must have wings! The two or three became a dozen, then, in a second, a dense river of men poured in, jamming the gate from wall to wall, tumbling, pouring, like salmon going through a chute. The arena became full of them; then a gasp of horror went up from the crowd. A lone bull came through the entrance. It was Itxas Gain, looking as big as his namesake.

"He's passed the others!" cried the *ganadero* at Enrique's elbow. "If he turns and goes back, God help the people in the street!"

Then the men in the arena realized the danger. The red bull, clean of limb and long-winded, had easily passed his slower companions, and driving a few hundred men ahead of him, had arrived first in the arena. But if he turned and met those who were running ahead of the main body of bulls —— But the men in the ring would prevent it if they could.

Young boys scarce in their teens, but old in their knowledge of bulls, dashed out, *a cuerpo limpio*—that is with neither cape nor *muleta*, empty-handed—and calling the bull, raced with him and death to the barrier, over which they hurled themselves. One tripped and fell, but a dozen wildly dancing figures led Itxas Gain away. The red bull was not a killer. He felt, with the instinct from his father's side, that man was not an enemy. He followed these smock-clad, red-sashed dancers more from curiosity than anger. And then, a moment later, when the rest of the runners, followed by the other bulls, poured into the arena, the *cabestros* encircled him and hurried him out to the corrals.

The packed stands sighed with relief as one man.

"Lucky that bull was beef!" they announced. "A fighter would have turned on the men running before the other bulls! We would have had some sad tidings to tell!"

There were a few wise ones who shook their heads. "A bull in the corral and a bull in the ring are like black and white," they quoted.

And others, who had noted the speed with which Itxas Gain had crossed the city, added their comment.

"Save your breath for the *bronca!*" they advised. "He'll come down to the third *tercio* as fresh as a daisy."

"He will not; the *picadors* will break him up!"

"If they do, God help them! This is Pamplona, not Madrid! No tricks; we'll have no butchers here!"

So, debating vigorously, they all went home to breakfast.

At noon the bulls who were to fight at five o'clock were put into the chutes—black holes beneath the arena where they were to stay until their turn came to enter the ring. The corrals were stone inclosures, surrounded by galleries, from which the populace watched the bulls, and the *ganaderos* prodded their charges with long poles, to urge them into the chutes.

Enrique was in a rage. The galleries were not inclosed as they are in most *plazas*, and the bulls were being ruined by the sight of so many people. They would chafe and fret in the chutes throughout the afternoon, and arrive in the ring exhausted.

"Eh! Look at the red one!" said someone in Basque beside Enrique. "He looks like a *cabestro!* Fine beef they send us from Andalusia!"

Enrique turned. "Don't worry," said he. "He's not beef unless the *toreros* butcher him!"

"Mother and son!" exclaimed the other, looking at Enrique's sugar-loaf hat, his short jacket, and his stamped-leather leggings. "Where did you learn to speak Basque?"

Enrique pointed to the lofty slopes of the mountain, Itxas Gain.

"I was born there," he said, "and the red bull is named for it."

"What made you go to Andalusia?"

"There are no bulls in Navarre."

The two men laughed, and then one, taking Enrique by the arm, led him along the gallery to one of the corrals.

"Do you see those bulls?" asked the stranger. "They are to fight in the *novillada* Sunday. They are from Navarre."

"They're small, even for *novillos*," said Enrique. "Who raised them?"

"I did."

The two men laughed at Enrique's look of astonishment. They both wore the Navarrese peasant costume—dark clothes, *boina*, blue shirt, red sash, and thick woolen stockings bound with the leather shoe fastenings that formed a sort of gaiter. But then, the richest and finest families go to the fiesta at Pamplona in the peasant garb, and the King's own son has danced in smock and white sandals and run before the bulls with the boys of the town.

"If you would like to be a herder"—smiled one—"let me know. You had better come back to the Basque country where you belong."

"Señor," said Enrique calmly, and in Spanish, "I am chief *ganadero* for the bulls of Penapobre."

The smile left the other's face as though wiped with a sponge.

"Are you Enrique Miguel?" he gasped. "Listen! I have heard of you! Will you be my chief? Will you come with me and my brother and make our *ganaderia* what the *ganaderias* of Navarre used to be? Our bulls have courage and endurance. All they need is size, but when we cross them with a big breed they become beef, like the red one there."

Enrique rolled a cigarette. From the street below came the wail of flutes and the rattle of little drums that the flute players played with one hand. Snatches of songs floated up—The Heather Bell, Away Mountaineers, and others that Enrique had learned when he was a little boy. He looked again at the green sides of the mountains, the hills that rolled away toward Jaca, dotted with little white farms. The mountains! They thrilled him; he drank them as a thirsty man does water! And Andalusia was so flat!

"No," said Enrique, "there are no bulls! I am too old a man to play with calves like those!"

"But we can make bigger ones with your help!"

"Señor," said Enrique, speaking again in Spanish, so that his words were like a rebuke, "you cannot make better bread than comes from dough."

The bulls of Penapobre that afternoon were *regular*—that is to say, they were what might be expected, but not extraordinary. They attacked the horses from afar, they followed through as well-bred bulls should when they rush, and they arrived at the third *tercio*, when they are killed, in fairly decent condition.

The first one was satisfying, the second one *manso*, or tame, so that the matador received his share of whistles and jeers for his handiwork on his difficult antagonist, and as it took him five thrusts to kill him, he received a well-merited *bronca*. This consists of thirty thousand people booing, whistling, and shouting insults and menaces for the space of several minutes. Since there were six bulls and three matadors, each killing a bull in turn, this particular man had a chance to retrieve his reputation on the fifth bull. Maddened by the taunts of the crowd, he passed the bull too tightly, was caught, tossed, and carried to the infirmary with a wound that would keep him in hospital for a month.

"A bronca lasts ten minutes and a wound three months!" quoted the bullfighters to one another

The last bull was Itxas Gain. The trumpets played, the kettle drums rolled, the door of the chute was flung wide, and Itxas Gain came out. He did not appear like a thunderbolt, as had the other bulls, but slowly, stepping gingerly, like a cat, and when he reached the arena, and the glare of the sun shone in his eyes, he stopped and sniffed the air. A *peon* waved a cape at him, but the red bull did not see. He looked around, then sniffed the sand as if in search of grass. The roar of the crowd came to him like the thunder of the surf on his native cliffs.

"Beef!" they roared. "Son of a cow! Look at his horns! To the abattoir! *Presidente! Presidente! A las corrales!*"

The arena began to snow handkerchiefs, as the spectators besought the president to send the bull back to the corrals and bring them out a fighter.

The president focused his field glasses on the bull. He was an old fan, and one who knew his duty well. He could see a slow flame kindling in the red bull's eyes, he could see the muscles under that red coat beginning to tauten and to bunch like squirming snakes, and he noted the little sideways steps that the red bull took, like a boxer looking for an opening.

"Let them yell," he said to those about him. "We'll see some sport here in a minute!" And he gave the signal for the horses to be brought in.

Below him, behind the *burladero*, stood the two surviving matadors, one of whom was that Gitanillo that had proved Itxas Gain two years before.

"If that red bull is the Penapobre calf I saw the last time I was on the ranch, look out for him," he said. "He's not *manso*. He's a reacher. I wouldn't try to be brilliant with him!"

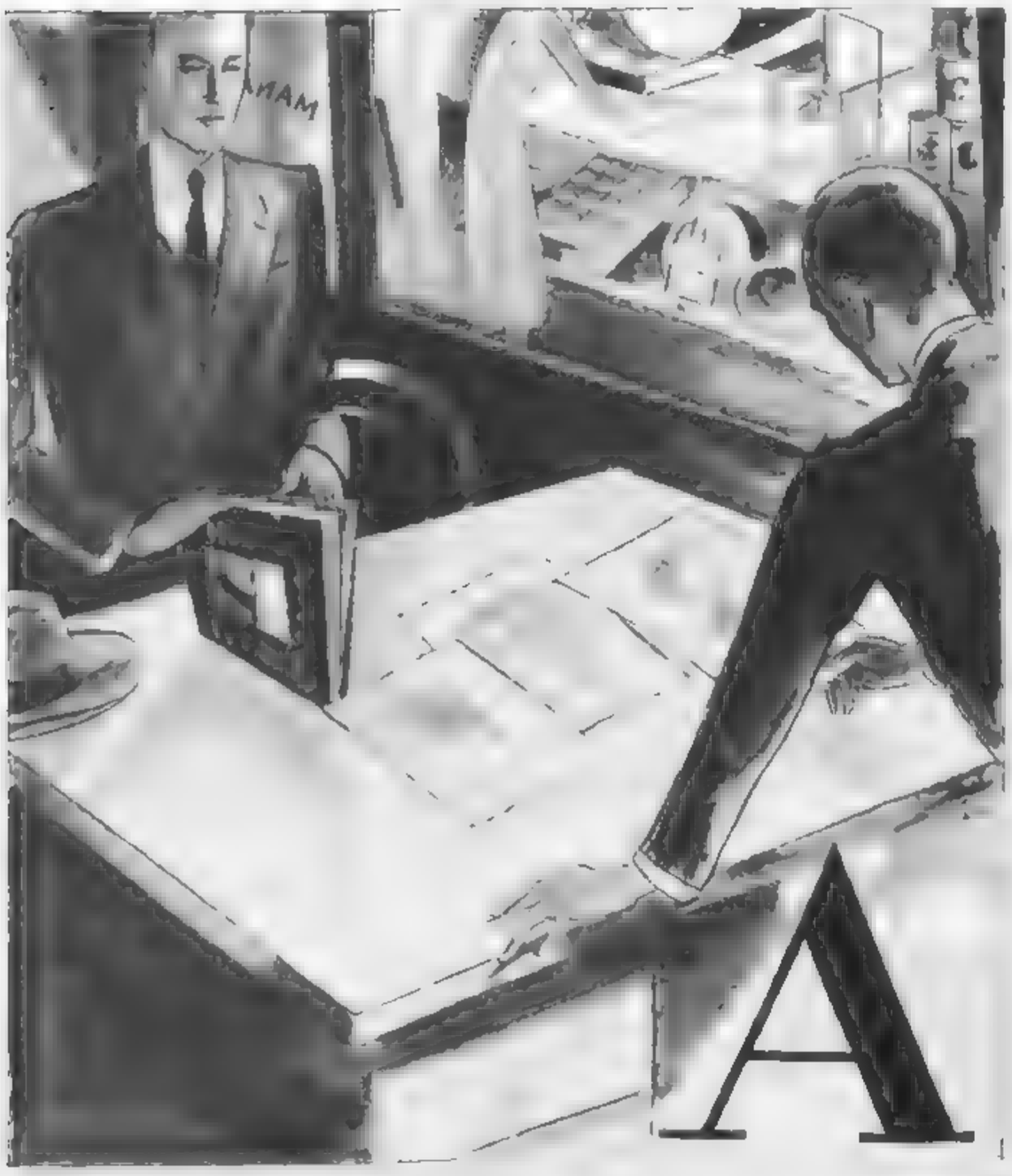
"I won't," replied the other. "A word to Cigaro, a twist of the lance, and my bull is broken in two for me!"

"Don't try it! The Basques will kill you!"

"Bah! Who fears the Basques?"

The crowd no longer howled. Some had hurriedly fluttered the programs to see

(Continued on Page 88)



AMBASSADORS WITH PORTFOLIO

NOT WITH plumed hats and titles and gold braid . . . not with proclaiming trumpets, nor with retinues . . . but armed simply with sales ability and a portfolio, the ambassadors of American business go forth into the capitals of commerce. » » And in these portfolios they carry documents more potent than protocols, more powerful than treaties . . . documents which will influence the lives of millions of people, not through the secret channels of diplomacy, but through the direct appeal of logic and persuasion . . . copies of advertisements which will appear in newspapers and magazines in support of the products which are to be sold. » » The salesman of today sells more than merchandise. He sells acceptance. He has found in advertising, a strong and influential ally. He has discovered that the dealer and the jobber are interested in advertised products, because advertised products have the confidence of the public. . . . But he does not make the mistake of over-emphasizing or exaggerating his advertising program. The experienced salesman sells his product first—*and then presents the advertising which will enlarge the public demand for it.* » » The advertising proofs which the salesman carries in his portfolio are proofs in more senses than one. They are proofs that his organization is alert, responsible and progressive . . . that they are proud of their product, and willing to stand back of it . . . that they are in the field in earnest. And once the dealer realizes that, once he is convinced that the product is a good product, and the people back of it are good people, then he is ready to do business. . . . For he knows, better perhaps than any one else, how generously the public responds to a worthy product, ably advertised.

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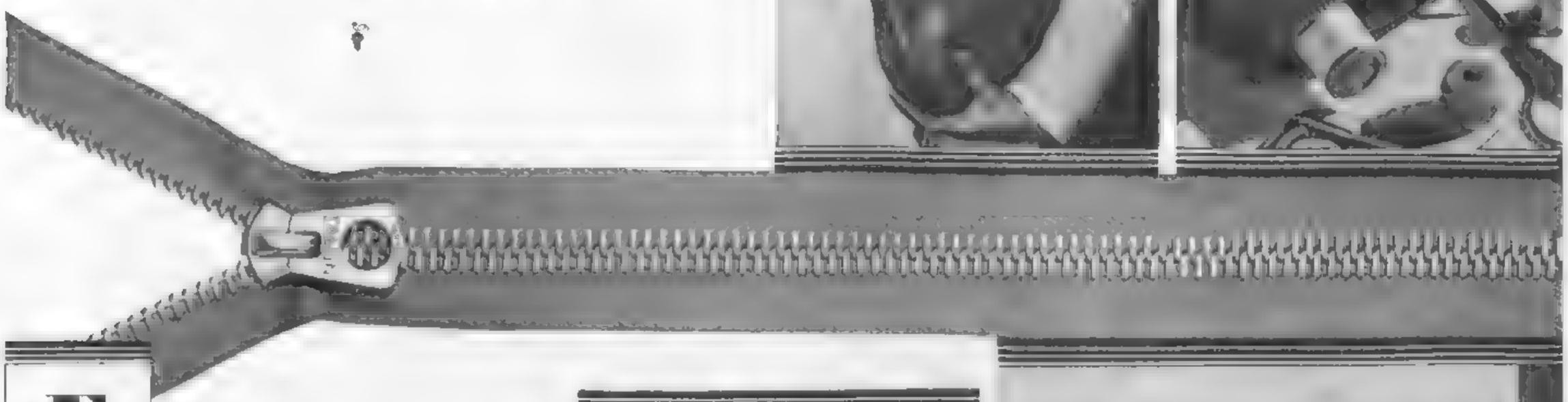
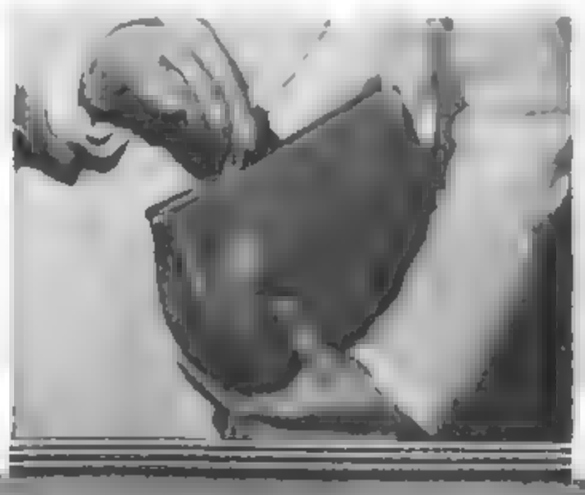
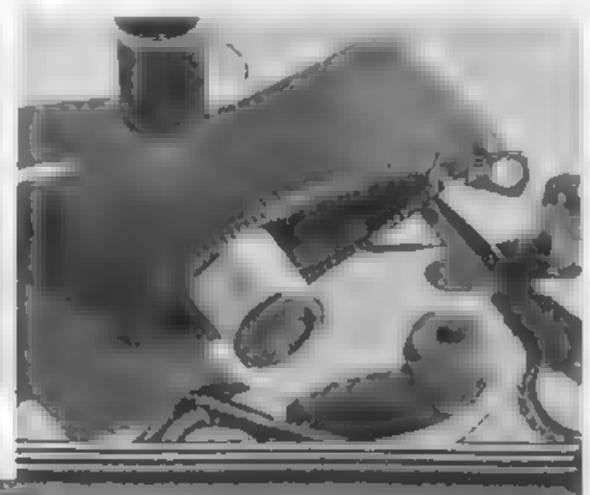


THE NEWER HANDBAGS *preserve their tailored smartness with smooth-lying Talon Fasteners. Slide fasteners are used by the best designers as every woman who "keeps up" knows.*



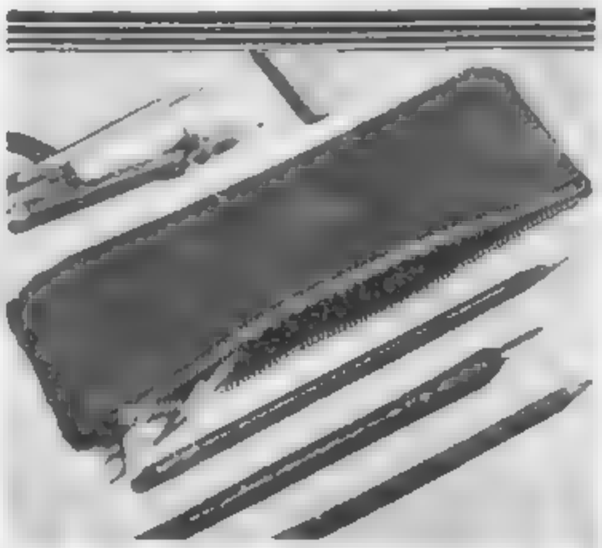
WHEN SHE GOES A-TRAVELING *she needs one of these modern, Talon-fastened sewing kits. No larger than your palm, it holds thread, needles, thimble, scissors—Talon-tight inside.*



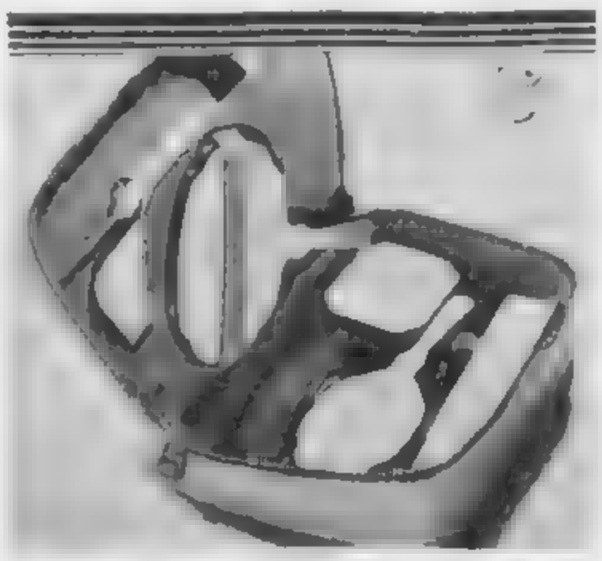
EACH wears one of those bother-free Talon Slide Fasteners

This Christmas, every gift on your list can have a distinctive touch of newness. For Talon Slide Fasteners are now on all kinds of newly fashioned articles. Ever examine a Talon fastener? It's downright fun to work one! A quick slide and zip—it's open. Another zip—it's closed. No pulling. No tugging at gaping edges. Nothing to jam or get out of order. No rusting, either. Talon Slide Fasteners are proof against wind and dust. Rain, dampness, fog—nothing can faze their smooth-sliding action. And sturdy? There seems to be no wear-out to them.

In buying slide-fastened articles—handbags, toilet cases, rubber footwear, sports clothes, children's garments—be certain the word "Talon" or "Hookless" is on the pull. This for your protection against inferior fasteners.

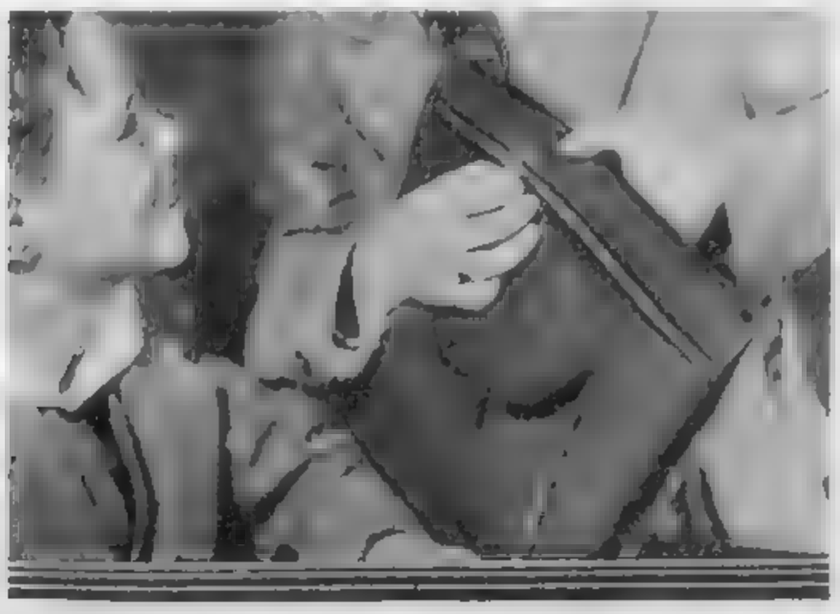


WHETHER SCHOOL KEEPS OR NOT *a nifty leather pencil case is a priceless gift. Talon-locked inside are pencils, pens, eraser—the things one's forever losing or getting scattered.*



GIVE HER A LEATHER CASE *like this to take on trips! The quick-sliding Talon fastener holds the colorful fittings in their place.*

WHAT HIS HIGHNESS WANTS—*is this roomy woolen robe. Sleeping, sunning, motoring—trust the Talon grip to fasten cold outside.*



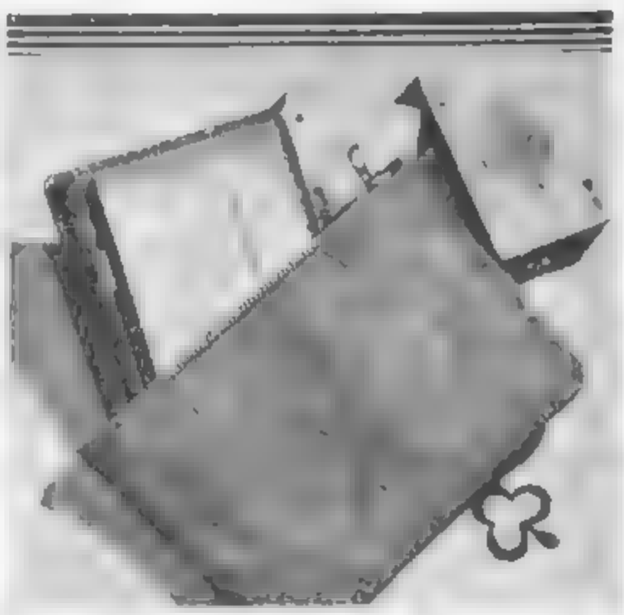
THEY'LL EVEN DO THEIR "HOMEWORK" *if it's in a bag like this! And let them slide the fastener to their hearts' content. It's made to stand hard service . . . Children's things galore are now made with Talon Slide Fasteners. Playsuits, leggins, sweaters—all Talon fastened—these wearables save a world of "button" troubles.*

HOLIDAY ACTIVITIES *will find these Paris-sponsored fasteners on many of the smartest sports costumes. Here, a black and yellow tweed gains distinction by using a flexible, feather-light Talon closing on the chamois vest. The tweed bag-to-match is also Talon-fastened. Winter will also see many new costumes for active sports using Talon fasteners.*

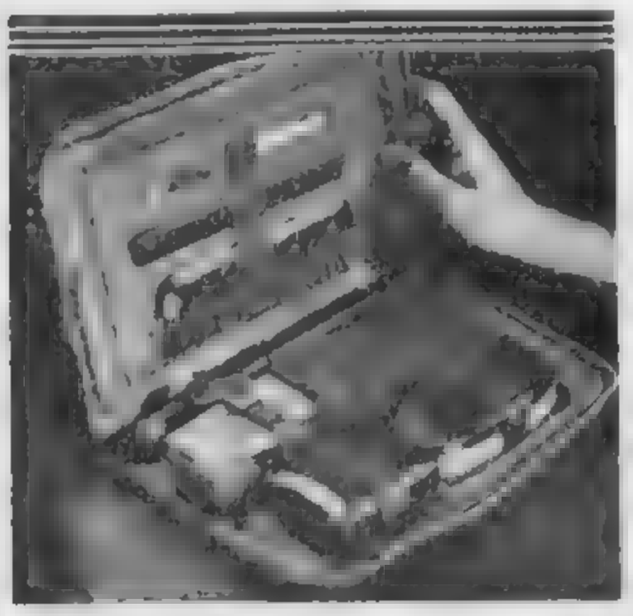
A PAIR OF DUST-PROOF BAGS— *to guard her favorite slippers and the things they're next to. Made in pretty colors and closed flat with Talon Slide Fasteners.*

EVEN MUFF POCKETS GO TALON! *Convenient for change or hanky. Shops show these new Talon-fastened muffs—finished or ready to be covered to match one's coat.*

BUCK THE WINTER WINDS *in a suede jacket (left) with the new separating Talon fastener. It opens at the bottom, allowing the jacket to go on and off like a coat. The Talon-fastened shirt (right) saves time and temper. No lost buttons or torn buttonholes; and laundering actually improves the fastener's smooth-sliding action.*

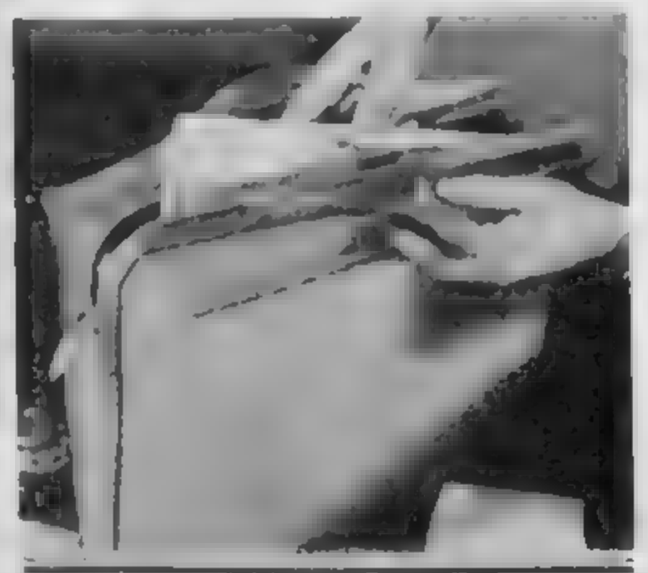


LET'S PLAY A RUBBER! *Who wouldn't —with such a sporty little bridge set? Everything that's needed—two packs, score card and pencil. And the Talon slide fastened case is sensibly rubber-lined to keep out dampness.*



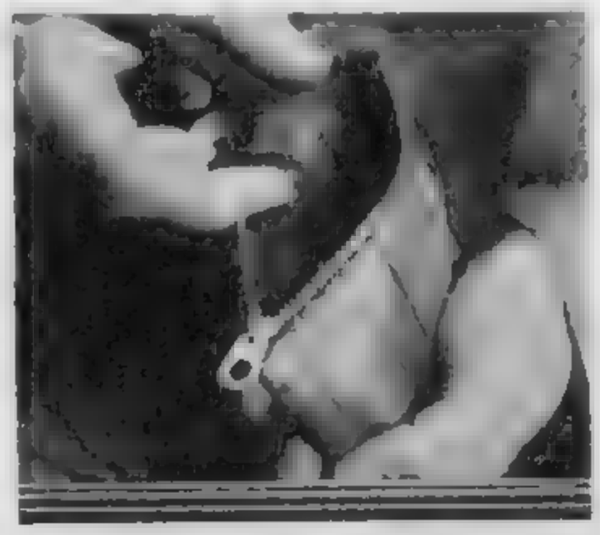
NO MORE DIVING *for razor and comb that once rattled round! The traveler's morning wash-up will be simple with toilet things held Talon-fast together in a case of hardy leather.*

IF HE'S OUT FOR BIGGER BUSINESS *give him a good-looking brief case sealed with Talon Slide Fasteners. Nothing to fumble over. Swiftly it opens—right at the order blanks!*



WHAT A GIFT FOR GOLFERS *Here's real protection for loyal clubs against hard knocks and weather. Body and hood are opened and closed with rustless Talon Slide Fasteners. Two deep pockets take care of golf togs and balls. All contents are protected by three sturdy padlocks.*

LAST WORD IN POUCHES. *Flat, trim, and easy to dip a briar into! Once the Talon tab's in place, not a flock of the divine weed can escape to litter up the pocket.*



Special Introductory Offer

If you live in the United States, list on the margin of this page the names of the Talon-fastened articles in which you are particularly interested. We will gladly send you the names of the manufacturers. As a special introductory offer, a 32-page catalog, profusely illustrating hundreds of Talon-fastened articles, and a 9-inch length Talon Slide Fastener on white tape, will be sent you for 25¢

TALON

THE ORIGINAL

SLIDE FASTENER

TO MANUFACTURERS *Talon Slide Fasteners can restyle your merchandise, increase your sales and profits. Write for samples and complete details.*

HOOKLESS FASTENER CO., 631 Arch St., Meadville, Penna.

1. Send me, without obligation on my part, names of manufacturers of the Talon-fastened articles I have listed on the margin of this page. Or

2. Enclosed is 25c for your 32-page fully illustrated Talon catalog and a 9-inch Talon Slide Fastener on white tape.

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Mary Nolan

There isn't a more beautiful young woman on the screen today than MARY NOLAN. There isn't a better actress.

She is fascinating, alluring and at all times delightful. What more can be said in praise than this—of any actress?

This much more—that her voice is as clear and sweet as the tones of a bell. Her versatility has been demonstrated to many exacting critics.

She is a star in a thousand and you are soon to see her in Universal's "Shanghai Lady," written by John Colton, the author of "Rain," who always writes luscious stuff which never dodges the truth. He knows just what the public likes and just how it likes it served.

Knowing the importance of clever handling, we turned "Shanghai Lady" over to the tender mercies and expert treatment of John Robertson, master director, and the result shows that we knew exactly what we were doing.

In this picture the gorgeous and exotic MARY NOLAN plays the role of a slangy, hard-boiled, experienced girl "with a past." She is all of these things until she falls in love and her nature is such that when she falls in love she stays fallen!

The young chap she falls in love with is no great shakes on morals himself. He has served his time in jail. But when love hits him a body blow, there's an upheaval in his system somewhere. This role is enacted by JAMES MURRAY.

Other excellent parts are given a great portrayal by WHEELER OAKMAN, ANDERS RANDOLF and LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS.

But I want you to watch MARY NOLAN in this picture. I want you to ask yourself what other actress that you know of could have given the role the same "it" that she gives.

Sensational Universal Successes—"Show Boat," "Broadway," JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT in "The Mississippi Gambler." Have you seen them? Why not write me about them? I want to hear from all my thousands of movie friends, both here and abroad.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

(Continued from Page 84)

what this bull's name was, and once they found out, there was a murmur of excitement. A bull with a Basque name! He must have a chance at least.

They looked again at the ring, where the *toreros* were trying to get Itxas Gain to attack a horse. He would not. A man on a horse had been sacred to him and to his ancestors for generations. The picador wheeled, curveted, implored. The red bull would not charge. He even turned and wandered a little bit away to look for grass.

The president looked down again through his glasses. The bull's eyes were not on the ground, though his head was lowered, but on the group of men beside the horse. Suddenly, like a beam of light, he was among them, and they went over the barrier like scattered leaves, but the picador, leaning forward in his saddle, shot his lance into the red bull's flank as he went by.

The crowd roared with anger at that coward blow. It was against all rules, but the picador had had the sign from his master to break up this bull.

Itxas Gain swung about at the stab of pain and went for the horse. He struck him on the nigh side, where there was no protecting pad, and horse and man went crashing to earth. The horse was dead, and the picador expected to be, but they opened the gate on the far side of the arena to bring in another horse, and at the creak of the hinges Itxas Gain had turned and was flowing in that direction, oblivious to fluttered capes.

He killed the second horse before its rider could take his lance from the rack, and then, a cloud of capes and men appearing from somewhere, the red bull backed against the fence and faced them, as his forbears had faced wolf and lion, with lowered head, waiting until one of his enemies should come within range. They dared not open the gate to bring in another horse, and the one in the ring could not be presented to the red bull unless he could be got away from the fence.

"Send your men away!" advised Gitanillo. "The only way to get a bull out of *querencia* is to bring him out alone! He sees too many out here!"

"Why don't you bring him out yourself?" asked the other, with white lips.

"Want me to kill him for you?"

"No, but get him out of *querencia* and I'll take care of him!"

"*Fuera gente!*" ordered Gitanillo. "Over the barrier! Get out of sight! Now then, *toro*, come out of that!"

Itxas Gain, seeing only one man, came out. Gitanillo passed him, but at a very safe distance, and dancing, moving his feet, skipping, changing ground, got the red bull away from the fence just the same.

They presented a second horse to him, but Itxas Gain hurled it to the ground with such force that the picador could not use his lance. He turned at bay again—in *querencia*, as the Spaniards say—and Gitanillo refused to get him out of it again. It was not his bull.

The president, disgusted, changed the *tercio*.

The bull, from then on, was master of the ring. He attacked everyone but the man he was supposed to. He reached under capes, or passing, would leap about, all four feet in air, and attack again before the man had his cape ready. The crowd became impatient, the flutes began to play, and whole sections of the arena would stand up and dance the fandango, snapping their fingers, leaping and twisting. Some bombarded the *toreros* behind the barrier with hard junks of bread.

Meanwhile the red bull was boss of the ring, and when finally, after long effort, a pair of *banderillas* were planted in him, *de poder a poder*, or any which way, the *tercio* was again changed, and the white-lipped matador went out to kill Itxas Gain.

The crowd now had lost interest. The bull was too big and full of fight for anything artistic to be done. That bull would be assassinated. Some of them started to go home, to escape the crush at the gate after the fight. Those that remained were more occupied in watching the dances and the antics of two young boys who were doing a classical fandango on the balustrade of the highest balcony.

Itxas Gain, meanwhile, looked on with lowered head. He was a wild bull—really wild—whose father had fought for life with other beasts as wild as he. Though he himself had been raised in artificial solitude, he had the instincts of his ancestors who had not.

The fat Andalusian bulls did things in the ring that they were expected to do, but the son of a wild range-bred American bull did everything the fighters were not looking for. He saw advancing on him a solitary one of those enemies that had tormented him so long, but this one he could locate more easily than the others, because of a large black thing he held before him. Itxas Gain hurled himself at it, a projectile of hate and muscle. The black thing moved aside, but the red bull's horns did not follow. They swept up in a great arc, and the matador sailed into the air like a bird.

The crowd gasped, then shrieked as those who had been watching the dancers turned to see what was going on.

There was dust, everyone leaped into the ring, capes fluttered, someone pulled on the red bull's tail, there were shouts, shrieks, men yelled advice, even the *monos sabios*—the men in white who scatter sawdust on blood—jumped in to give a hand. And then, when all was over and the red bull had been taken away, two men were carried to the infirmary. One was the white-lipped matador, already dead, and the other was Gitanillo, with a deep wound in the thigh. He had been caught in trying to get the bull off his prostrate comrade.

Then followed pandemonium. What now? All the matadors had been eliminated, and the rule is hard and fast that no one but a full-fledged matador that has taken his alternative in the provinces and has had it confirmed at Madrid may lay hand to sword and kill a bull in a formal fight. No *banderillero*, no base *peon* is worthy of meeting his majesty the bull in mortal combat.

The crowd bellowed. The bull had killed a man and must pay the penalty, even if they had to kill him themselves. Thus said some. Others replied that the bull was a Basque, and that he had fairly killed his man. What mattered one *Madrileño* more or less? Besides, there were no more matadors. But yes! Two men who were to fight the following day, and who were at the fight as simple citizens, had leaped into the runway behind the barrier, and possessing themselves of *muletas* and swords, were imploring the president's permission to go into the ring.

The crowd roared to the heavens. Fights started everywhere, and the Guardia Civil, settling their cocked hats, were beginning to make their way to strategic points. But the president knew the rules. He stood up, and silenced the pleading matadors, and signaled for the *cabestros*. The fight was over. Itxas Gain had won.

But it was not to be as simple as that. They brought in two *cabestros*, half mad with terror, to take Itxas Gain out to the corral where a butcher would slaughter him properly. But the red bull had had enough of these Judases. He charged one, and as the beast bellowed, sank his horn into the *cabestro's* flank. The other fled, terror-stricken, his great bell clanging dolefully.

It was then that Enrique, cursing horribly, came down from his seat above the chute, and mounting a picador's horse, entered the ring alone.

Itxas Gain charged him, but Enrique smote him across the muzzle with the butt of his lance, and swung the horse out of the way just in time.

"*Anda!*" he shouted. "Cow's son that you are! Get out of here!"

The red bull pawed the ground, then, as Enrique threatened him with upraised lance, turned and trotted out the open gate after the bleeding *cabestro* and his terror-stricken companion. Enrique followed, oblivious to the cheers of the crowd.

"Hey, fools!" he shouted. "Where are you letting the *cabestros* go? What are you putting him back in a corral for?"

For the *cabestros*, instead of leading Itxas Gain to the abattoir, where a man with a sledge-hammer waited above the door, were taking him into a corral.

"Enrique!" cried a voice. "Dismount, man!"

Enrique got down. Beside him was the Basque bull breeder and his brother.

"We have bought the red bull!" they cried. "It is our right. We have bought him from the manager! He's what we need. He has the size! He is ferocious. And his sons will make our *ganaderia* the best in Spain!"

"His sons and Enrique!" interrupted the other. "Basque of the Basques, stay with us and be the chief. *Izpiak Bat!* 'One becomes seven!' Eh, Enrique?"

"Eh?" gasped Enrique.

So that was why Itxas Gain had gone into a corral. A bull turned back to the corrals may be purchased, either for his meat or, if he is not too badly wounded, for breeding purposes. Enrique took out his tobacco and began to make a cigarette.

"The fighting bull," he growled, "has a frank and open nature. He charges the horses from a distance, but fairly. He goes where directed, and not where he is not supposed to. Do you think that red is a fighter? He's an assassin! Bah! The man killer! Did you see him at bay, in *querencia*, three-quarters of the time? Never a charge unless the advantage was his! Never a free open gallop, but that bouncing cat-jumping run!"

He hurled his half-made cigarette to the ground in rage. "He fooled us all—even me Enrique Miguel. I had pictured him for the roll of honor! What folly! One *vara* for two falls and two horses. One pair of *banderillas!* And this a bull that fought under the Penapobre colors!" He spat bitterly. "*Carne de vaca!*" he snarled. "Beef!"

"But crossed with our fighting strain!" pleaded the other two.

Enrique shook his head. "There are no bulls in Navarre!" he said, and, turning his back upon them, he clanked away across the yard.

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For jobs an ordinary radio can't handle

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WITH AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL

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If you live in the city, you have probably discovered that transcontinental stations cannot be singled out by the ordinary set. Only by such *super-sharp selectivity* as that of Philco Screen Grid Plus can these far-away stations be escorted through the barrage of strong locals

Or if you live in the country, far from good broadcasting, you don't need selectivity to bring in the ten thousand dollar programs, but you *do* need *enormous power;* power far and away beyond that of the ordinary set; power equal to that of the unique Philco Screen Grid Plus.

Your wife will like Screen Grid Plus because its enormous power brings in more daylight reception than ever before possible

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And as in all Philco models wonderfully rich, true, clear tone, made entirely free from distortion by Philco super-exact balancing of all units

Your dealer will gladly arrange free demonstration of any Philco model and easy terms if you decide to buy

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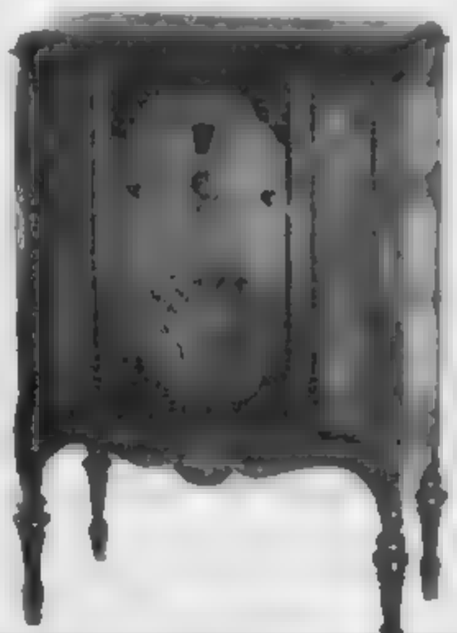
On Sunday, December 8th, Philco again sponsors the broadcasting of Leopold Stokowski and the great Philadelphia Orchestra. The regular Philco Hour continues every Friday at 9:30 P. M. over the N. B C. nation-wide network



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With Screen Grid Chassis	$119 50
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A full range of other exquisite furniture models.

Highboy	from $139 50 to $169 50
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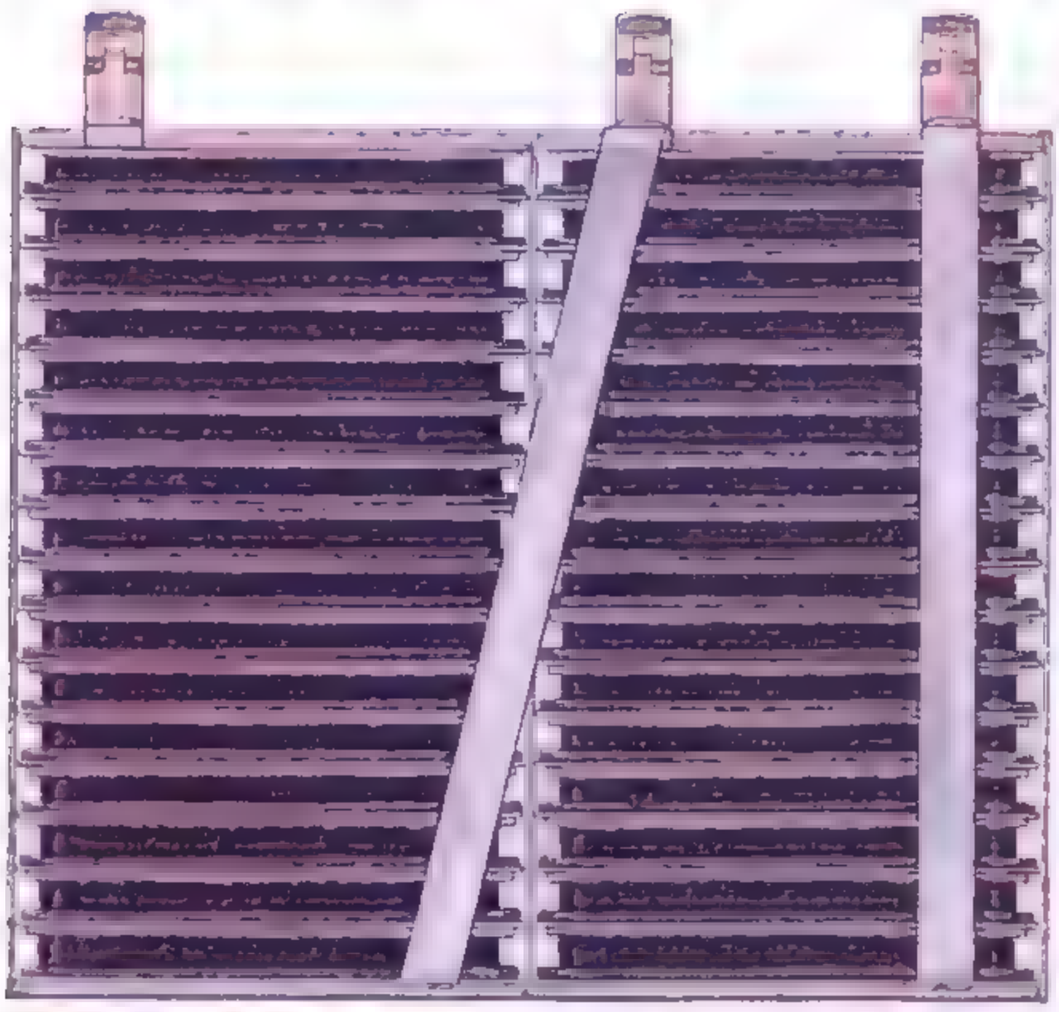
Slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West Each model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic speaker with TWO 245 power tubes, push pull All prices less tube

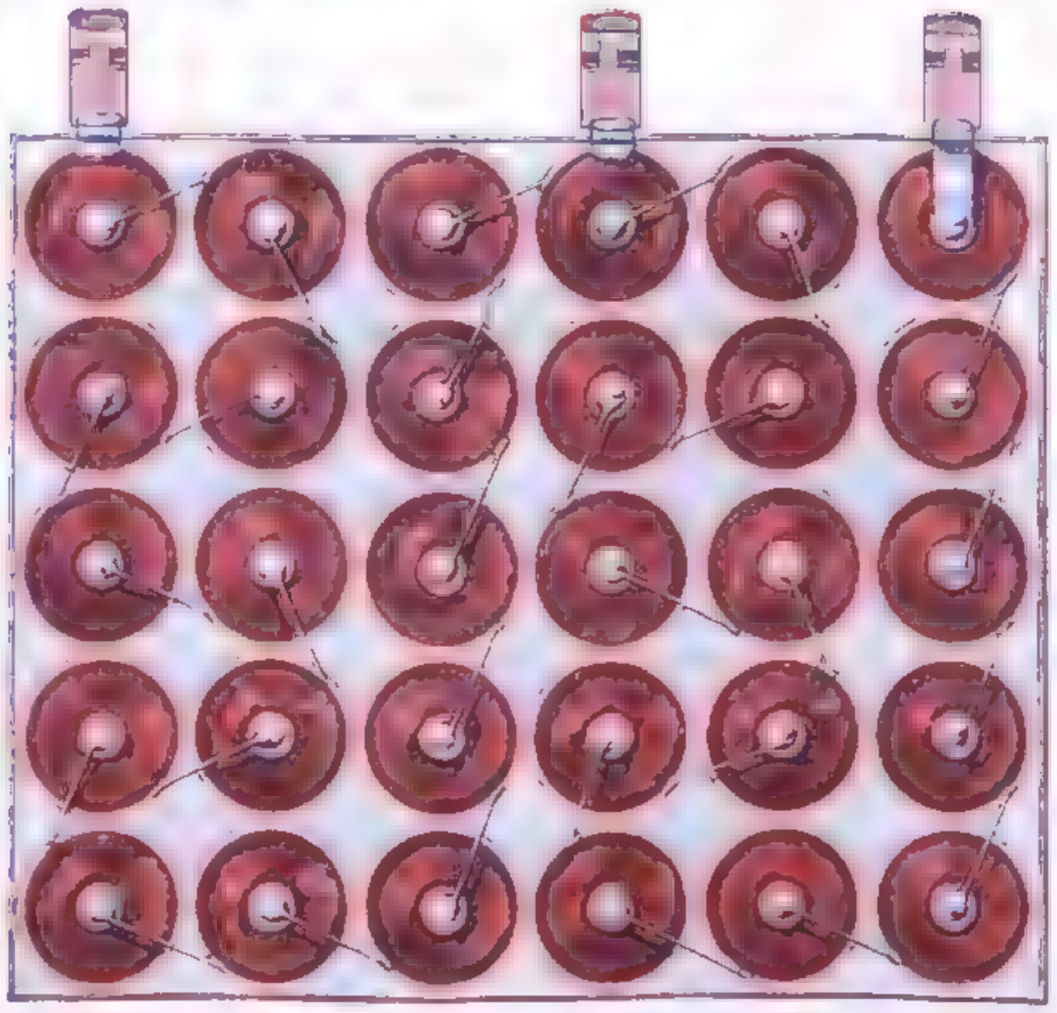
Pictured at the left is the distorted tone, typical of the average radio whose units are only in approximate balance. Pictured at the right is the wonderfully true clear tone which Philco achieves in every set by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units

PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

THESE DIAGRAMS TELL ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT "B" BATTERIES



EVEREADY LAYERBILT CONSTRUCTION—*Here is the inside story of the Eveready Layerbilt—flat, space-saving cells making connections automatically. Only five solderings, only two broad connecting bands. Maximum reliability, maximum active materials, greatest life. Layerbilt construction is an exclusive Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.*



CYLINDRICAL CELL CONSTRUCTION—*Here is the inside story about every "B" battery assembled of separate, individually sealed cells—29 fine connecting wires, 60 solderings, and lots of waste space between cells.*

IN VITAL SERVICES

Eveready Batteries are being used in automatic train control, aircraft beacon receivers, talking motion pictures, short wave transmission, picture transmission, television; for the protection of life and property and to secure instant, unfailing, noiseless, perfect electrical power.

This is the LARGE SIZE Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery for heavy duty, No. 486, the longest lasting, most economical of all Eveready. Price $4.25. There is also another Eveready Layerbilt, Medium Size, No. 485, at $2.95.

HERE are revealed the *inside facts* about "B" batteries, to guide you in selecting the ones that will give you the most for your money.

One diagram shows the old cylindrical cell type of battery. Note the 29 fine wires, and the 60 delicate solderings—89 places where trouble can come. We make such batteries as well as they can be made, but we also make a much better kind—the unique Eveready Layerbilt.

See the Eveready Layerbilt diagram. Note the *flat* cells of which it is built. Those cells are not independent, needing soldered connections, but *inter*dependent, making connection with each other automatically. To join the two sections, but two broad connecting bands are needed, each 3/8 inch wide. There are but five husky, trouble-proof solderings. And to cap the climax, the flat cells pack more active materials within the battery, and so you get longer life, greater convenience and economy.

Eveready Layerbilts are the best batteries made, and no other battery is like them. You can make "B" batteries out of separate cells of any shape you choose, and still you cannot imitate the Eveready Layerbilt. It is patented, and exclusive with us; our invention, and *your* advantage in economy, convenience and satisfaction. Be sure you get Eveready Layerbilts. Look for the name printed large on the label.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York—San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide UCC ***and Carbon Corporation***

TUESDAY NIGHT IS EVEREADY HOUR NIGHT—*East of the Rockies*—9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations. *On the Pacific Coast*—6 P. M. Pacific Standard Time, through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network.

NEW EVEREADY RADIO RECEIVERS, A. C. AND BATTERY OPERATED, NOW ON SALE

MAMMY ADA

(Continued from Page 33

feet. So Jed and Andy decided to indulge in a few winter sports proper. The town, as usual, gathered and watched; some citizens scandalized, others amused. It must have been funny. These two old codgers started diving, head first, off the platform into the snow. They'd make a dive and then run around to the steps and climb back to the platform to leap again. It wound up by Andy misjudging the depth of the snow and skinning his nose. And again he appeared at the church with humbly bowed head and confessed his sins and begged forgiveness of his brethren. Andy always seemed to get the rough end of the deal.

Jed had an annual carpenter bill amounting to quite a tidy sum. The bill was for office doors. Just another one of his eccentricities. He had a mania for kicking down his office door. And what do you suppose he did that for? Sounds crazy, but he used to kick down his office door to get at himself.

When he was drinking, Jed didn't like himself a bit. You might say he had a grudge against himself. Whether it was his conscience or what, nobody knew. But nearly every time he got drunk he'd stage a sham battle with himself which always ended by Jed kicking his office door down to get after—Jed.

Many's the time I've seen him come puffing up Main Street with long strides, muttering to himself. Standing down on Main Street, you could hear what went on when Jed reached his office.

Jed, rapping loudly on his office door: "Hey, there, old Jed Turner; open up this door!"

Silence, of course.

Jed, pounding on the door with his fist: "I'm tellin' you, Jed Turner, to open up this door! You sneakin' coward! Think you can hide from me this way?"

Silence.

Jed: "Jed Turner, you old blankety-blank, open this door!"

Then Jed would begin to kick on the door and berate himself in a loud voice

Jed: "You dirty old blankety-blank! If I have to kick this door down, Jed Turner, you'll shore be sorry!"

And then Jed would proceed to kick his own door down to get in at himself. Once he got inside, he'd take a drink and the episode would be over.

Crazy? Sure, he was crazy at times. But aren't all geniuses crazy at times? Crazy or not, he was one of the finest lawyers I ever hope to see in action, and in spite of his drinking, he was the most charitable man I ever knew. When Gabriel blows his horn I'll bet old Jed Turner'll be at the pearly gates to plead the cause of some poor mountain devil who hasn't money enough to hire an advocate. And I'll bet nine to one his client will walk in while Saint Peter'll pull out his bandanna and wipe the tears out of his eyes.

I'm telling you all these things about Jed Turner, good and bad, so you'll know the man. I want you to understand that his heart was as big as all outdoors—and that's the reason he's dying.

Mammy Ada was in the court room when Judge Williams pronounced sentence on Tooky:

"—— to hang by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead!"

Judge Williams avoided the soft brown eyes of the negress when he said those words. And after court he told Jed he was going to stop at Tirus' hotel this time, instead of going to Jed's home.

Mammy Ada made no fuss about the matter. She was a little, soft-eyed, brown woman. Not the mammy type at all. She didn't cry or run to Tooky to throw her arms about him, as most women would have done. All she did was turn those soft brown eyes to Jed Turner, questioningly. He smiled, came over to her and whispered a word. Mammy Ada went home to cook Jed's supper.

The day of Tooky's execution was ninety days away. Governor Bob was expected to visit Tirus before that time, making his semiannual visit to his constituency in that part of the state. No petition was sent to him about Tooky. Jed was going to let Mammy Ada do her own petitioning. Which was the certain way of getting Tooky a pardon. In the meantime, he coached her just a little bit.

Governor Bob kept postponing his visit to Tirus, but finally he came. It was on the very night that Tooky was to hang.

"Don't worry, Ada," Jed assured the aged woman on that very day. "Governor Bob can telephone the prison. You get busy in the kitchen."

Ada had been busy already. She'd been busy for a week baking pies and cakes and making homemade jellies. She herself had gone to the hills to pick muscadines, because she knew Governor Bob liked muscadine jelly. He had been Jed Turner's guest on many occasions.

At three o'clock Governor Bob telephoned from across the mountain. He was driving across. It would take three hours. That would be great. He'd be hungry as a bear and he'd get in Tirus just in time for supper.

He arrived at 6:30 and, after greeting Jed, made a trip to the kitchen to see Mammy Ada. A great, fat, jovial man, he stood before the huge, old-fashioned range and rubbed his hands in anticipation, his nostrils inhaling the aroma of Mammy Ada's cooking supper. Jed was busying himself making the governor a mint julep. He had given Ada her parting instructions.

"Don't mention Tooky until Governor Bob has had his supper," he told her. "Wait till I wink at you, and then you can make your little speech."

In Jed's library was a specially constructed refrigerator. It was a mint-julep refrigerator. Jed prided himself on his juleps. Every day, winter and summer, the iceman brought a hundred-pound block of ice and laid it carefully, lengthwise, in the julep refrigerator. Then Jed himself would bore twelve holes, the size of large julep mugs, in the solid cake. In these holes Jed would place twelve mugs that had been specially molded for Jed Turner. Their kind cannot be bought. These mugs were porous—very porous. The pores were so large, the clay had been so heavy, that it was a wonder they did not leak. Placing the mugs in the ice, Jed would tamp them full of chipped ice. When they were taken out for service nearly a half-inch coating of frost would cover the mugs, inside and out. And one of Jed's juleps made in these frosted mugs was a wonderful thing on this earth. Governor Bob and Jed got busy with the mugs, and by suppertime Governor Bob's travel weariness had entirely vanished.

In a valley where fine cooking is common, Mammy Ada had a wide reputation. This time she outdid herself. It was as fine a supper as any man ever sat down to. Her chicken wasn't fried. Lord, no! It was barbecued. The chicken she served to Governor Bob had been cooking for two whole days, slowly cooking over a charcoal fire, night and day. Mammy Ada got up dozens of times at night to attend to the fowls. She had a 'possum, cooked whole, gracing the center of the huge table, flanked by luscious, fat sweet potatoes. She had fried country ham, inch-deep in rich, red gravy. She had candied yams and a corn pudding and a great bowl of steaming hominy. And a dozen other wonderful dishes, piping hot. She had dishes running over with fresh raw vegetables, great red tomatoes and radishes, spring onions, celery and lettuce. Her preserves and pickles, homemade jellies and jams had a little table all to themselves. She had corn bread and hot biscuits and homemade light bread and salt-rising bread. She had pies and cakes by the dozen. She had a peach cobbler, served with whipped cream. Remember! Mammy Ada's supper wasn't merely a supper to a great governor. It was a mother's plea for the life of her boy. True, the boy happened to be a bull-necked, razor-wielding negro who had taken a life and was about to come to his just end, but to Mammy Ada he was a little boy who had made a mistake. Mammy Ada, with her pots and pans and skillets, was making as frantic an appeal for his life as any mother on bended knees and with tears in her eyes ever made for her boy. Never a tear did Mammy Ada shed. Instead, she stood over the hot stove and made magic with the pots and pans.

Jed Turner smiled to himself as he watched Governor Bob. A great eater, Governor Bob, a man whose stomach completely governed him. A dozen times Mammy Ada hurried to his side with fresh hot biscuits, three times Jed Turner filled His Excellency's plate to overflowing. He ate and ate, and finally he sighed and leaned back happily. The time had come. Mammy Ada's great moment. Jed cleared his throat.

"Governor, I don't want to bother you with business," he said suavely, "but Mammy Ada has a little matter she'd like to discuss with you. She says it's important. She says it won't take a minute to say what she has to say."

Governor Bob was happy. All smiles. Any woman who could feed him as well as Mammy Ada had done could have as much of his time as she wanted, he told Jed.

Mammy Ada was hovering close to the dining-room door. Jed called to her.

"Come in, Ada," Jed called. "Governor Bob says he'll hear you."

Usually, in the dining room or the kitchen of Jed Turner's home, Mammy Ada was sure of herself, calm and confident. Now she came in tremblingly. A picture of misery, uncertainty and eagerness, this little black woman with the soft brown eyes who stood a few feet from the great man, her hands folded in front of her, her lips trembling, a mist of tears in her eyes. Mammy Ada had been a great general, but now that the time had come for the final offensive she was losing her nerve.

"Tell Governor Bob about it, Ada," Jed told her gently.

She stood there a full minute after that, saying nothing, the mist welling into tears, her hands nervously knotting a bit of her snow-white apron.

"Dey gwine hang mah li'l' boy, Mistuh Bob," she finally quavered. "Dey gwine hang him tonight. An' effen he die, Mistuh Bob, I gwine die too."

The governor looked at Jed. "What's this? What's this?" he wanted to know.

Jed explained. He told about the fight in which Tooky had knuckled his razor and how he was to pay for his crime at midnight.

"Tooky good boy, Mistuh Bob," Ada assured him. "He carries in de wood an' chops de kindlin' fo' me."

Governor Bob darted a look at Jed

"Why in hell didn't you tell me about this, Jed?" he demanded. "Why keep this poor woman worrying?"

Then he bowed his shaggy head on his chest and pretended to think for a minute. Finally he looked up.

"I—think—maybe," he said very slowly—"I think maybe—I—could—pardon—Tooky." He paused and again pretended to think deeply. "Yes, I'm quite sure I could pardon him," he said. Then he seemed to have an inspiration. "You're a great cook, Ada, and I hear tell you're a fine singer."

Again he went into deep thought.

"I'm feeling fine." He rubbed his stomach. "There's only one thing that could make me feel better." Deep thought again "If you could sing me a nice song to help me digest this wonderful dinner, I'm quite sure I could pardon your boy, Ada."

(Continued on Page 94)

2 minutes? that's plenty of time for a

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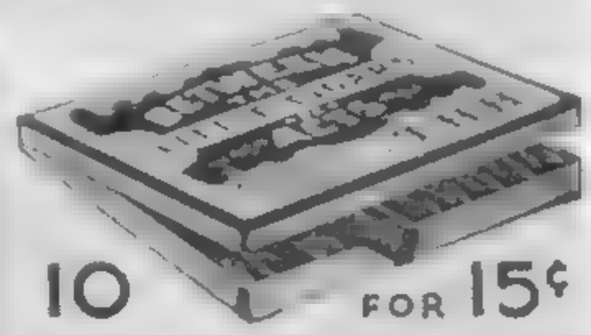
No need to go smoke hungry because time's too short for a long cigar. There's always time for a B. T. A. . . Between-the-Acts are your favorite Havana . . . *in miniature.* A 15¢ perfecto split into 10 delightful installments . . . to wedge into your briefest smoking moments. Try a tin of ten today. At your dealers. Or send 15¢ to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.



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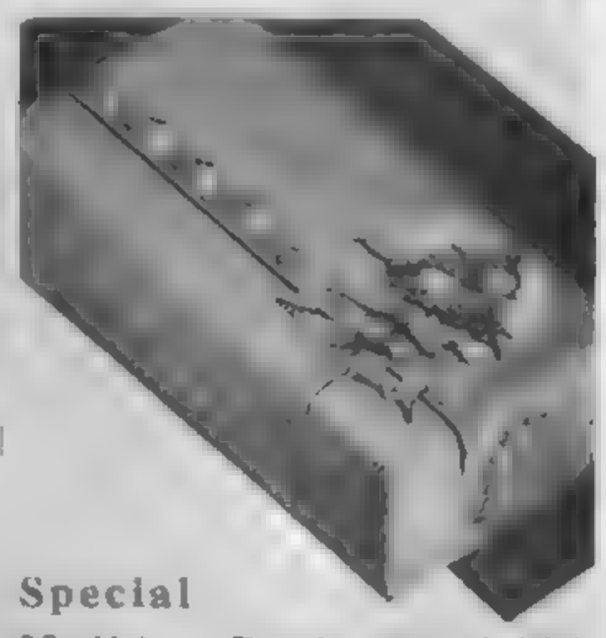
LITTLE CIGARS



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AND YOU CAN'T LOSE

IF YOU GIVE OR GET AN ELGIN FOR CHRISTMAS

Christmas came long before watches, but ever since the two have been on earth together . . . they've been together inseparably, it seems.

For somehow a watch is the perfect way of saying to those you love all the things that bubble up inside of you when the mellow Christmas season comes along. Perhaps it's because a watch keeps the memory of its giving alive for a lifetime of years . . . carrying your present sentiments into the future, and seeming to say "May every hour I record be happy as this Christmas day of my presentation."

There are many watches . . . and many are good. But you are *sure* when you give, or receive, an ELGIN. More than sixty-five years of the finest watchmaking has placed them in a high position all their own. Their accuracy and reliability have made them the largest selling watches in the world, placed them upon the counters of all reputable jewelers, and ELGIN has kept its watches from all jewelers who do not fit that description.

And this is the best Christmas in the aforementioned 65 years for choosing an ELGIN. More styles. More new shapes and sizes. Prices in a closely ascending scale from $15.00 to $650. New combinations of metals and enamels. New settings of precious gems. A new and fashionable ELGIN watch family . . . the largest in the world but still backed by the old ELGIN tradition of fine timekeeping, accurate, faithful service and an unconditional guarantee. A completely American watch for American needs. Your nearest reliable jeweler will be happy to serve as an able and experienced Christmas counsellor.

A . . . 15 jewel movement, in 14 karat white gold filled case, $47.50. B . . . Lord Elgin, 15 jewels, $50.00. C . . . Molyneux Parisienne model, $37.50. D . . . Elgin Legionnaire, $19.00. E . . . 15 jewel movement, with new ultra-smart dial, $50.00. F . . . Elgin Avigo, Air Corps specification aviation dial, $23.00. G . . . Louise-boulanger Parisienne model, $35.00. H . . . B. W. Raymond watch with winding indicator, $65.00. I . . . Callot Parisienne, diamond-set, $75.00. J . . . Markham model of American Efficiency Series, 17 jewels, adjusted, $41.00. K . . . Platinum top case, set with 42 selected diamonds, 17 jewel movement, $500.00. L . . . White gold filled case, mesh attachment, $50.00. M . . . Clock and fountain pen set, $37.50. N . . . New Legionnaire model, $23.00. O . . . Dainty new rectangular model, $25.00 (with bracelet instead of ribbon, $27.50). P . . . Callot Parisienne, diamond-set, $75.00. Q . . . New traveling clock. Choice of blue, beige or black leathers, tooled in gold, $25.00. R . . . Sturdy, handsome, new Elgin, at the new, low price, $15.00. S . . . Combination cigarette lighter and accurate Elgin watch, 15 jewel movement, sterling silver, $65.00. T . . . 15 jewel movement, 14 karat white gold case, special silk cord attachment, $65.00. U . . . 17 jewels, adjusted. Numerals in black enamel on outside of case, $47.50. V . . . 26 selected diamonds set in black inlaid enamel case, $250.00. W . . . New handsomely engraved model, $26.25. X . . . 15 jewel movement, new model case, $45.00. Y . . . 17 jewel movement, 6 adjustments. Green and black enameled decoration on case, $65.00.

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A Longer-Lasting Shave

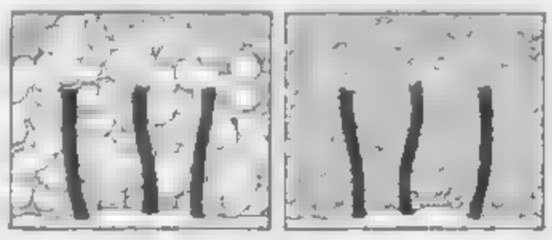
. . . Small Bubble Lather lets the razor work closer, smoother, say millions of men

A LONGER lasting shave is the difference between small bubble lather and big bubble lather. Note the diagrams. See how Colgate small bubble lather moistens the beard more efficiently than ordinary big bubble lather. Then let a trial confirm these facts.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, *now*. We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



ORDINARY LATHER
This other picture greatly magnified of a heavy shaving cream shows how large, air filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

FREE A trial tube of Colgate's will be sent upon request. Write your name and address below, and mail to Colgate, Dept. B 1764, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 91)

Mammy Ada's heart was pounding with joy. She had won. Lord, how she could sing. Because she felt like singing. Her heart was singing

She retired to the kitchen, dabbing her eyes with her apron.

"Yas-suh! Ah sings, Mistuh Bob," she told him. "Yas-suh! Me—Ah sho does sing."

The two oil lamps had burned low, the room was soft with their yellow glow. A great clock tick-tocked on the wall. It was 10:10. Silence for a minute or so. And then, through the doorway to the kitchen, Ada's voice, sweet and low, in a song of a heavy heart made light again:

"Oh, by an' by, by an' by,
I'm gwinter lay down my heavy load.
I know my robes gwinter fit me well;
I'm gwinter lay down my heavy load.
I tried it on at de gates o' hell.
I'm gwinter lay down my heavy load.
Oh, heavy load, Oh, by an' by, by an' by,
I'm gwinter lay down my heavy load"

The song died away. The two men sat before the table with bowed heads for a minute or two. Then Governor Bob arose and went into the kitchen. Mammy Ada had won.

Jed Turner smiled to himself. A heart that could be melted by a melody crooned by an old negro woman in trouble was a wonderful thing in any man, a marvelous thing in a man with great power.

"We'll go into the library," he suggested.

"I'll telephone the prison first and stop that hanging," Governor Bob said rather gruffly.

He tried to telephone. The line was busy.

Jed was busy mixing mint juleps. The tension was over. He began to talk, to tell stories.

He told the one about Congressman Waller and Andy Holmes going to the tent stock show to see Ten Nights in a Barroom. How when the drunken father threw the glass and hit his little girl, the congressman and Andy, pretty well soused, rushed up on the stage, calling for a doctor and declaring loudly they wouldn't stand for that kind of stuff in that county. The clock ticked off the minutes. More frosted mugs appeared and more mint juleps were drunk.

Back in the kitchen, Mammy Ada sat in the flickering light of the open range and crooned a happy song. Soon she would see her boy, Tooky. Mistuh Bob had promised her so.

Governor Bob was telling about the famous fight between two brothers running for the same office, and stumping the county together. The clock ticked away. The frosted mugs were filled again and again.

Governor Bob's face was flushed. Jed was slumped back in his chair, his big feet sprawled before him, a frosted mug in his hand. Finally Governor Bob excused himself and went to the telephone in the hallway. He seemed to stagger just a bit. He was gone about fifteen minutes. Jed heard him talking. Jed smiled to himself, thinking how easy Mammy Ada had put it over.

Suddenly Jed jerked himself to attention. His face blanched. His huge, bony hands gripped his chair. The julep mug had crashed to the floor.

"What?" Jed heard Governor Bob shout. "It's twenty minutes too late!" His voice trailed off in a burst of profanity.

Breakfast, the next morning, was eaten in silence. Mammy Ada kept rushing in hot biscuits, but Governor Bob ate few. Finally Jed spoke.

"Ada, I'm sorry to tell you, but Tooky can't come home," he said slowly. "Mister Bob pardoned him, all right. But you see it's this way ——" Jed went on with an elaborate lie he and Governor Bob had concocted the night before after they'd found that Tooky Gilman had been hanged, after they realized that they'd talked and mint-juleped Mammy Ada's boy out of his life.

Jed told her that it was the law that he must leave the state, that he must not return for fifteen years, and that he wouldn't even be allowed to write.

For a lawyer, Jed Turner was a poor liar. The tale was crazy anyway and, besides, Jed didn't tell it well. He tried to look at Mammy Ada as he talked, but those soft, brown eyes were on him, and in them he saw shrewdness and much pain. He knew that Mammy Ada knew he was lying.

"Yas-suh! Tooky's gone 'way," she said listlessly. "Yas-suh! Hits de law."

That was all she said, but those soft eyes told Jed that she knew. Governor Bob did not look up from his plate. Silently Mammy Ada glided from the dining room. She did not return with more hot biscuits.

That's the story. She never mentioned Tooky to Jed after that. Never once. She had little to say about anything. After he had his stroke, Jed told me.

"She didn't talk to me any more," he said. "All she would say was 'yas-suh' and 'naw-suh.' And all the time I could feel her eyes boring into me. That wouldn't have been so bad. But every night while I ate my dinner she would sit in the kitchen, in the flickering light from the open range, and sing that song she sang to the governor. Every night. And to save me from hell, I didn't have the nerve to ask her to stop."

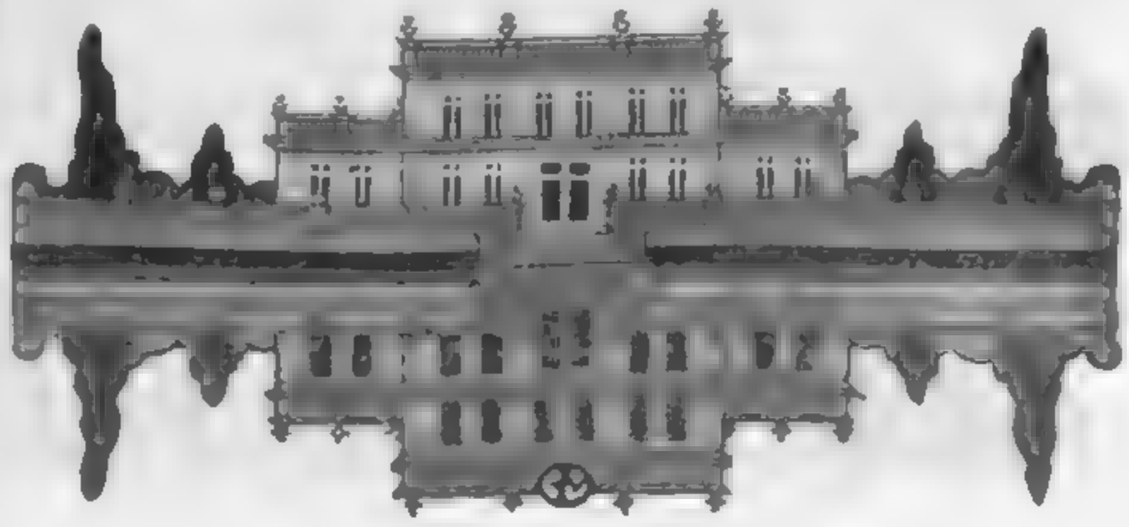
And so, Jed Turner, the fire-eater, the silver-tongued orator, the man who could make juries stand on their ears, is dying because he couldn't put across a lie to an old negro mammy. He told me so.

"It got me," he said, "and now it's running me crazy. In my dreams I see the hurt look in old Ada's eyes and hear her voice in that hellish song"

I see him coming now—up Main Street. Crawling, stumbling, shambling along, his big shoulders bent, his bones, held together as if by loose wires, dangling and rattling in the wind. I see him trying to climb the stairway to his office in the Johnson Block, an old yellow-skinned wreck, groping and holding with both hands to the stair rail, painfully dragging his feet.

Doc Mansfield says overeating and drinking got him that way. The negroes in Frog Level say it's voodoo, although they don't know what kind of voodoo or what it's for. To them, voodoo and devils are back of all premature agedness or sudden illness like Jed's.

But I know what's wrong: A melody and a pair of sad eyes are killing Jed Turner, the lawyer who couldn't tell a lie.



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MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x.	x.	x.	...	x
Cadillac	All	...	...	...	...	x.
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x	...	x
	66 70 77	x	x	x	...	x
	Imperial	x.	...	...	...	x
Ford	V	x	x	x	x	x
Cunningham	All	x.	x	x.	...	x
Dodge	All	x.	x	...	...	x
Durant	40 50 65 66	x	x	x	...	
	75	x	x	x	...	x
Essex	95 96 120	x	x.	...	.	x
Ford	All	x	..	x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Hudson	All	x	x	x.	...	x.
Hupmobile	All	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x.	...	x

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Kissel	75 & 95	x.	x	x	...	x
	126	x	x	x.	x	x
Marmon	16	x	x	x	...	x
	LaSalle	...	...	...	...	x
	Lincoln	x	x	x.	x	x
	56 & 58	x	x			x
	68	x	.	.	...	x
	78	.	x	.	..	x
	Roosevelt	x.	x	x	..	x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x	.	x
Nash	340 & 6	x	x	x	x	x
	All	x	x	...	x.	x
Peerless	All	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x.	x.	x.	x.	x
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	x	x	...	x.	x
	Flying Cloud	x.	x	..	...	x
Reo Flying Cloud	Rambler	x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	6-80	x	x	x	x	x
	8-90	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x.	x.	x	x.	x
	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	x.	x.	x.	x.	x

TIMKEN Tapered Roller BEARINGS

"The Boss?
. . . there, with th' pipe"

MEN at the top are apt to be pipe-smokers. Ever noticed? It's no mere coincidence—

Pipe-smoking is a calm and deliberate habit—restful, stimulating. His pipe helps a man think straight. A pipe is back of most big ideas.

Prove it. Fill the bowl of a good briar—with Edgeworth, if you please. Watch the tobacco swell as it gets down to business. Relish that rich fragrance even non-smokers like. That's TOBACCO as it was *made* to be smoked—the choicest qualities, the finest blends, *reserved* for pipes!

Let us in on it. We'll treat—with a generous little glad-to-meet-you packet of good old Edgeworth, free. Name on the coupon, an envelope, a stamp and a mail box . . . we'll do the rest.

EDGEWORTH

Handy Pocket Package 15¢

GIVE HIM EDGEWORTH and a pipe for Christmas—see what a welcome *they* get! If your dealer can't supply Edgeworth gift cartons, we can. Send us your cards and we'll mail the Edgeworth to your Christmas list—$1.65 a pound in glass jar, $1.50 in tin humidor, 75 cents a half pound.

Larus & Bro. Co.
100 S. 22nd St.
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I'll try your Edgeworth.
And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name_____

My street address_____

And the town and state_____

E 2

NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME!

THE BIG CASH BOX

By Will Payne

OLD HICKORY, as the historic story goes, whacked the ground with his cane and said, "Build it here." So they built it there, right in the way of Pennsylvania Avenue. That is why the capital's most famous thoroughfare bumps into the Treasury Building, stops and has to begin over again farther up.

Congress had appropriated money to house the Treasury Department—which by President Jackson's day was getting to be a quite imposing institution, with government revenues running $2,000,000 a month or more. But, as often happens in such cases, there was bickering as to where the new building should be. Actually it did not make so much difference. For the beautiful plan for a national capital which L'Enfant made for the first President had been disregarded and the town was a mess anyway. Still they bickered, until Jackson, losing patience, settled it in his peremptory way. And however inconvenient its site, they got a fine building, although the wide corridors and broad stairways look wasteful of valuable space nowadays, and very still and empty. If you should make a tour of any one of the upper floors you might conclude that practically everybody was off on a vacation, except a guard here and there with nothing in particular to do.

Visitors to Washington go over to the new Bureau of Engraving and Printing to see them print 483,455,932 sheets—the official record last year—of postage stamps, bank notes, bonds and other valuables. That is a good show, and it is part of the Treasury plant, which spreads into half a dozen large structures in Washington. But the Treasury Building proper isn't much of a show. Upstairs especially, nothing seems to be going on. Yet last year a turnover of some $18,000,000,000 of public cash—theoretically your cash and mine—was directed from a corner of the second floor; intake and outgo exceeded that figure.

Obviously, in transactions so vast, a rather slight deviation from the proper line might run into an important total; in sluicing such a Mississippi of money back and forth there is opportunity to spill quite a little. Also the manner in which so huge a sum is handled, in operations that extend to every part of the country, must be a factor in the general credit and banking situation. If the Leviathan doesn't dock right, something is pretty sure to suffer. But some casual inquiries indicated to me that business men, generally speaking, pay slight attention to the Treasury's doings.

For example, I recently heard this question: "Why is the Treasury forever borrowing more money?"

What Does the Treasury Do?

In three years ending with 1928 the national debt was reduced by almost $3,000,000,000. In the same years the Treasury borrowed several times that sum of new money. It borrows more every quarter. The greatest debt payer is also the world's champion borrower. Everybody knows that we have been steadily paying off the national debt ever since 1919, total reduction from the peak of that year to the close of the fiscal year June 30, 1929, being nearly $9,000,000,000, or more than a third of the peak total. Everybody knows, too, that each year we have had a surplus of receipts over expenditures. Yet every three months the Treasury has been, and still is, in the loan market borrowing hundreds of millions. The questioners above referred to expressed surprise at that, and wondered whether this continual borrowing of great sums wasn't going to stop pretty soon. But it is not likely to stop for a long while, as will soon appear.

The Treasury's job looks beautifully simple. Congress levies taxes, prescribing when and how they are to be paid. It also appropriates the money that is to be received from taxes, exactly so much for this purpose and so much for that. All the Treasury has to do is collect the money as directed by Congress and pay it out as directed by Congress. Tax collections every year come to more than payments on appropriations. It looks simple. In fact, it used to be simpler than it is now. Here, for example, is a table from an old prewar report showing the Treasury's receipts by months for eighteen years. Only twice or thrice during that whole period did the variation in receipts from one month to the next amount to as much as 20 per cent except when there was a change in the revenue laws. At that time, of course, the Government's revenue consisted mostly of customs duties on imported merchandise and internal revenue taxes on liquor and tobacco. Those revenues varied from year to year, with the general business condition of the country. In hard times less foreign goods would be imported and people might even consume less drink and smoke, but in any given year receipts flowed into the Treasury quite evenly month after month. There was little or no occasion to borrow for the purpose of filling a temporary gap.

Why the Government Borrows

But income taxes quite changed the picture. They yield more than half the total revenue and are payable four times a year, on the fifteenth days of March, June, September and December. To be sure, one may pay ahead of those dates, but all the larger taxpayers, to whom interest is an important object, keep their money as long as the law allows them to. So in August income taxes yield $39,000,000, and in September $446,000,000; in March $515,000,000, and in April only $46,000,000. Total receipts of the Government vary from $165,000,000 in May to $679,000,000 in June—some 300 per cent; whereas a 20 per cent variation from one month to the next used to be very unusual.

Expenditures vary considerably from month to month, but not in harmony with variations in receipts. Thus in some months expenditures are more than double receipts. At the end of the year receipts have exceeded expenditures, but they have not come in at the right time to meet expenditures. So every three months the Treasury is borrowing to tide it over to the next income-tax-payment day. If that were the whole story it would, of course, be possible for the Treasury to build up a big cash reserve out of surplus revenues and draw upon it between tax-payment dates. But in addition to handling the ordinary receipts and expenditures of Government, the department also always has a sea of debts to deal with.

It is a common impression that World War expenditures were funded in long-term Liberty Bonds. But that is only partly true. In 1919, when the war debt was at its peak, about $9,000,000,000 of it consisted of short-term paper. Every little while since then, some of this short-term paper has been falling due. So, around about the first of March, June, September and December, the Treasury calculates what short-term paper it will have to pay between the fifteenth of the month and the next quarterly tax-payment date, what cash it will have to supply for the ordinary expenditures of the Government during that period, and what its receipts from taxation will probably be. It then borrows enough money to balance the two sides of the account.

But two further calculations are necessary. The first is to determine what rate of interest it will offer for the new money. It takes the going market rate on prime commercial paper, on bills discounted by the

(Continued on Page 99)

for the Man who Cares

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STURDIER, Scotch Grain FLORSHEIMS are the smart and comfortable shoes for street and business wear during the cold, wet days ahead . . . they offer the *foot protection* that helps keep you feeling fit . . . they have the *stamina* to withstand any weather, any wear, and to give you money's worth and more. The Walton . . Style M-378.

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THE SUM OF ALL THAT TODAY'S MOST LUXURIOUS MOTORING CAN OFFER

THE NEW CADILLACS

NEW in Style. NEW in Performance, NEW in Driving Ease, NEW in Safety and NEW Also in Their Greater Measure of Value

When the new Cadillacs were presented early this autumn they were deliberately characterized as the most highly perfected and completely appointed motor-cars in the world today. Yet these new Cadillacs are actually the lowest in price of all cars with which they can be justly compared—a fact which confirms their exceptional measure of value.

Powering, steering, braking, gear shifting are all on a new basis of luxury in modern terms—which means, especially, that the most careful study has been given to present-day driving conditions and provisions made to meet them completely, with the utmost ease, peace of mind and safety—whether the wheel be in the hands of a man or a woman.

The latest Cadillacs are powered by a newly refined and enlarged V-type, 8-cylinder engine. They have the exclusive Cadillac-designed Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission in an improved form—quick, sure, clashless, silent—a priceless advantage found only in Cadillac-built cars, patent-protected and unobtainable elsewhere at any price. They have newly revised and improved Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes—the easiest to operate, yet the most effective—assuring more miles per hour with complete safety.

They have also a fully harmonized steering system that is new. A turn at the wheel and you will discover how much this means in parking and in traffic manipulations as well as in cross-country driving.

The exquisite Fisher and Fleetwood bodies, newly styled throughout, are roomier and more inviting than even the regal Cadillacs of the past. They offer also the invaluable protection of non-shatterable glass without extra charge, as Security-Plate Glass is standard equipment in all windows, doors and windshields.

In fact, owners of the new Cadillacs command the sum of all that today's most luxurious motoring can offer and it is theirs to enjoy without penalty of price.

The new La Salles are priced from $2285 to $2795, new Cadillacs, $3195 to $3795, new Fleetwoods, $3995 to $7500; all prices f. o. b. Detroit.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY · · DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Federal Reserve Banks, on call loans, on bankers' acceptances, and then fixes its own rate with the idea that while its paper must compete for funds with other offerings in the loan market it is entitled to rather the best rate.

The other calculation will determine what kind of paper is to be offered. It may be certificates of indebtedness due in six, nine or twelve months, or Treasury notes due in three to five years, or even Treasury bonds due in sixteen to twenty years. That will depend somewhat on the state of the money market at the moment, but more on an analysis of the whole national debt as it stands at the time, so that the new paper will fall due on a date when it will be as convenient as possible for the Treasury to dispose of it. The national debt, it will be remembered, was mainly contracted in enormous chunks to finance the World War. Thus the first Liberty Loan was for $2,000,000,000 in round figures, the second and third for $4,000,000,000 each, and the fourth for $7,000,000,000.

In the enthusiasm of war such tremendous issues were promptly absorbed, but the sums are too formidable for comfortable peacetime financing. A constant occupation of the department under Secretary Mellon has consisted in breaking up and spreading out the debt as much as possible over different maturity dates, so that no unwieldy sum would fall due at a given time. That factor helps to determine what sort of security shall be issued at a given date. This manipulation of the debt, so as to get the most favorable terms from every point of view, has been one of the Treasury's most important jobs since the war. In 1920 interest on the public debt came to slightly more than $1,000,000,000. The amount has fallen steadily until in the fiscal year 1929 it was $678,000,000. This annual saving in interest is as much as the total yearly revenue of the Government in Cleveland's second administration—which gives you an idea how government budgets have bulged in a generation. Of course the greater part of the saving in interest has come from reduction of the total debt, but a very considerable part of it has been achieved through refunding higher-interest paper into lower interest, as will appear later.

Reducing the Public Debt

This quarter-to-quarter financing enables the Treasury to work close to the line of its actual needs. It also plays an important rôle in paying off the national debt. Faced with a total debt of more than $25,000,000,000 when World War accounts were settled, Congress adopted the sound policy of reducing it as rapidly as due regard to the economic state of the nation would warrant. Beginning with 1921, sinking-fund charges against the ordinary revenues of the Government, rising somewhat year by year, have averaged about $300,000,000, the total in nine years being $2,800,000,000 in round numbers. Last year the sinking-fund charge was $370,000,000. War-debt payments by foreign governments also go directly to debt reduction. Last year these amounted to $200,000,000 and the total in nine years is more than $1,000,000,000. There are some miscellaneous items. Since 1921, also, there has been each year a very substantial surplus of revenue over expenditures. In the fiscal year that ended with last June this surplus was the smallest since 1921, yet it amounted to $185,000,000. In nine years the total has been $3,000,000,000. Under the quarterly financing scheme this surplus, as well as sums accruing from the sinking fund and foreign-debt payments, goes automatically to debt reduction.

In other words, the Treasury does not wait until the end of the year, then figure up how much it has for debt reduction and apply the sum to that purpose. Instead, as described above, it figures every quarter. If a surplus is accruing, it will have just that much less to borrow for that quarter. A clear-cut case arose in June, 1926, when $333,000,000 certificates of indebtedness fell due. Calculating, as usual, on its needs for the next three months, the Treasury found that it could pay these certificates without any fresh borrowing. They were therefore retired and no new paper issued to replace them. Almost always, however, with short-term debts constantly falling due, any given quarter will find the Treasury obliged to borrow new money, and sometimes very large amounts—half a billion or even more. On the face of it, that looks like going head over heels in debt, but, in fact, every quarter sees a slice taken off the total debt. The Treasury is always borrowing, yet always paying off more than it borrows.

Two Liberty Loans Refunded

The second and third Liberty Loans, as well as the Victory Liberty Loan, have now been wholly paid; leaving, of that great wartime series, only the first and fourth loans outstanding. The refunding of the second Liberty Loan will illustrate the Treasury's strategy. On February 28, 1927, there was outstanding in round numbers $3,100,000,000 of that issue, the original total having by that time been reduced about $700,000,000 by sinking fund, and so on. The bonds bore 4¼ per cent interest, and would be due in 1942, but might be called for payment on November 15, 1927. That was a big sum to handle in one lump, so on March 15, 1927, the Treasury offered to exchange notes, due in five years, bearing 3½ per cent interest, for second Liberty Bonds. Holders of the bonds knew that the Government had the privilege of paying them off on the fifteenth of the following November, and as an inducement to make the exchange in March, they were offered a premium of two months' interest. On these terms $1,360,000,000 of 4¼ per cent bonds were exchanged for a like amount of 3½ per cent notes. That left but $1,700,000,000 of the bonds outstanding; an amount that the Treasury was confident of handling. Accordingly, these remaining bonds were called for payment November fifteenth, on which date interest would cease.

All the Liberty loans, it will be remembered, were sold by intensive nation-wide campaigns that distributed them into the hands of millions of holders all over the country. The Treasury felt bound to make an equally vigorous effort to reach all holders with notice that their bonds had been called and would draw no interest after November. Aside from notices carried by the press as a matter of news, advertisements were published in nearly all daily, semi-weekly and weekly newspapers; placards were posted in every post office and in nearly every bank. Banks and trust companies were asked to coöperate by notifying all holders they knew of. The radio was requisitioned to spread the news.

The bonds having been called for payment, a further offer was made to exchange them for short-term 3½ per cent paper, and from time to time the Treasury purchased bonds in the market, drawing on the sinking fund and on surplus revenue for that purpose. So when November fifteenth—the date of payment—came around, only $527,000,000 were left outstanding. On that date the Treasury issued and sold $422,000,000 certificates of indebtedness, bearing 3½ per cent interest, with the proceeds of which, and other moneys on hand, the remainder of the bonds were paid. By these operations the Treasury broke up the huge total, distributing most of it into smaller amounts, with various maturities, bearing lower interest, and then paid off the balance; all with no more disturbance of credit and the money market than would be involved in handing over a ten-dollar bill.

But on February 28, 1927, there were also outstanding more than $2,000,000,000 third Liberty Loan bonds, due September 15, 1928. This amount was too big to handle comfortably in one transaction, so the same strategy was applied to it. In January, 1928, holders were offered 3½ per cent Treasury notes, due in five years, but redeemable in three, of which $600,000,000 were issued in exchange for third Libertys. Then $315,000,000 of these bonds were purchased from time to time during 1928 from sinking fund and surplus revenue. In these refundings the Treasury had been issuing a great amount of paper due in five years or less. But the huge fourth Liberty Loan, of which $6,200,000,000 remains outstanding, is redeemable in 1933 and due in 1938, somewhere between which dates it must be refunded. So Secretary Mellon wished to put out some paper that would run beyond 1938, and in July, 1928, authorized an issue of twelve-to-fifteen-year Treasury bonds, bearing 3½ per cent interest, to be put out partly for cash and partly in exchange for third Libertys. With that and short-term paper and surplus cash the third Liberty Loan has been retired.

To sum up, in February, 1927, there were outstanding $5,264,000,000 second and third Liberty bonds, bearing 4¼ per cent interest, of which part have been paid off in cash arising from sinking fund and surplus revenue, part in cash derived from sale of new securities, bearing lower interest rate and having more convenient maturities, and part exchanged directly for such new securities, with the result that the second and third war loans are all retired, and when interest on the new securities is figured against that borne by the old, there is a net interest saving of $74,000,000 a year.

At this point, however, one must bear in mind that by no means all of the net reduction in national debt since 1919 has been due to an actual excess of yearly tax yields over yearly expenditures. War and its immediate aftermath put the Government in possession of various assets of a nonrecurring kind, such as railroad securities taken for advances to the carriers, farm-loan bonds, surplus war materials, property of the War Finance Corporation and the like. It has been liquidating these assets ever since, and applying the proceeds to debt reduction. Also a great quantity of unaudited income and profits—tax returns piled up, the examination and adjustment of which stretched over years. So, up to 1928, back tax collections were decidedly heavier than they are likely to be in the future. The falling off in that item from 1927 to 1929 was estimated by the Treasury at more than $100,000,000. On the basis of the Treasury's daily statements, the five years 1923-27 show an aggregate book surplus of receipts in excess of expenditures amounting to $2,070,000,000; all of which, as explained above, was automatically devoted to payment of the national debt. But if we exclude back tax collections, proceeds of sale of surplus war materials, railroad and farm-loan bonds and similar war-made nonrecurring capital assets, the surplus for the five years falls to $370,000,000. In other words, $1,700,000,000 came from sources that will yield less or nothing at all in the future.

Too Exuberant Tax Reducers

That is the chief reason why Secretary Mellon has consistently fought the more exuberant tax reducers. We have been getting a lot of money that we cannot count on in the future. There have been four big tax cuts since the war. By taking tax receipts for twelve months before each reduction and calculating what they would have been if the amended revenue act had been in force, the Treasury estimates the annual reductions at each step as follows: By the Act of 1921, $668,000,000; by the Act of 1924, $519,000,000; by the Act of 1926, $422,000,000; by the Act of 1928, $222,000,000. It will be seen that these four tax cuts, so estimated, come to more than $1,800,000,000. And in addition to this world record in tax reduction, rather more than one-third of the World War debt has already been paid off. Of course, the Federal Government is now in business as much as any private corporation, in that its revenues depend on the general state of prosperity, for the greater part of its income is a given per cent of the incomes of business

(Continued on Page 102)

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PENS HAVE THE INTERCHANGEABLE POINT

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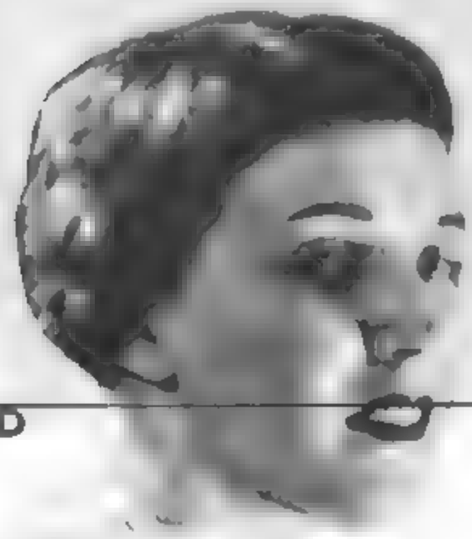
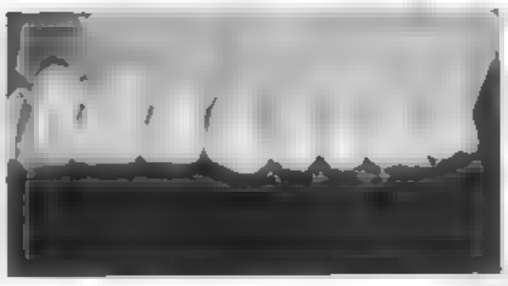


GUARD THE DANGER LINE



NOTICE THE DANGER LINE. *It is the thin margin of tissue where gums meet teeth—and at its edge are many tiny V-shaped crevices. Its greatest enemy is acids caused by fermenting food particles that lodge in the tiny crevices. Protect it by using Squibb's Dental Cream. Pyorrhea will not start as long as it is healthy.*

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS NOW know that diseased teeth and gums cause many serious ills. Not only pyorrhea, but rheumatism, heart trouble, nervous and kidney disorders may result. No one is so sure of health that he can neglect the teeth and gums.

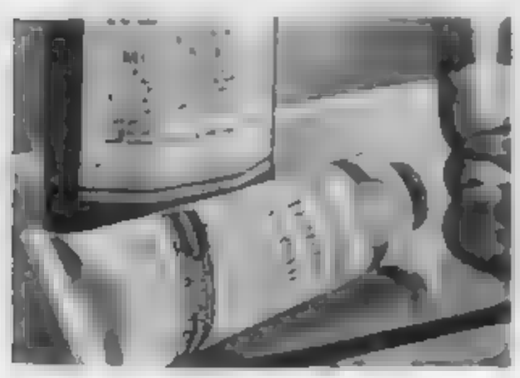
Yet, thousands are really practicing neglect even while regularly brushing their teeth. They fail to protect The Danger Line . . . where pyorrhea *always* begins . . . where many dental troubles so frequently occur.

Your gums thin out to a fine, delicate margin where they meet the teeth. This margin of tissue is The Danger Line. It is one of the easiest tissues of the body to injure—and easy to neglect. At this margin are tiny V-shaped crevices which encircle the base of each tooth. These tiny crevices cannot be penetrated by your tooth-brush without injury. So minute food particles constantly collect, ferment and generate dangerous acids that irritate the gums and attack the tooth structure. Then decay follows. The gums may become inflamed and bleed. And when they recede, pyorrhea can quickly start. You simply cannot afford to neglect The Danger Line.

Fortunately it is easy to safeguard it. Squibb's Dental Cream was developed specifically for this purpose. It contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, universally known as a safe, effective antacid. Each time you brush your teeth with Squibb's, minute particles of Milk of Magnesia seep into every tiny crevice . . . neutralizing acids, protecting throughout the mouth.

Can you afford to use a dentifrice that does less than Squibb's? As long as The Danger Line remains intact and healthy, pyorrhea will not begin. Squibb's Dental Cream is effective and it is safe. It contains no grit, no strong astringents. Harmless if swallowed by children. It soothes tender tissue. It cleans beautifully.

A large tube of Squibb's is only 40c at any drug store. Begin using it regularly. You cannot start too soon protecting your teeth and gums at The Danger Line. It is easy to do—and every day of your life, it keeps on paying. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.



SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA *is a pure effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

(Continued from Page 99

corporations and individuals. If such incomes fall through a recession in business, government income will fall with them. In this respect the Federal Government differs notably from state and local governments, whose chief source of income is a tax on real estate, irrespective, at the moment, of whether the real estate yields much or little income. That is another reason why Secretary Mellon has taken the conservative side in tax reductions.

It is worth noting also that the Government, through the Treasury Department, now does business substantially like anybody else, by depositing its money in banks and checking against the balances. It began that way under Alexander Hamilton. After President Jackson withdrew government funds from the Bank of the United States and virtually put that institution out of business, the Treasury deposited in state banks. Not long afterward the state banks mostly failed, with much inconvenience to the Treasury. After pondering the problem thus presented, Congress decided to have nothing further to do with banks. It set up subtreasuries in the principal cities, into which government receipts were to be paid, and which were "to keep safely, without loaning, using, depositing in banks or exchanging for other funds . . . all public moneys collected by them." But this locking up of government funds outside the channels of business was very inconvenient also.

Now the Federal Reserve System is the Government's chief banker. The Treasury keeps an account in each of the twelve Reserve Banks. At points where there is no Reserve Bank or branch, but where government receipts and disbursements reach a certain figure, it also keeps an active account in a commercial bank. You probably pay your income tax by mailing your personal check on your local bank to the Collector of Internal Revenue for your district. He deposits it in the Reserve branch at his city or in another designated bank if there is no such branch. That depository collects the check from your bank through the usual banking channels. In general this applies to all government revenue collections and to postal receipts as well. They go into the bank at the points where the collections are made.

The Government's Bank Account

Government moneys do not all flow into Washington and then flow out again. As much as practicable they are kept in the district where the tax payments are made. The same idea is applied to the quarterly issues of new securities, described above. The Treasury keeps a war-loan account in about a thousand banks scattered over the country. These banks handle a great part of the new quarterly security issues. When such an issue is made a bank with a war-loan account simply credits the Treasury on its books with the amount of its subscription. The Treasury checks out the money later on as need arises. The quarterly security issues, it will be remembered, are made on income-tax payment dates, the fifteenth of March, June, September and December—dates on which the banks are always called upon to provide large sums for tax payments. If on the same day they were also required to pay over the amounts subscribed for new security issues, it would often create an inconvenient overload. On the same day the Treasury will also be paying off maturing paper, but at any given point such payments may by no means match new subscriptions. Crediting the new subscriptions to the Treasury for the time being makes for smooth functioning of the credit machine at all points.

In order to be a government depository, whether for a war-loan account or an active account, a bank must be approved and designated by the Secretary of the Treasury. It must also deposit with the Treasury government bonds or other paper to an amount sufficient to cover the deposit balance it will hold, and it must pay the Treasury interest, computed on the daily balance, at the rate of 2 per cent a year. Interest so received by the Government last year came to $4,841,676—which, as a suggestion of how the bantling has grown, is more than the total annual average revenue of the Federal Government while Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury. But in addition to the above requirements, a bank, in order to be designated a government depository, whether for a war-loan or active account, must be so situated that it will do enough government business to warrant an account. Tax receipts or subscriptions to new security issues must be large enough at that point to make a bank account justifiable there on the same general business principles that guide any large corporation in opening a bank account at a given point.

Working on a Narrow Margin

The Federal Reserve Banks are also regional distributing shops for government securities. All of them keep a stock on hand, and transfers are often made by simply sending a wire. For example, a man in Kansas City may be selling Treasury bonds and a man in Boston buying them. Instead of shipping the bonds from one point to the other, the Reserve Bank at Kansas City takes in the bonds and the Reserve Bank at Boston hands them out. It saves haulage, wear and tear, and expense. To the same end United States currency is sent to all the Federal Reserve Banks in proportion to their business. When a well-managed bank anywhere receives notes that have become worn and dirty, it puts them aside to be shipped to the Reserve Bank of its district, which will send clean new notes in their place. The Reserve Bank, accumulating a bundle of these dirty notes, punches holes in them, cuts them in two longitudinally, sends the upper halves to the Commissioner of the Public Debt, the lower halves to the Treasurer of the United States, and debits the Treasury with the amount.

The Federal Reserve Banks pay the coupons on government bonds as they fall due, or the bonds themselves at maturity, or any other government paper at maturity. In the ordinary course, a man who holds due coupons or other due paper of the United States simply deposits it in his bank like cash. The bank presents it at the Federal Reserve Bank for that district and gets credit for it just as though it were a check. The Federal Reserve Bank debits it to the Treasury.

About nine times out of ten, when Congress appropriates money for any public purpose, the Treasury credits the amount to the disbursing officer within whose province the appropriation falls. Then the disbursing officer issues his checks from time to time as actual payments are made. These checks go through the banks and the clearing houses like any other checks, and so are presented to the Federal Reserve Bank in the district where the payments are made. The Reserve Bank credits the bank that presents them and debits the Treasury.

The ordinary disbursements of the Government run more than $3,000,000,000 a year, and the greater part of them are made through the Reserve Banks; which also handle large sums yearly in connection with the Treasury's financing. To meet these payments the Treasury keeps a working cash balance of $40,000,000 to $50,000,000 in the twelve Reserve Banks. In view of the huge volume of transactions, this means working on a narrow margin of cash. No doubt the Treasury could not hew so close to the line on that item of working bank balance except for its secondary cash reserve.

This secondary reserve consists of its deposits in the war-loan banks that have credited it with their subscriptions to the latest quarterly issue of new securities as described above. On the date of the new security issue these banks will hold, to the

(Continued on Page 104)

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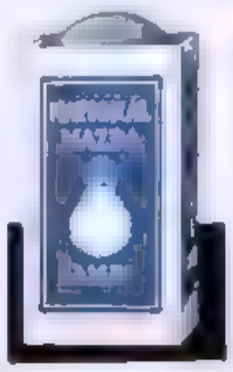
NOW MAZDA RESEARCH has captured all the warmth and charm that lay for hundreds of years buried in the glowing heart of the yule log—and christened it *Flametint*. Taken the mellow softness of candlelight that played for centuries on uplifted childish faces and placed in it decorative lamps that add safety to beauty and convenience to decoration. Given to a wide line of colored lights—from pale ivory to holly green—the pearl-like sheen of the famous standard line of MAZDA lamps which are frosted on the inside to insure the utmost ease in cleaning as well as give the maximum of light. And all in designs so smart and coloring effects so novel that they add a decidedly new note—lighted or unlighted—to modern decoration.

Visualize your home at Christmas time—and afterward beautified by these National MAZDA lamps. Bear in mind they are inexpensive to buy and to burn. *But* remember to look for the familiar blue carton and this symbol of quality on the bulb tip. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



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Smart as a jaunty tweed from Scotland

"THE best looking shoe of the season," Cleveland men say of Rob Roy. And thousands of men in other cities agree. How could they help it? Have you ever seen a smarter shoe? Or a shoe that has caught more of the spirit of youth? Sturdy Scotch grain, wing-tipped in gleaming calf. What a combination for wintry days! Ruggedness with solid comfort, smartness with strength! A true Bostonian—as modestly priced as the rest of them (they cost only $7 to $10 the pair). You can see it at your local Bostonian shop. Take a style tip from Cleveland—get into a pair of Bostonians.

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

Bostonians are sold by leading stores. In Cleveland, by the Stone Shoe Company's stores—312 and 10508 Euclid Ave.

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COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
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Continued from Page 102

credit of the Treasury, the whole amount of their subscriptions. But cash for government disbursements is steadily running out through the Reserve Banks. As it runs out, the Treasury draws on the war-loan banks to replenish its balances in the Reserve Banks. The latter, of course, pay no interest on government deposits, but all other banks pay 2 per cent. The longer government money stays in other banks the more it earns

We have just seen that when an appropriation is made the Treasury in most cases credits the amount to the disbursing officer who will make the actual payments. It does not credit the whole appropriation in one lump, however; but credits round amounts at intervals through the year enough in each chunk to last for a certain time. When that is nearly exhausted another chunk will be credited to the disbursing officer. So the various disbursing officers will always have unexpended balances to their credit on the Treasury's books. These unexpended balances will usually amount to something like $300,000,000; and the Treasury will usually have at least that amount of cash in its working bank balances and its reserves with the war-loan banks.

Of course nobody, loosely speaking, ever reads an annual report by a Secretary of the Treasury, and comparatively few people realize how extensive and varied the department's activities are. Last year, through the Coast Guard, it rescued 3983 persons from peril at sea, and, through the Secret Service, pinched 733 counterfeiters, note raisers and forgers. It employs about 14,000 hands—more than half in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and the Internal Revenue Bureau—and runs a Public Health Service as well as tracks down rum-runners, narcotic importers and smugglers in general. Sometimes these neglected annual reports yield a bit of humor. Many years ago the Federal Government found itself in possession of some $2,000,000 of old, defaulted and uncollectible state bonds, which Congress, with characteristic generosity, turned over to the Indian Trust Fund. Secretary Carlisle's report for 1896 lists seven such issues

Secretary Mellon's report for 1928, the latest in pamphlet form at this writing, shows only two issues remaining, and notes that by Act of May 29, 1928, Congress appropriated $118,856.69 in settlement of the indebtedness of the United States to the state of North Carolina for advances during the War of 1812, and $96,835.81 for certain cotton seized by the United States in 1865 and 1866, out of which sums the venerable bonds of North Carolina, formerly in the Indian Trust Fund, were retired. Apparently when there was a prospect of realizing something on these decrepit bonds, Congress took them out of the Indian Trust Fund—not trusting the Indians very far.

But Secretary Carlisle's report for 1896 also shows that net gold in the Treasury had on one date fallen to $44,000,000. That anyone should doubt the ability of the United States Treasury to meet its obligations now seems as preposterous as doubting that the sun will rise, but just a generation ago there was a doubt that it could continue to pay its notes in gold. Many doubting European holders of American securities hastened to unload, and the consequent gold exports kept the Treasury drained in spite of repeated borrowings. It is all rosy now, but an unsound monetary system could easily spoil it again.

POST SCRIPTS

Continued from Page 42

The Happy Medium

GIVE me a job that demands of me
The best that a man can give.
Nothing that matters in life is free,
I'm willing to sweat to live.
Give me a task that has broken men,
Turning their hair like snow;
Give me a duty like that, and then
Give me a wad of dough!

Work with a future is what I seek;
Give me a man's size place,
One for the mighty and not the weak.
Effort is no disgrace!
Give me a job for my hands or pen—
One that demands some pluck;
Let Opportunity knock, and then
Give me a lot of luck!

—C. Warden La Roe.

The Night Life of the Esquimaux

A newspaper item states that the Esquimaux of Northern Russia are to receive electricity from a hydroelectric station situated on the Kola Peninsula.

IN REGIONS deep in ice and snow,
Where dwell the playful Esquimaux,
Where nights extend for half a year,
The aspect always has been drear.

The well-known home of Santa Claus
Has always been quite dark, because
Each family in their snowy dwelling,
Burned seal-oil lamps, quite evil smelling.

Each family went to bed at eight; or
At nine, and seldom stayed up later.
The benefits of light denied them,
They never missed, they'd never tried them.

Now those who live where lights are dim,
Beyond the Polar circle's rim,
Are soon to have electric lights
To brighten up the Arctic nights.

Each cozy igloo soon will know
The incandescent's cheerful glow,
As power from a central station
Is sent to those in isolation.

And Papa Esquimau will sit
Beside the lamp and muse a bit,
The kids discard their furry suits,
While Mamma chews the sealskin boots.

Then Papa will rise up and state,
"Come, kids, to bed; it's getting late,
Please turn the light out, Mamma dear;
Our bill was far too high last year."

—G. W. Smythe.

The Stock Market "If"

(With Appropriate Blushes at Thought of Mr. Kipling)

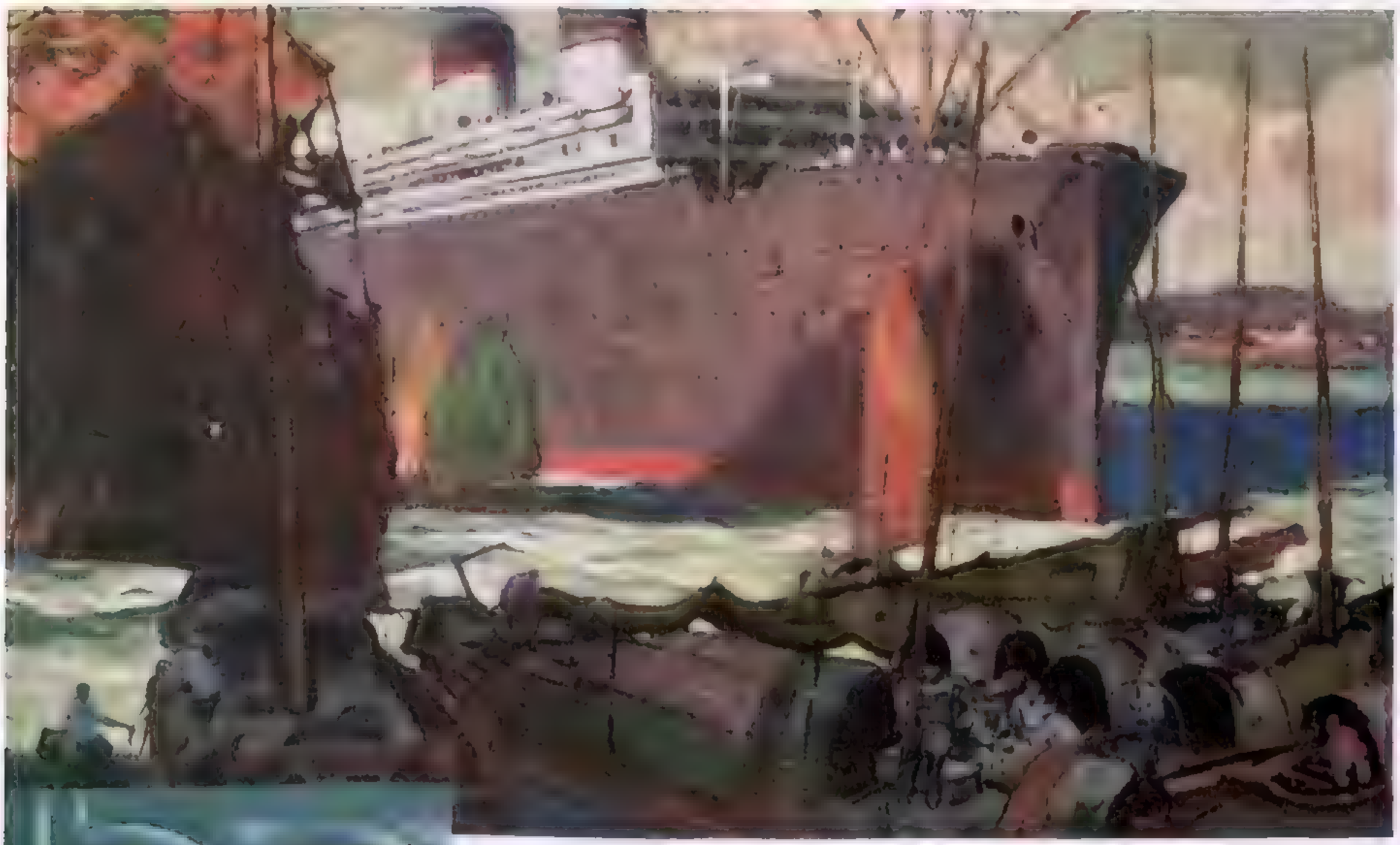
IF YOU can sell your stock while all about you
Are holding theirs and buying in some more;
If you can keep this up while all men doubt you
Can listen to their jibes and not get sore;
If you can take a tip for what it's worth,
And never use it, matter not its source,
If you can play and lose—and lose with mirth—
And beat right back with all your force;

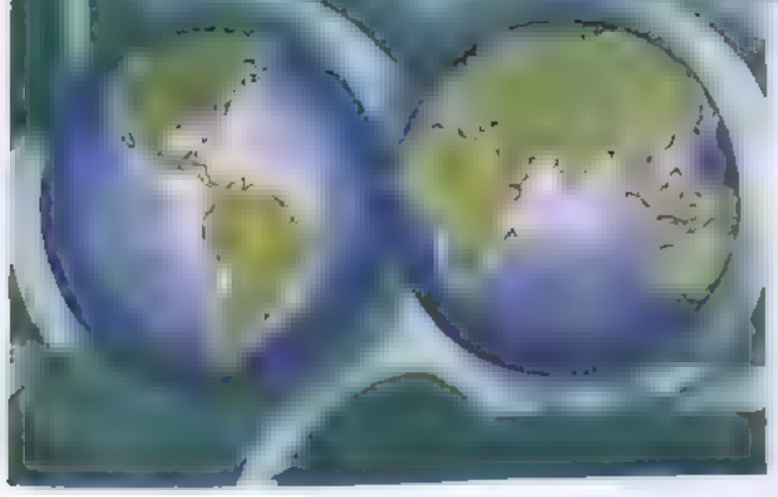
If you can buy a stock when all the others
Are selling theirs as fast as they can sell;
When none of them would even trust their brothers
And the blasted, bloomin' market's pell-mell—
If you can make a killing and not so much as grin,
So that neither friend nor foe will know you've won—
So that none will know that you were even in—
Why, then, I think, you'll make a pile, my son!

But the catch to the whole thing is, my boy,
That it simply can't be done.

Millard Milburn Rice.

To the Ports of the World with Texaco. . .





At the principal ports of the world and in 46 foreign countries, Texaco products are known for their high quality and uniformity. The Texaco Red Star with the Green T shines 'round the world.

SLEEK ocean greyhounds taking 'em green over their bows in mid-Atlantic—sea-going freighters drowsing at anchor in palm-fringed roadsteads. Carriers of the high seas, like those on land and in the air, depend on Texaco for lubrication.

Texaco Marine Lubricants long have enjoyed a reputation for unusual quality and economy among engineers and ship operators of every maritime nation. Day in, day out, through storm and calm, Texaco helps to link the commerce of the world—safely, swiftly, surely.

There is a specialized Texaco Lubricant for every type of marine prime mover, be it Diesel, turbine or reciprocating engine. Everywhere in every field the Texaco Red Star with the Green T stands as a symbol of service.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing

TEXACO

The mark of quality for petroleum products

THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 37)

"I saw Beriah in the store," Nancy told him; "he said him and Kate would be here for supper. That makes—how many does it make?" She paused and counted. "Eight and little James," she announced. "They must think I spend the afternoon preparing for them. I could do it ready and willing if Laure Abel would help. It ain't she'd be useful; I just get fretted at her sitting around with that black woman to do for her."

"That will soon be over," her father reassured her. "Your Uncle John can't stay here now he's regularly back. Either he'll live in Boonesborough, where Colonel Wilkinson is, or take a part in the store and raise a house near. He ought to say which soon. Likely we'll get a chance to speak tonight. Where is little James?"

Her son, she replied, was playing up at the fort. "Nothing does him but to wear the hunting shirt I made with the colored wool sewed to it."

She fell silent. James Abel could see that she was thinking about Gabriel Sash. It was twelve years ago Gabriel Sash deserted her. Went back to the woods. The Indians had long ago taken his scalp. He said something like that—but not quite like it, of course—very often to her. He insisted that Gabriel Sash was dead. It wasn't in reason for him to stay alive hunting the Indian country, right among the Cherokees, all this time.

James Abel wanted Nancy to marry Doctor Mackenny; the doctor had been setting up to her now for all of six years; he was a good man; and, one or the other, she ought to give him an answer. Nancy, though, wouldn't be sensible about it. She was not sensible about Gabriel Sash. Her head were full of queer ideas where he come in. Nancy seemed to put more store in Gabriel away from her than she did on Mackenny who was right beside her in Harrodstown. The doctor was older than James would have chosen for Nancy; he admitted to over fifty; but then, she wasn't a girl any more. She was fifteen or sixteen when she was married, in 1776. Nancy was twenty-eight now. He grew impatient, thinking about her foolishness with Doctor Mackenny.

"The doctor didn't come by today," he observed; "now I think on it, he wasn't here yesterday. Like as not you lost him." Her expression was totally indifferent. "It's flying in the face of Providence," James Abel asserted. "A man like him. With the respects of everybody. Not that I want to be rid of you. Don't take no notion I do. I was wondering a piece back, setting here, how I'd make it if you were gone. Flora's nothing you could mention, tending to things or cooking. Chance she'd hire a body to help her. Like Laure does. It would never be the same without you. I was only thinking for you."

He wouldn't even put on his new fustian roundabout without complaining, Nancy added, still concerned with her son.

"Doctor Mackenny is a good man," she admitted suddenly; "he's kind and he would provide for you. More than that, he understands about a woman. He'd never worry her like other men do. But what does it matter if he wouldn't, if he did provide all you'd need and more? What does it matter? Can you tell me that? There's Gabriel—he didn't provide a thing; he wouldn't stir his hand to keep me from carrying water the long piece from the spring; all he did was sit on his heels and smoke his little red pipe. Yet he is in my mind twelve years. I can see him like he was you right now, with his thin, dark face like a tomahawk, his long, dark hair a-swinging on his cheeks."

"It's just a crazy notion you've took," her father replied sharply; "it is fortunate for the others of us, but not where you come in. You work too hard here; you have worked too hard all your life; it would be different with the doctor."

Once more, gazing at her rough, scarred hands, she asked what it meant. He didn't know what she meant, he asserted, almost angry. It was his idea nobody knew what nothing meant now.

The sky darkened early, threatening a storm, and Nancy lighted the two boat lamps hanging on their short chains at places of advantage on the walls. James Abel sat at the head of the family gathering: Laure was beside him and so was Kate, his daughter; Beriah Mace faced him from the other end of the table. Flora, James noticed, had the discontented look to her which, lately, had grown so common; Flora, he realized, was a pretty girl; she was high-handed with the young men of Harrodstown and, as a result, she wasn't married yet. Right now she were three year older than Nancy when she took Gabriel Sash. All his children were deliberate marriers. McKee, too, at twenty-four, was single. He was beside Laure Abel, and he was more than particular, polite, with her. Little James, in the hunting shirt that was a copy of his father's, sat with his eyes fastened on the foreign woman. James hardly noticed his mother when she spoke to him; he moved his shoulder sharp and impatient when she touched him, commanding him to take his boiled Indian meal. He was, his grandfather considered, a fine figure of a boy. He had inherited from his mother the McKee eyes; they took something off his father too—a steady, narrowed gaze like he was sighting a rifle. James remembered that look in Gabriel Sash. The boy, in addition, had pale hair and the wiry, deceitful endurance of the Abels.

A thin ray from a lamp struck on the tall gold comb that Laure wore. She had put off for supper the black lace that usually hung about her face. Some, James realized, would call her considerable looking; he reckoned there was looks to her, but that was far as he'd go. He didn't take to her kind of appearance. For one, her neck was too slight—he could almost span it with a hand; then her face was too dark for him. It was a strange darkness—James Abel had seen yellow peaches just such a color—and he couldn't a-bear her eyes; they were black as powder, blacker even than her hair, and at the same time they had a shine to them. Now he come to think of it, she was the only female he remembered who looked right into his face. Sarah's gaze had dropped when it met his. That were modest, decent; but, James realized, there wasn't any modesty along with Laure. The harder you stared at her the wider her black eyes opened; there was, with it all, a little red smile on her lips.

She was speaking in a slow and careful English. "It was natural I come here, to Kentucky, with my husband. He is my husband. I will like it some day—everyone is kind to me—but I'll always regret New Orleans. It is so gay. Music always, and dancing and games. In the evening the Grand Chemin, the levee, is fine with beautiful dresses and officers in green coats; the negroes are always laughing. You should see them—Danse Calinda, Boum-boum, Boum-boum." At the table, before them all, Laure Abel sang a strange song:

"Mouché Préval
Li donné grand bal.
Li fait néga payé
Pou sauté ain pé."

She went on, "The gentlemen gamble at the Maison Coquet and drink chocolate and play dominoes at the Café del Aguila on Chartres Street. Or they stop at Thiot's and order *le petit gouave*.. New Orleans is happy, and, when I remember Louisiana, Kentucky seems so—so sad. The forest is sad and there are always the Indians." She was gazing, James Abel saw, at Nancy Sash. Nancy was looking at the edge of the table. "The pleasures here are very few," Laure continued. "God will not strike you dead if you laugh. He has even appointed feast days."

"We have feast days," Nancy replied suddenly. "But they are different from yours. We have to set them out ourselves. There are no Arabelas to help us. We had to fight all the time; it's some better now, but it's bad enough. And God is different in Kentucky from what you think in New Orleans. He's a hard God, but righteous; not a sparrow falls yet He knows it, but sin and lightness He hates and punishes. His way is like a trace through the woods, narrow and weary to follow. There's no grand levee in Kentucky; the only soldiers in green coats were the Canada officers bringing the tomahawk down on the settlements. The singing here is hymns." Nancy's voice was strong and bitter. She could, James Abel told himself again, take care of herself.

John, his brother, said hurriedly:

"You don't understand each other, and it's natural you wouldn't. You are both right because you're both what you are. You are what made you, Nancy and Laure. New Orleans is just as different from Harrodstown. What I say, there is enough room in the world for each. You and the towns. I do admit, James, I agree with Laure. It's melancholy here; I miss New Orleans myself. But Kentucky is getting better. I can recollect 1776 here, with Nancy making soap. You hated it, too, Nancy; I don't blame you. With the lime and heavy ashes and fat."

Nancy Sash paid not the slightest notice to him. She was still intent upon Laure. Laure Abel held her chin high. James wished that his brother had never brought her there. Flora, he could see, was all admiration for her. McKee had a sullen expression to him.

Little James proceeded in a rapid gabble, "I want to go to New Orleans. I like it with Aunt Laure. I want to drink chocolate and play with dominoes. I kin go there in a canoe and through the Indian country and kill Indians."

His mother said sharply, "Hush. There is enough trouble to you now without wanting the moon."

He began, very quietly, to cry, and his grandfather looked at him amazed. "Why, James," he protested, "you talk about killing Indians and then go on like a cry baby."

He was not, his mother explained defensively, right; she didn't know what it was, but something had took him. He was restless in the night and bawled out.

Beriah Mace, the kindest of men, said, "You come down to the store tomorrow, and I'll give you a Barlow knife that'll open and shut. Yes, sir, a Barlow knife is what you're a-going to get. . . . It's funny," he went on to the others; "I was at New Orleans, but I didn't take a shine to it. The speaking for one—I like to know what I'm listening to. I don't put no dependence on foreign tongues. I missed the Kentucky woods, too, with the sunlight shining pale in them, and the flowers by the river. Even with the Indians I take to it. It's in our blood—in James Abel's and Nancy and the rest, more or less. We growed out of it like a tree. A limestone tree. You wouldn't find one if you hunted the woods for a life, but that's what I mean."

"You can take to one and still understand about the other," McKee objected. "I've never been out of the settlements, but I'd like right fair to travel and see the things Aunt Laure talked about. This is just backwoods. The western waters."

He said all of that, James Abel thought, on the account of Laure. She had moved him considerable; she had moved Flora—who was kind of like her anyways—and she had even taken the fancy of little James. That would not bring Nancy any closer to her than she were. Laure spoke a foreign piece to her husband, he left the room, and when he returned he brought her a long, thin and dark cigar. Laure Abel smoked reflectively. For once she was silent. Her hand with the cigar was thin, and yet it wasn't thin. It were soft and the fingers curved softly. In spite of himself, James privately admitted that it reminded him of a tulip-poplar flower. Just the same he wisht she was back in New Orleans. Yes, and John with her. He didn't welcome the way Nancy was; he knew, with her, what was sign, exactly the way you knew about Indian sign.

The night, following the earlier promise of evening, was dark; it was oppressive, with a low distant thunder, but no rain fell. Beriah Mace and Kate soon went home; James Abel and his brother moved hickory chairs to the cleared space before the main cabin entrance.

It was time they talked, John asserted. "I put it off because we didn't appear to have a good chance, and what I want to say needs that. All I ask, James, is for you to listen till I'm through. You won't understand it, or tell what I mean, unless you hear it all. You wouldn't think, at first, it was about us and the store at all; you'll believe it's only politics; but you'd be wrong. This new Federal Government, for example—James, it won't be no time until there is a monarchy in America. The old Confederation was bad, but this will be worse. Remember what I say; we'll end with a monarch. It stands to reason. The East and North are headed that way right now, leaving Kentucky where she stands. The first thing you know we will have an excise, heavier than ever it was with England, and troops to collect it.

"Look how the states voted when John Jay, a little piece back, wanted us to give up navigating the Mississippi River for twenty years so he could get the kind of treaty suited to New York. Seven were against us. He only needed two more votes, and what would have happened to Kentucky then? Where could we trade? Nowhere is where. They don't want our crops—they don't need tobacco—in Virginia. We can't pole clear up to Fort Pitt, and then, after that, send wagons over the mountains to Philadelphia. It's bad enough bringing things down the rivers now. You know that. It won't be long before another Federal move like the Jay treaty will succeed, and then we'll be in the woods and stay there. There isn't a state east of the mountains will have a mind to us. East of the mountains, James; remember that; it is important."

James Abel said, "Well, what about it?"

"This," John replied. "We've got to look out for ourselves, turn where it's our interest to turn. I didn't see any of it when I first came to the settlements. I didn't even understand when I reached New Orleans. But I do now. Colonel Wilkinson showed me. James, he is the greatest man in the West."

James Abel objected to that. "George Rogers Clark is the greatest," he asserted.

"For a soldier, yes," John agreed; "but he belongs to our own time. When the Indian wars are over, so will he be. James Wilkinson belongs to the future. He'll make Kentucky. Why, look what he has done already- gone to New Orleans by himself, along with a cargo of tobacco and flour, and he wasn't there a day before Governor Miro let him rest his goods in the king's stores. He saw the Intendant, Navarro, Conway, the governor's brother-in-law, and the royal *contador*, and persuaded them to let him trade. That is what Colonel Wilkinson did. You know well as I do he bought tobacco in the settlements for two dollars a hundredweight; well, he got nine for it in New Orleans. James Wilkinson brought back thirty-five thousand dollars in silver."

"That is big trading," James Abel agreed; "the biggest I ever hear of. But,"

(Continued on Page 111)

S. W. GILFILLAN

President of GILFILLAN BROS., Inc. Says:

"Our advice to all our dealers is to recommend RCA Radiotrons for initial equipment and for replacement in all of our radio instruments. We do this because we use them for experiments and tests in the Gilfillan Bros., Inc. laboratories and find that they have no superior."

S W Gilfillan

Expert radio engineers advise that all tubes in your radio set be replaced at the same time—once a year at least. Old tubes left in impair the performance of the others. By installing a complete new set of RCA Radiotrons you are assured of balanced performance.

RCA RADIOTRON

RADIOTRON DIVISION
RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

$21 Worth of Salesmanship *waited in line for* $7 Worth of Orders

The sales manager was in a brown study and a blue funk. A customer's record card revealed a most depressing instance of wasteful salesmanship. One of his most expensive field men had invested 17 calls on a mossback grocer located 12 miles from the nearest railroad station. Net result—$32.90 in orders, scattered over a whole year.

But the worst was yet to come. Upon inquiry, he learned that the whole total of this grocer's purchases from all concerns averaged not over $7 a day and that an average of three high-priced salesmen called on this remote store every day, at a cost of $21, in time and traveling expense, to book this $7 worth of business.

This graphic instance of selling waste galvanized this sales manager into action. He determined to discover how many instances of such misspent selling zeal existed in the cumbersome archives of his sales records.

His first move was to install a Visible Customer's Record system—a system which displayed every customer's name and all his responses or non-responses, on the edge of a card, always in plain sight. A system which enabled him to spot, instantly, any stagnant or slipping account, by simply running his eyes over the edges of the cards. A system which semaphored, with vivid color signals, every account which needed immediate consideration or special action.

Astounding revelations of selling waste were laid bare by this new and vivid system. As a result nearly 20% of the accounts were thrown out as hopeless in profit potentialities.

With selling effort concentrated wholly

on customers and prospects of *known* profit possibilities, this concern not only cut great slices from its selling cost, but increased its volume by a more intensive cultivation of worth-while trade.

The most serious problem in American business today is the problem of distribution. Authorities estimate that loose distribution methods cost the country more than the entire value of our exports. And one of the sure-fire remedies rests in knowing the facts and figures concerning every sales outlet and the cost of securing and developing it.

The easy availability of the best systems and machines of business makes this remedy simple to secure and apply. For no longer need a business man consult many different sources and listen to many special pleaders to find the particular plan of control best adapted to his sales department. Today, he can turn to *one* headquarters! To one great, centralized organization for the best in all business machines, equipment and business systems counsel.

Remington Rand, in its consolidation of the foremost business equipment makers and their vast collective systems experience, offers a quick, convenient and positive way to get to the bottom of all distribution-record problems. There are four thousand Remington Rand skilled and practical business analysts, offering a nation-covering organization of business counsel, at the disposal of business men everywhere.

Whatever your problem, in connection with any phase of your business control or business routine, or even if you are not conscious of any problem but merely wish to make sure your present methods are right—a letter or a phone call to the nearest Remington Rand headquarters will bring one of these sound and impartial business analysts to your office for a conference.

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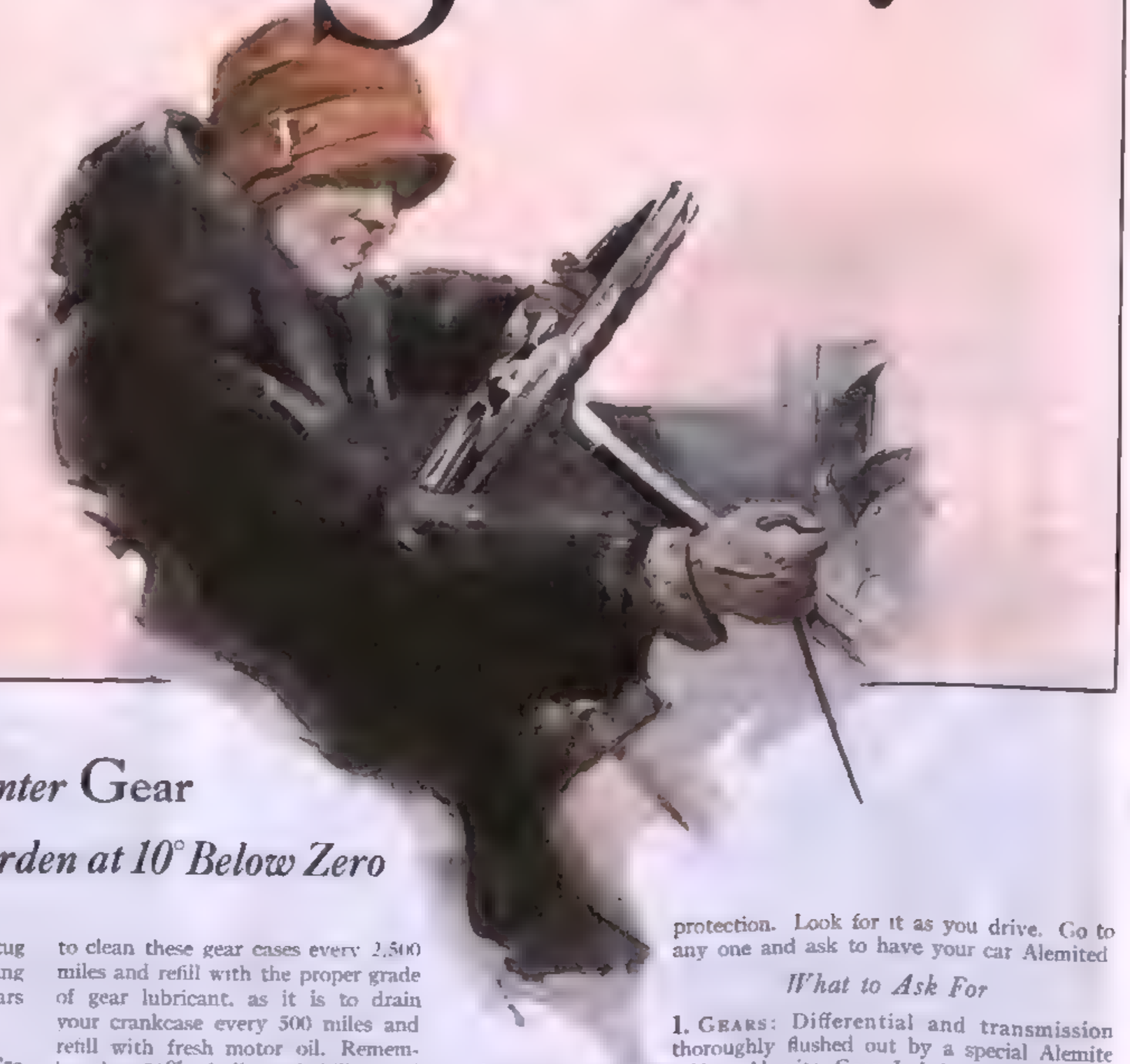
Executive offices, Buffalo, New York. Sales offices in all leading cities.

GEARS *Stick* ?



Do This At Once To Ease Up Your Gear Shift—Avoid Costly Repairs

Change to Alemite *Winter* Gear Lubricant—*Does Not Harden at 10° Below Zero*

IF your gears "stick"—if you have to push and tug on your lever when you shift—there's something wrong with the lubricant you're using. Your gears should always shift easily; even on cold days.

And sticking gears are more than a nuisance. They're a warning of big repair bills on the way! They mean the lubricant in your gear boxes has become hard from the cold. Summer gear lubricant hardens in winter—and this causes serious results. When your gears turn they cut a "channel" through this hard lubricant and whirl away mile after mile without any lubrication at all.

That's when grinding, noisy gears, serious gear troubles, heavy repair bills start. Today you can "ease up" your gears instantly—and avoid repairs.

Go at once to the nearest Alemite-ing Station. Tell them you want the gears in your car thoroughly cleaned out, and *Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant* put in.

A Special Alemite Gear Service for Winter Driving

A special Alemite Gear Flusher sucks out all the old, hardened grease in differential and transmission. Sucks out the chips of steel, grit and dirt that can seriously injure your car's gears. Then flushes gear cases clean with kerosene.

Then—fresh Alemite WINTER GEAR LUBRICANT is forced in. A special WINTER lubricant that actually FLOWS at zero temperatures and retains its lubricating qualities at far below zero. Thus your gears shift with summer ease, even in coldest weather—*and you are assured of efficient lubrication.* It is just as important to clean these gear cases every 2,500 miles and refill with the proper grade of gear lubricant, as it is to drain your crankcase every 500 miles and refill with fresh motor oil. Remember that 80% of all repair bills are due to improper lubrication.

But be sure you go to a genuine Alemite-ing Station. (Look for the Alemite sign.) You are sure at these stations of genuine Alemite Lubricants and efficient Alemite mechanics. To protect your interests and our own, we have developed special Alemite Lubricants, for both gears and chassis bearings. And the special service called "Alemite-ing". This word "ALEMITE-ING" (trade-marked) means to have the bearings and gears of your car lubricated with genuine Alemite Lubricants.

All dealers who give you genuine Alemite-ing service display the big Alemite sign. They use genuine Alemite lubricants. This sign is their franchise and your protection. Look for it as you drive. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemited

What to Ask For

1. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

2. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs. And you can be sure of easy gear-shifting and proper lubrication at even sub-zero temperatures.

Alemite Gear Flusher

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2650-A N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

A New Service

Ask your dealer, garage or service man for details on the new Alemite Service. R. A. S.—Recorded Alemite Service.

A plan that will warrant a remarkable increase in the *resale value* of your car. A plan endorsed and sponsored by leading car dealers throughout the country . . . R. A. S.—get details from dealer, garage or service stations.

(Continued from Page 106

he repeated his daughter Nancy's phrase, "what does it matter? To us?"

John exclaimed heatedly, "It means that Colonel Wilkinson has opened the Louisiana market to us. He has saved Kentucky. We can carry our tobacco and our flour, as much as we can make, to New Orleans and get a good price for it. James, Colonel Wilkinson has a treaty with Governor Miro in his pocket. With him. Any of us can go to New Orleans and sell for silver, for specie, or for bills on Havana or Philadelphia, and then fill our store with every kind of goods."

James put in: "We'll all be glad of that. But what is special about it? I can't for the life of me see. The Government at Philadelphia ain't a-going to stop us if the Spaniards won't. There's a trick to it somewheres."

John did not know what he meant by a trick. "You're so cloudy in the head, like tonight is, that it's hard talking to you. If the Philadelphia Government won't help us, and Spain will, what does that signify? It signifies our interest rests with Spain. We're closer to New Orleans than we are to Boston or even New York. New Orleans understands about us better. We will never get anything from the north; very well, then, we must look to the south."

"There she is!" James Abel exclaimed triumphantly. "You want us to be Spaniards. Wilkinson wants to sell us to Louisiana. I knowed there was a trick to it. Well, I won't be no foreigner, and that's certain. There is one in the house now; and, with respects to you, John, we don't want more—that is, me and Nancy don't. The rest of you is raddled about her. But I tell you this, public and private, Nancy and me, we still manage things here. We do for a fact."

John said coldly, "You couldn't, neither of you, be like Laure if you killed yourselves to do it. She is very beautiful, with noble blood, and educated by the Ursuline nuns; and whatever Nancy may be, it's not that. Harrodstown is hardly New Orleans either. It's just what I've said—you haven't seen anything and so you can't know. I'll follow on to where I was getting, if you don't stop me again. I had several close talks with James Wilkinson, and I will ask you not to repeat what I tell you about them. He has no immediate plans; they will come out when the time is right; and then you'll be surprised at the men back of him. George Muter and Judge Sebastian and Mr. Brown showed in their public letter last year how they viewed conditions.

"James Wilkinson thinks we can't turn away from our best interests; the day will come, he says, and not far off, when we will have to leave the United States. Kentucky must stand by herself, and she can only do that with Spanish help. That's in the future. At present, James, I have an offer from Colonel Wilkinson for us to be part of his trading concern; our store in Harrodstown will share in his interests. At least you do know what they are—boundless. We'll have the protection of his boats when we send furs and tobacco down to New Orleans. He'll see we get paid prompt and full. James, it won't be any time before we're rich. We'll have a traffic that will cover the western waters. All we need to do is come out with the right support, be intelligent, when it's time."

"To hell with when it's time!" James asserted. "It's always time. It's time now. And now I'll tell you no. I ain't seed much, but I kin look farther through the woods than you. I kin see more in a minute in Kentucky than you'll ever take notice to. You told about Laure being learned by the nuns and beautiful, and how Nancy was different, and you were right. I listened to them both at the table, and if you had you wouldn't have said none of this. Not a black word of it. Nancy Sash is Kentucky and Laure is the Spanish—a foreign woman. Nancy was right; it's been hard here and we're a serious peoples. We got a solemn and revengeful God. We'll never for all time be light-minded. When you talk about Kentucky being jined to Spain—and that's where you were leading—I could laugh in your face. We're north, John Abel, and never south. Protestan's that belong to the United States. If the Constitution don't take notice to us, we'll take notice to hit. I ain't high-flown either. I know which side of the skin the fur is on. The store will stay like it is. We've moved along pretty good without Col. James Wilkinson. If you've a mind to it, Beriah Mace and me will buy you out. There's plenty in the family besides you to fetch it on."

John Abel, a vague figure in the darkness, rose. "I could see, after I started to talk, it would end like it did," he said. "I ought to have stopped. Beriah Mace is as big a fool as you are."

Just as big, James agreed. "I wouldn't be surprised if he was bigger if you ast him would he change to a Spaniard."

The next day, at the store, James Abel gave Beriah Mace a general description of his talk with his brother John about Colonel Wilkinson. It was early of the morning, no one but Beriah and himself was present, and James grew excited.

"I said to John," he asserted, "that 'with your head full of foreign notions you're no good to us.' I told him, 'we'll buy you out—Beriah and me.' So we will. As soon as he started, I knowed there was a trick to it."

Beriah Mace was more judicious. "A lot of pretty good people agree with him," Beriah admitted. "I don't happen to. Around here most don't. It might be different in Danville, with all the lawyers and the learned. It's a question, James, but I don't doubt the outcome."

He was too reasonable to suit James Abel; James didn't even want to hear tell of any of it. "Can't I see it plain in my own house," he demanded, "with a foreign woman drawed right up to my table? I can divide my family in two, the way you divide the people of Kentucky. There's them holds with Laure and them that don't. You seen last night how me and Nancy was, and you must have took note to McKee. McKee he was more like a calf than a man. Why, even little James didn't know his mother was there, for staring his eyes out at Laure. Kate is a sensible girl at bottom, and God He knows I wisht Flora was—I seen her smoking one of Laure's cigars yesterday. I said to Flora, I said, 'Why don't you smoke like a decent girl, and take a clay pipe or a cob, with a couple of pinches of honest twist?'

"Laure Abel gave me a turn this morning was like to be my death. Beriah, I was skeered. I was going out the back door some early, the day were just gray, when a person moved close to the wall. I jumped sideways like a deer, and it were Laure. She was wrapped tight up in black, with that black shawl over her face, and pressed close against the cabin. I started to make nothing of it, Beriah, when her hand fell, and there was steel in it. Laure hid a knife in her skirt. What do you make out of that?"

"Nothing," Beriah replied; "no reason why she wouldn't be out back if you were. I don't set no store on the knife part."

A customer came in, and the business of barter, of weighing sheep's wool, went forward. James was annoyed at Beriah Mace; he hadn't paid no notice to his story about Laure. Middling queer, James considered it to be. He had seen the knife, the quick flash of steel, plain as plain. Perhaps Laure thought it was Nancy and was fixed to put a knife in her. He gave that idea up; it was evidently nonsense. James Abel went home to dinner. Kate Mace carried Beriah's dinner to the store—and he found little James acting very badly. His face was again streaming with tears. It was plain his mother had boxed him. This, too, upset James Abel.

"You're oversharp with him," he told Nancy. "I bet if you told me what he done it wouldn't be nothing."

Nancy regarded him with a smoldering gaze. "I told him to stay close to the cabin," she explained, "and he went up to the fort." That was nothing when you thought of the size of him, her father replied. "All boys like to go to the fort." She continued, "James went with Laure Abel. Laure heard what I said and she took him just the same." Like as not, he went on pacifically, Laure hadn't understood her. Laure's knowledge of English wasn't big by no means.

"She knew," Nancy asserted. "It isn't that," she added—"not that one thing. James follows her around like a little hound dog. If he ain't with Laure Abel he's in a misery. I'm nothing to him now. I'll murder that foreign woman." Nancy's voice rose and James put a hand on her shoulder.

"Be quiet," he commanded her; "they can hear you outside the room. You won't kill nobody. I had a talk with brother John last night, and with Beriah today, and we're going to buy John out of the store. We can't agree with him. In a little he'll be clear gone, and Laure as well."

Nancy said bitterly, "And little James, too, likely. She only does it for a spite on me." Nancy's voice rose again. "She never has a hand to her own child; a black slave minds him. Laure told me she didn't take no ways to any young. She don't count nothing on being a mother."

James Abel suddenly saw deeply into Nancy's being; all the feeling she had put in Gabriel Sash—exactly as if Gabriel had been that little old chest of hers—she now laid to little James. She was just as unreasonable with him as she was about her husband; he was Gabriel's child, he was Gabriel, and he was hers; he was their bond and evidence; every ways you looked at it, he was the world and all to Nancy Sash. That, to his mind, was ridiculous; it didn't do to take anything, husband or child or life or death, so serious. One by one they changed and passed away. Only death was certain. Sarah had gone and his old friends, the men who had settled the Kentucky country. But they had, in the past, called it Kentake, the big meadows and hunting ground. Some—not many—had died peaceful; others the Indians had ketched, tomahawked and scalped, or burned a-screeching in fat-pine fires; some, the first he had known, had died in the war against the British, at Monmouth and King's Mountain. No, you couldn't take things black and hard like Nancy did. He tried to help her—a resentful, withdrawn woman—and failed; James Abel had no words to express, to fit, his philosophy and experience. Nancy looked at him blankly. In a corner the sobs of little James subsided slowly.

He was, because of all this, troubled; all afternoon at his store his mind was filled with dark thoughts and premonitions of disaster. He shook his head doubtfully; his lips moved soundlessly. James Abel wanted to tell John to leave his house at once, but he couldn't; it wasn't in him. That would have outraged every instinct of his Kentucky-bred spirit. If he had a house, it was John's house; he wouldn't turn nobody out, let alone his full brother. Laure, he recognized, even made an effort to ketch him. He was at the supper table, reflectively drinking tea; the others rose, moved away, but she remained.

"In New Orleans," Laure said, "we sit a long time at the table, but we drink coffee, not tea, with brandy. Coffee and brandy are perfection together. Like love and youth."

Tea, he replied abruptly, was good enough for him; and so was Kentucky whisky. He did not like foreign drinks.

"You hate everything that is strange to you," she observed: "I did hope you wouldn't hate me. You are a strong man, and the head of a house, of a family. We were taught by the Ursulines to look up to that. I have been instructed to venerate your dignity." She made James more and more uneasy.

(Continued on Page 115)

RUGS
Bright surfaced—felt base
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Fire-retarding · Minimum expense
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MODERN GIFTS *that*

Hotpoint "Ambassador" Waffle Iron

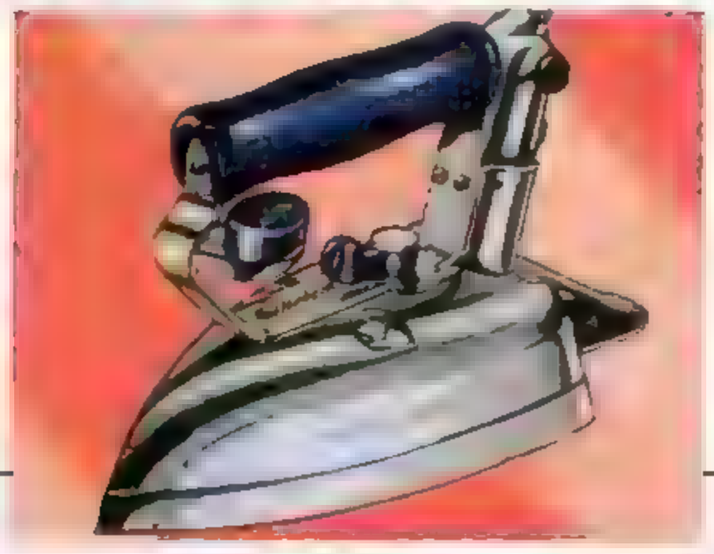
A glorious surprise awaits the one who receives this beautiful gift. For it is not just a waffle iron. In the package is a little booklet, "52 Recipes for the Hotpoint Waffle Iron." It gives suggestions for breakfast, lunch and dinner menus, for bridge luncheons, etc. The recipes include delicious cookies, shortcakes, sandwiches, corn cake and a wide variety of tempting waffles. All these can be made right at the table, or bridge table. The model illustrated above is finished in untarnishing **Hotpoint Chromeplate**, with beautiful mottled green, cool handles. $18.50. Another model in **Hotpoint Chromeplate** is $12.50. Others $9.45 and $15.00. All have the practically indestructible Hotpoint CALROD element and other Hotpoint quality features.

HERE are gifts to delight the modern woman's heart. She'll take pride in their beauty . . . and joy in the daily convenience they afford.

These lovely gifts will keep fresh the memory of your thoughtfulness and affection every day for years to come. For these modern, electrical gifts bear the treasured name "Hotpoint," assurance of enduring beauty and faithful service.

Only a few Hotpoint gift suggestions are shown here. Your electric company or dealer will be glad to show you many others. You'll find that there are beautiful, useful and *lasting* Hotpoint gifts at prices to meet every allowance on your Christmas list.

The Hotpoint Redmen, successors to the Christmas Brownies, helpers to the modern Santa. Look for them in store windows When you see them you know it's a Hotpoint store



Hotpoint Super AUTOMATIC Iron
"The Iron with a Brain"

Yes, this ultra modern iron has a mechanical brain. Tell it what heat you want, by setting the throttle, and it automatically *keeps* at that heat—low, medium, high or *any* heat between. Thus it protects your garments. It irons faster, for you never need wait for it to heat up or cool down. It also has the comfortable Thumb Rest, Hinged Plug, Heel Stand and practically indestructible CALROD element Hotpoint Chromeplate. $8 80

Hotpoint

HOTPOINT ELECTRIC GIFTS WILL BE A PRIDE AND JOY FOR LONG YEARS TO COME

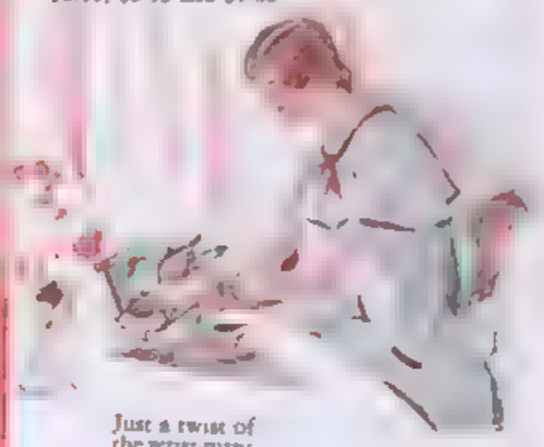
LAST FOR YEARS

Hotpoint 2-Slice AUTOMATIC Toaster

with the new Toast-Over Knob

This gleaming gift will say, "Tell me how you like your toast and I'll make it for you *perfectly* every time—without watching, without burning."

You merely put in two large slices of bread, set the adjustable time control for the kind of toast you want, soft, medium or crunchy, and forget it. It will be done exactly right, *automatically*. The new Toast-Over Knob is a marvelous convenience. Simply give the cool, black knob a quarter turn left, then back to the right—and the toast is turned. Simple, isn't it? Only Hotpoint toasters have this Toast-Over Knob. Hotpoint Chromeplate, $9.75. Other Hotpoint Toasters are $3.95, $5.00, $6.50, $8.00, $8.50 and $9.00.



Just a twist of the wrist turns two slices at once.

Hotpoint AUTOMATIC "Florentine" Urn Set

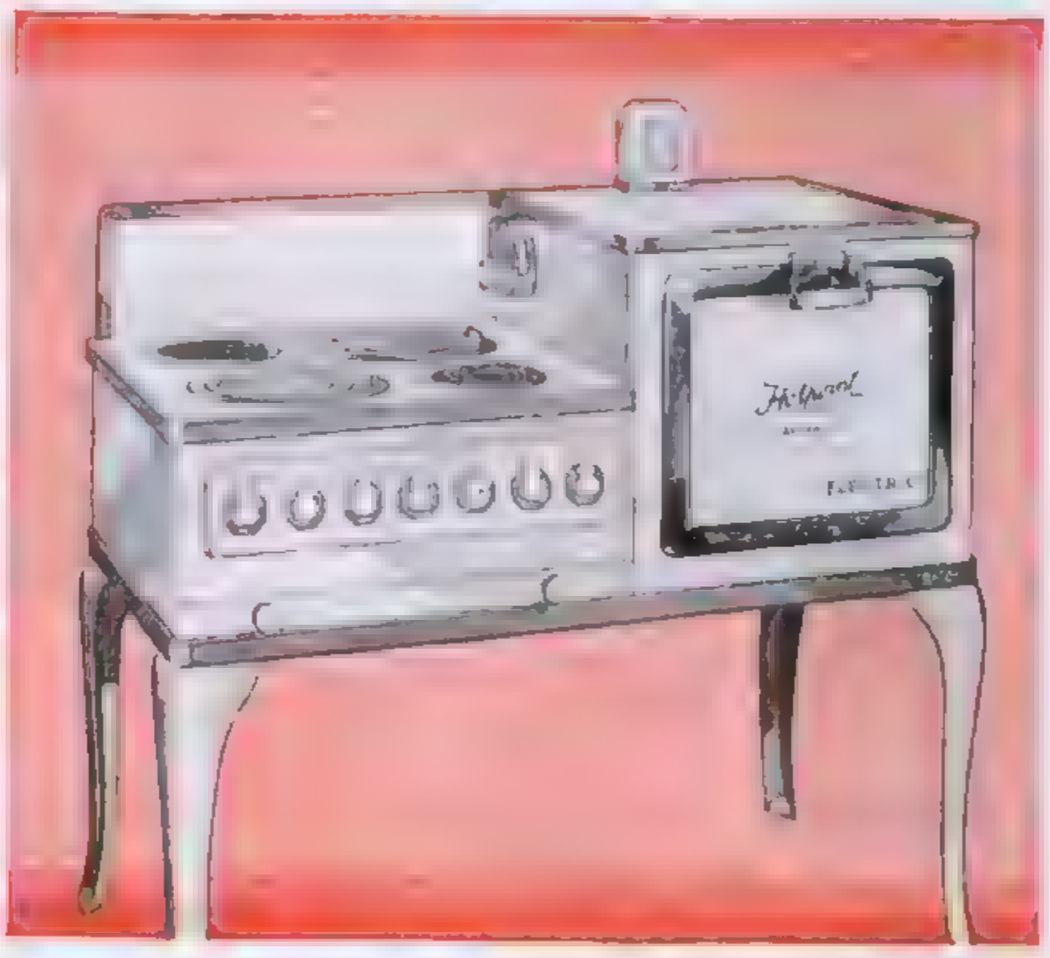
A charming coffee set of matchless grace in form and ornament. Picture the joy when *this* gift is unwrapped! Its beauty will be preserved by gleaming Hotpoint Chromeplate—the lifetime finish—and its long years of use safeguarded by its CALROD element and Super-Automatic Thermal Protector. Makes 9 cups of wonderful Hotpoint HOT-drip coffee. In Chromeplate, $48.00. Nickel finish, $38.50.

There are *many* models of Hotpoint percolators and sets from which you can choose. Prices from $8.45 to $65.00. All make most delicious, full-flavored, fragrant coffee by the exclusive Hotpoint HOT-drip method.

The Hotpoint Press Kit

This will be a treasured convenience for the girl away at school or the woman who travels. A dainty 3-lb. iron and cord set in a light, flexible, patent-finish leatherette kit bag. Fits easily into a corner of her suitcase or bag. $4.50. Another Hotpoint travel iron set, the de luxe model, is $5.50.

But whether she travels or not, *every* woman will find a 3-lb. Hotpoint a great convenience at home. It is particularly suitable for pressing out dainty things, baby clothes, etc. The 3-lb. Hotpoint iron alone is $3.50.



Hotpoint AUTOMATIC "Louis XVI" Percolator Set

Another beautiful coffee set in untarnishing Hotpoint Chromeplate finish! Its classic lines will add richness to the appointments of any dining table. The fragrant HOT-drip coffee will bring particular delight every time it is made. Cool handle of genuine Calmold. The special design of the graceful spout makes it dripless. The percolator, sugar and creamer are *silver-lined*. Equipped with the famous, practically indestructible Hotpoint CALROD heating element; also the Super-Automatic Thermal Protector. Set complete with 6-cup percolator, $33.00; with 8-cup, $35.00. Other percolators and sets from $8.45 to $65.00.

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Here's the *great* gift of gifts for wife or mother—for your *own* home. This *modern* Hotpoint automatic electric range. It will bake or roast for her *scientifically*, better than she ever thought possible, without the slightest attention on her part. She is *free* from the kitchen while meals are cooking. And think of sootless cooking utensils, never to need scouring! Just pure, clean, *FAST* heat at the turn of a switch. This is the fastest, most economical electric range ever made. Finished in white porcelain enamel with gray trim and untarnishing Hotpoint Chromeplate. Equipped with the Hotpoint Thrift Cooker, HI SPEED CALROD unit, automatic temperature control and patented Smokeless Broiler. The new combination clock and automatic timer may be added at a small extra cost. Ask your electric company for full information and their special Christmas offer.

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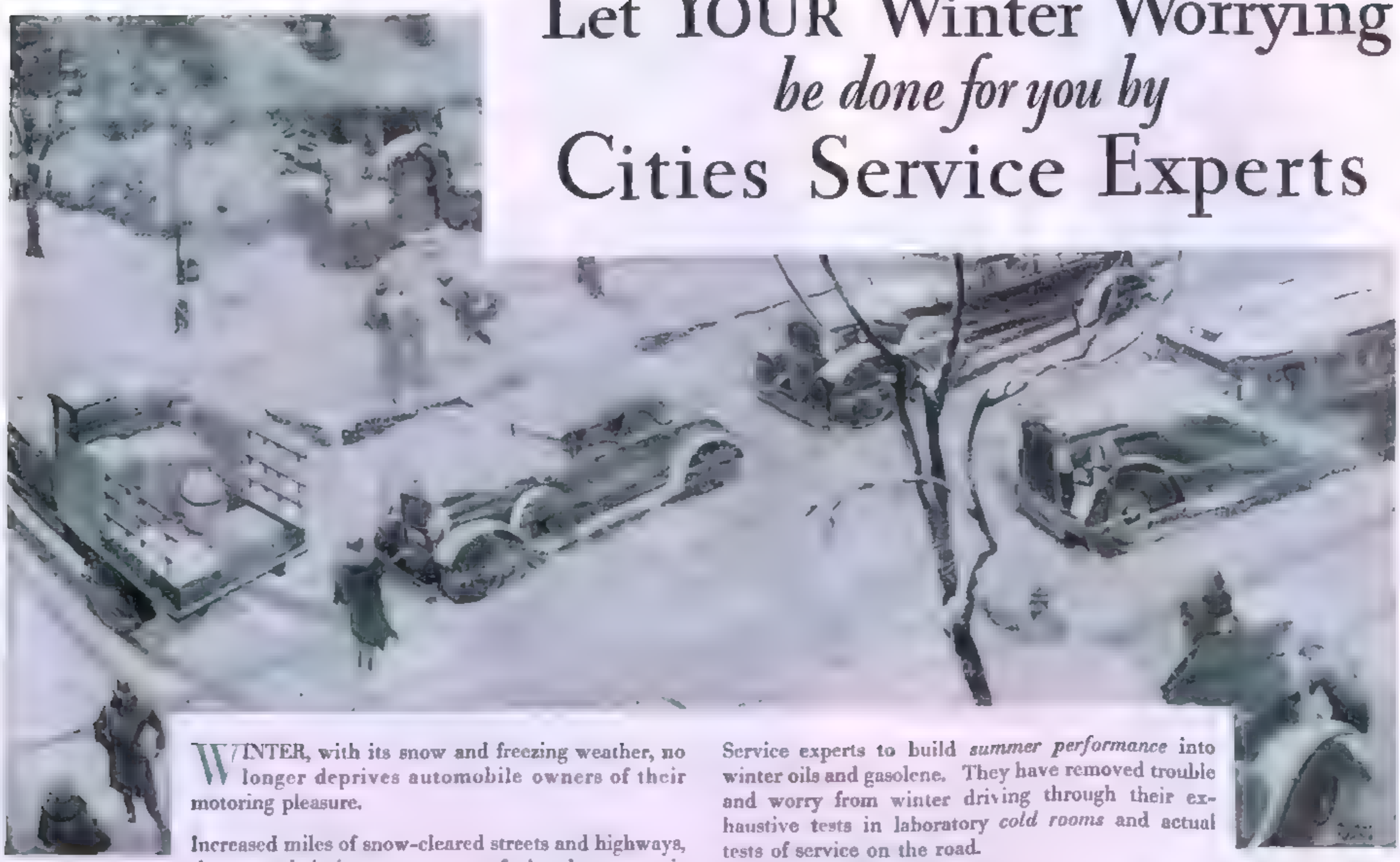

WINTER, with its snow and freezing weather, no longer deprives automobile owners of their motoring pleasure.

Increased miles of snow-cleared streets and highways, the overwhelming percentage of closed cars, anti-freeze solutions, heating devices and many other products of automotive progress have added to the comfortable all-year use of automobiles for both pleasure and business.

Prominent among the contributions that have made winter driving possible and pleasurable are *Cities Service Oils and Gasolene.* These two high-quality products have done away with hard starting, undue battery wear and mechanical troubles caused by improper lubrication and unsuitable gasolene.

Over 67 years of experience in the refining and perfecting of petroleum products has enabled Cities Service experts to build *summer performance* into winter oils and gasolene. They have removed trouble and worry from winter driving through their exhaustive tests in laboratory *cold rooms* and actual tests of service on the road.

The fleet of over 4000 motor vehicles of every type owned and operated by the Public Utilities Division of Cities Service furnishes Cities Service experts with a practical proving ground to test the winter performance of these oils and gasolene. This fleet must operate efficiently day and night during the coldest weather. It demands the high quality and protection of these ideal winter lubricants and fuel.

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

(Continued from Page 111)

"You know life," Laure continued; "I watch you and you are not disturbed the way the others—your children and connections—are. No, you remain calm. I venerate calmness. And you have courage, you belong to brave times; even I can see that. It is not quite the same here now."

He hurriedly disallowed most of that. "I haven't done nothing," James Abel told her; "you can't hardly say I've even fit the Indians. Only a time or two. When Blackfish, with forty-seven warriers, helt us in the fort here last year, I misdoubt if I killed more than nine. Floyd or General George Rogers Clark or Estill, they were different; so was Gabriel Sash—Gabriel, he was one of the Long Hunters with Colonel Knox." Where Laure Abel was concerned he felt a shade more pleasantly inclined. It was natural Nancy could not get along with her—he never seen two women not kin who got along—and it didn't suit him to have either her or John too close, but he could see that some would find Laure a considerable female.

It was all, as he had realized before, very confusing; however, one part, with his brother's help, had been made clear: James Abel knew now how he felt about Kentucky, about Colonel Wilkinson and his own store. For good or bad, he was part of the United States. His memories and family reached back into Virginia and bound him to the past of his traditions and blood. He didn't know much about the rights of it; John understood it all better; John, too, was learned like the lawyers and them who belonged to the Pohtical Club at Danville; but he could see where he—yes, and Kentucky—belonged. It was Sunday, an afternoon still except for the notes of the wild doves, and yellow with sunlight. Nancy had taken little James to his Uncle Beriah's; John Abel was somewheres with Colonel Harrod, likely arguing; James, who had walked to the edge of the settlement with Thomas Denton to see their plantings of Indian corn, was returning home. He stopped in front of his double cabin with a feeling of pride; it had a solid stone chimney, in place of the old cats and clay, and it was cleared out splendid on the front; there were red and blue and yellow flowers against the door; most of the stumps left by the trees he had laboriously girdled twelve year before were gone. He went on into the main room of his dwelling, but what he saw there held him motionless, cold, in the doorway.

McKee Abel, in the middle of the floor, had his arms around Laure and was a-kissing her. Nor that wasn't all—Flora sat looking at them with her chin propped up on a hand. Laure saw him first, and twisted out of McKee's arms. She smiled her faint red smile at him. McKee turned slowly, and silently regarded his father. Flora laughed right out. James, for the life of him, didn't know what to say; he was part ashamed and part mad, and at the back of those feelings was a third, more disturbing than either.

"Gracious," he exclaimed weakly; "gracious!" Strangely enough he was more upset by Flora's inactive part in what he had just witnessed than in the active parts McKee and Laure had taken. Laure Abel, without a visible stir or sound, vanished.

"I never," James Abel began, "in all the years I been alive—more than fifty—see a thing like this. In my own house. With my own son and daughter and brother John's wife." Anger rose above his other emotions. "Take shame," he cried at McKee; "loose and without a principle, the way you are! Hugging your aunt, and your sister looking at you! If I didn't know it for a fact, I'd never tell you were a son of mine! I can't put a name to you, McKee Abel! Unless you've went crazy! That's your uncle's wife!" He became speechless literally through the inability to find a phrase that fitted his son's act. He had never been so shocked before.

As James Abel stood gazing at McKee he saw his son's face grow ugly; a look invaded it he had seen before on the faces of men and recognized. McKee's expression was murderous. "This is bad," he told himself. His son's hands were clenched; he stood leaning slightly forward, his eyes fixed upon his father.

"Don't put a name to it!" McKee told him harshly. "If you do you'll call her the same and I'll kill you out of life. It don't matter who you are. Not now. Not if it's about Laure." James Abel could not think what to say or do. He was only certain of one thing—he must not let McKee crowd him out of his right; he must not be allowed to threaten him—James Abel. At the same time, McKee, who looked to James to be insane, meant what he said. He was, for the moment, capable of any violence.

James temporized with the situation threatening them all by turning to Flora. "Go up to the garret and set there and think on yourself," he commanded her. "A girl without shame. I take it worse on you than from your brother. You wouldn't need hardly no decency at all to carried you out of the room."

Flora laughed again. She didn't move. Instead, she informed him that she was not a child any more. "I'm not a child, and you might as well know it. Why did you come in where you weren't wanted for? Why didn't you stay out in the woods where you belong, with the painted Indians and the animals?"

James said, confusedly, "This is my house. You are my daughter and McKee is my son. I come in here when I like and without the asking. If I do belong in the woods, it's been a good thing for you. You took your ease and safety and comfort out of it." His anger had immensely increased; it was a solid reality inside him, as though it were frozen into an icy block.

"I remember you're a woman," he said to her, "even if I forget you be my daughter. What you are in this house I will decide later." James Abel moved over to the cupboard by the fireplace, where he kept the old implements and objects of his earlier days of hunting. McKee, he saw, had turned on his heel and was watching him intently. He opened the cupboard door. There his powder horn, decorated with scrimshaw work, rested; there was his bullet pouch and belt of tough buffalo hide with ties of buckskin whang; his scalping knife and tomahawk lay side by side. He regarded the objects of the different, the more dangerous, past with a short, veiled gaze. Then he faced McKee Abel.

"I know what is in your head," he informed him; "you don't have to tell me with it staring out of your eyes. Mind this about Laure Abel, and don't go to move till I'm through: She's bad from front to back and from head to foot. All bad. Your sister Flora is bad too. I don't know are you, or not for a spell yet. You just said you'd kill me out of life if I spoke against Laure; I've spoken against her plenty and you heered it; and now, when I say this to you, we'll diskiver the rest. You can move out of that door, quick as you favor to, or you can go ahead in here. If you lift a hand on me I'll put my knife through you. I'll drive it in you where you'll stay cool for ever more."

McKee Abel breathed heavily and audibly. His hands opened and shut. He moved forward by a step and then he stopped. The coldness of James Abel's gaze never shifted.

Flora cried, "McKee, don't let him send you off! He won't take a knife to you! Show him he can't order us out of our wits!"

James was silent. Suddenly he felt infinitely strong, young. He had no more feeling about his son than he would for a Cherokee or a bear. As he watched McKee he saw the younger man's arms fall limply against his body. McKee turned and walked unevenly to the door. He disappeared.

"Go up to the garret," James repeated to his daughter. "Set there till I tell you come down."

Flora rose and went to the ladderlike stairs that led up to where she slept. Her feet, in store shoes, finally vanished through the square opening to the space above. He sat, now weak as before he had been strong, in the chair she vacated. James Abel forgot McKee, he forgot Flora, his youngest child. Laure occupied his mind. Her influence seemed to fill the room. He could smell the sweet smell she always had to her. It made him faintly sick. A feeling touched him like the shadow cast by the presence of death. Laure—she was death. He didn't know what he meant by that, but it was so. An evil kind of death like burning at a stake, or the French Indians taking the skin off you, little piece by little piece. It were worse than that—he was not afraid to die, but he was afraid of the sensation Laure had left in the room. She had near ketched him.

Nancy Sash came, in her usual manner, aggressively into the doorway. "What is the matter?" she demanded. "From the way you look you might have took a spell."

He replied solemnly, "Hell has been in here is what's the matter."

James Abel, however, would tell Nancy no more than the fact that McKee had gone.

"Did he leave of his own will?" she asked. "I wisht first I could have seen him. Men are always out of patience and won't learn that a little time kin easy fix most. Doctor Mackenny would have knowed better," Nancy added.

"McKee did have some choice," James said grimly. "It'll need more than a little time to fix him."

Nancy studied her father. "That Laure was in it," she announced.

He bent all his attention on the twist tobacco he was rolling between his hard palms. John Abel came in, the family gathered at the end of day, and James was saved from further questioning. Laure Abel was quiet at supper; James had called for Flora to come down, and she appeared with a red, swollen face to her; he explained briefly that McKee would not be there. Later, with Beriah Mace, he went forward with the arrangements for them to assume John's interest in the store.

His brother laid a sharp tongue on the whole transaction. "You're throwing away your interest and your family's future," he asserted. "You won't be sensible until it's too late and no profit can be made. James Wilkinson pretty near controls the fur situation right now. Today. With his position in New Orleans, he'll soon own the trade and commerce of Kentucky." Neither James nor Beriah answered him.

Beriah's jaw worked solidly, chewing a considerable piece of tobacco. He wiped the back of his hand across his mouth and left a yellow smear on it. James smoked reflectively. He could hear the women in the cabin moving about, setting back the chairs, putting away the supper dishes. All the women, he added to himself, but Laure; he knew, without looking, that she was comfortable somewheres with her cigar.

He said to John, "We'll give you five hundred dollars, specie, for your heft in the store. That's a lot of money."

Beriah added, "A hell of a lot!"

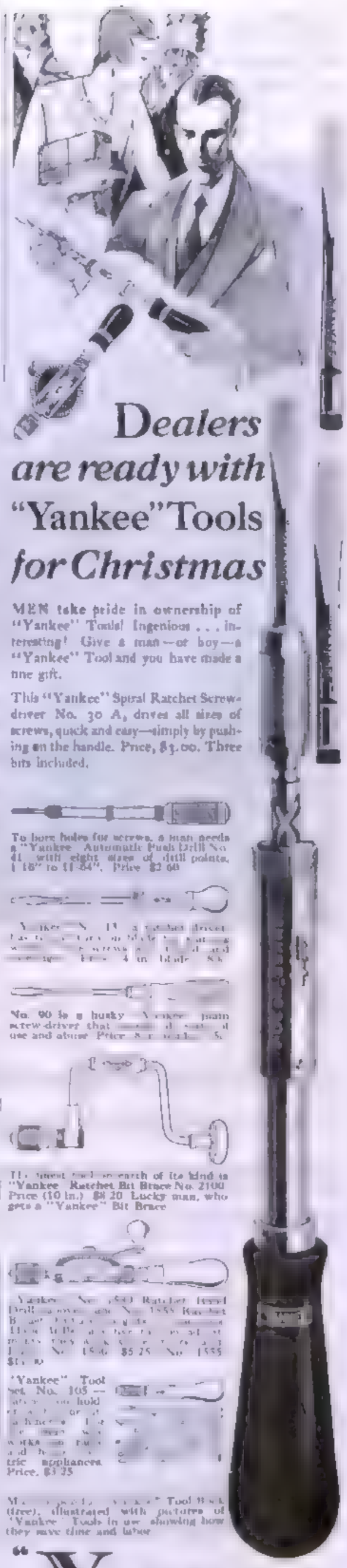
John Abel wanted more; he mentioned seven hundred and fifty dollars, and the argument continued. Presently Nancy came out and sat in the doorway beside them. The sky was full of stars; there wasn't a sound in the settlement or from the woods.

In the morning, when James Abel was leaving the cabin, Nancy stopped him. "Come out back," she said. She led him to the wall there by the door. "What do you make from that?" she demanded, pointing to some dark stains on a log.

He examined them curiously. "It's just mud," he decided.

Nancy rubbed the wall vigorously with her palm. "Now look," she commanded him. He could see a crude figure cut in the

(Continued on Page 118)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(Continued from Page 115)

wood. It was a curious sort of mud, he thought. "That is blood," his daughter told him; "and more than that, it wasn't there last night. I took notice. Do you see what's wrote on it." He could make out two crooked letters –a J and an S. "James Sash," Nancy whispered thinly. "She made it and put her blood to it. Today little James was worse than I yet seen him. He couldn't hardly raise out of bed."

James Abel had a vision of Laure by the wall, wrapped close in black against the gray morning, with a quick flicker of steel in her hand. He said nothing at all about that. Little James had cut her there himself, he told Nancy, with the new Barlow knife Beriah Mace gave him.

"He couldn't reach so high," Nancy contradicted him. That was clearly true. "Her," Nancy Sash said. "She's laid a spell on Gabriel's son." Nancy Sash stood silent and motionless, lost in thought. Then she went abruptly into the house.

James was troubled, he was bothered all the way to the store, and at the store the oppression hanging around him grew heavier. He wondered about the figure on the wall, with its letters, and the dark stains to it. Like as not they were blood, he admitted to himself. He did not, though, actually believe that it had a thing to do with little James' sickness. Not actually, he repeated. He didn't set no store on sign like that. Indian sign were different; it meant something, but this was just nonsense. It couldn't have no meaning to it. He went home early, before noon; Kate was not able to get to the store with Beriah's dinner, and he took Beriah with him. They met John Abel at the cabin; they were talking in the cleared space with flowers, watching the slave woman with John's son, when James plainly heard a choking cry from the room his brother's family occupied.

John heard it too. "That was Laure," he asserted, starting forward.

James silently agreed with him; a deeper oppression, an acute sense of dread, overcame him; and he held John with a hand on his shoulder. "You come along," he said to Beriah Mace.

It was, James saw at once, in the room, as bad as all along he had feared. Nancy was standing over a bed that held a collapsed figure. His daughter faced them.

"I killed her," Nancy Sash told them. "She put a spite on little James that was wasting him away, and I killed her. There is no sorrow to it; I am glad I did. It was Gabriel's son. You got a right to protect your own heart."

John Abel thrust her aside and bent over the bed. "Laure!" he cried. "Laure, answer me!" He felt his wife's brow; laid a hand on her heart. Then he rose. "It's true," he said. "Laure is dead. Nancy did it; she choked her—my wife, Laure, I brought to Kentucky. She didn't want to come and I made her. You will pay full for this," he told Nancy. "There is a court now at Harrodsburg –it's not like it used to be when you could murder anybody—and you'll go before it. You will hang on your own confession. I give you my sacred word to that."

Beriah Mace laid a covering over the dead body. Then it was clear that he was waiting for James to speak. At last James Abel answered his brother. "No, John," he said in a gentle voice, "Nancy won't never go before the Harrodsburg court, and I will tell you the why. She's too faithful a woman. She's labored too much through all her life for that. Nancy has lived in sorrow and I won't let her end like you told. Like Nancy said, you got to protect your own heart. That is what she done; put it how you mought, she protected her own heart. John, I don't make out to explain this; it's beyond me and you, too; it laid with Laure and Nancy. Laure and Nancy ended it between them. We won't do nothing more."

"I'll have her hanging in a month!" John cried.

"Don't be worried," Nancy told her father. "I'll hang, and willing, for what I brought about. Life has never been what I'd set much on."

"No, John," James repeated. "You will take your child and black slave, and go back to New Orleans. We'll give you the money you asked for. Today. The law will never be put on Nancy."

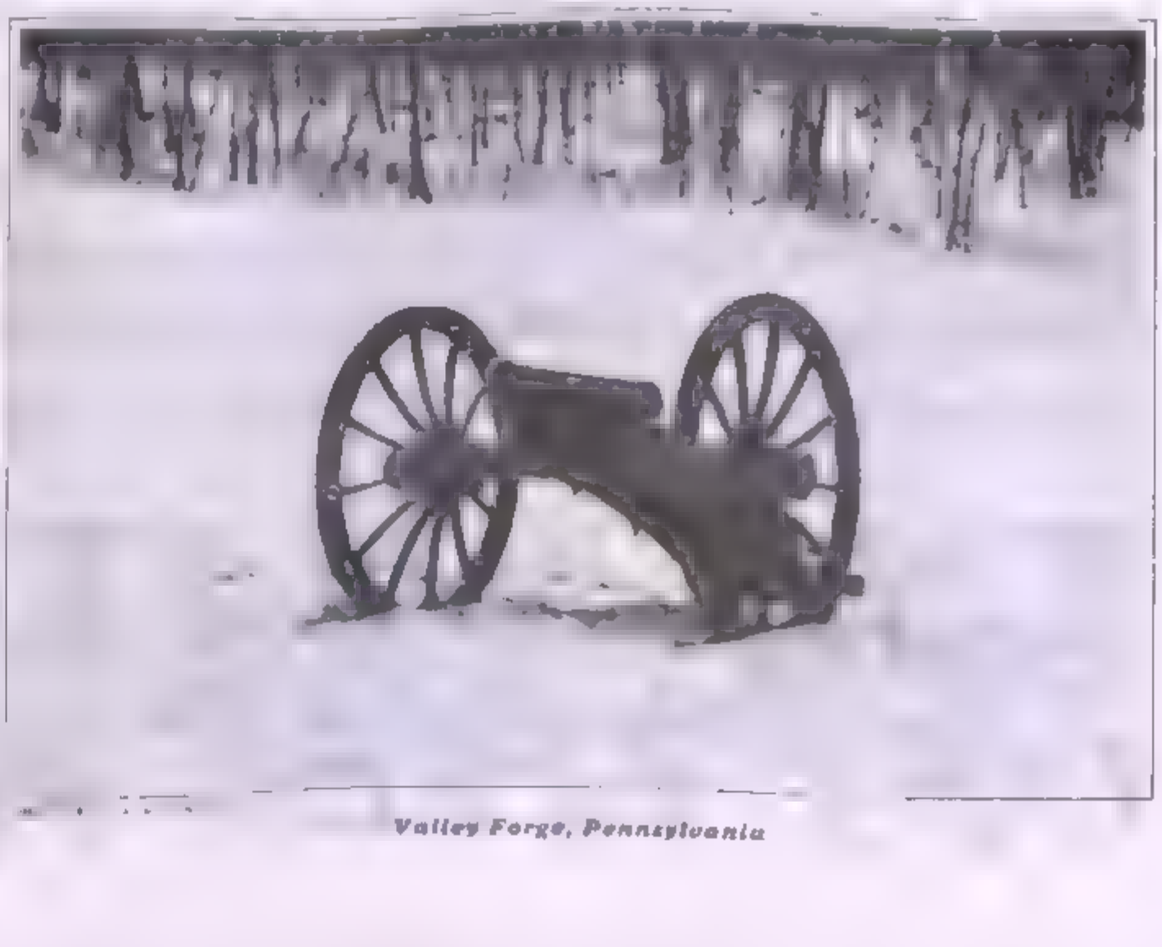
John Abel demanded, "How will you stop it, with Laure dead on her bed and Nancy Sash confessed?"

Beriah Mace stepped forward. He was quiet too. "Nothing will happen but what James says," he proceeded. "James Abel and me will tend to her"—he indicated Laure's body—"and you be keerful to agree with us—right keerful. We're a big family of men, and a faithful family. We won't never take our bothers to the court. Go in the other part of the cabin and rest a spell." He turned to Nancy. "You are an Abel," Beriah said; "you will have to help me in here. James, you keep anybody out for a little."

James and John left. John stopped outside. "Damn you," he cursed at his brother, "and damn your bloody state! I'll take my child out of it before you murder him!"

James said, "Be still. Beriah warned you to take keer how you speak." His mind returned to Nancy and to Gabriel Sash's son. She had done right to save him like she done, if she thought that danger, the spite of Laure, was on him. Nothing, he realized, could have stopped her from killing the foreign woman. Nancy's spirit was the strongest he had ever knowed. It was at once her cross and her crown.

Editor's Note—This is the second story of a series concerned with the life of a family through a hundred years of Kentucky history. The third will appear in an early issue



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PERFECT CIRCLES

DIAMONDS FOR LADIES

(Continued from Page 23)

"You don't look important enough," corrected Donovan. "Where did you park?"

"In the cross street where you told me, but my car isn't locked. I never lock it at home."

"You'll find it there. Good luck. If you need help, just wave your hat. I'll know it somehow."

Donovan's manner during the call had been unhurried, but as the door closed he crossed with great directness to the telephone, where he asked for a quick telegraph connection, like a man pressed for time.

"Donovan, in the Flintline Apartments. Get that? . . . All right! Take this wire."

And he proceeded to dictate—O as in ocean, D as in dawn, A as in acorn, Y as in yes, the name and address of Colonel O'Day, his chief in Redelos Indemnity, followed by a crisp message stating where he had gone, and how, and why. In case anything went wrong, it was important that someone should know something of his movements. O'Day would understand.

"Sign it Donovan. No, no! D! D! The same D! D as in dawn! Reply to the following address."

And he gave that—M as in murder, O as in oak, N as in nurture, S as in sight, and so on, prefixed by the name of the cheapest hotel in the town.

"That will be all," he said.

But when he had turned away he suddenly remembered another name and asked for a Blake-Taylor connection. His man was not in his room and had to be paged, but at last he was found. The conversation that followed kept him at the telephone nearly ten minutes.

"Now for the dark road and Monsoon!"

He took his automatic pistol from its drawer, inspected it carefully, and thrust it into his outside coat pocket. Then he checked up his funds. His pipe, of course, had to go, as did his tobacco and matches. If he needed anything else he could buy it.

"Johnson will have a good start," he reflected, consulting his watch. "I doubt if my car can catch that little Farrel, for all its limping. I only hope the thing will not shake completely apart. Why I let him drive it I don't know. I think I now have everything. Good work. We're off!"

But upon descending to the lobby he found he had to stop at the desk to ask a question.

"What's the excitement?" was the question.

The sound of high-pitched voices floated in from the street. He thought he heard the voice, angry now, but charged with tears as well as rage, of Mrs. Rose Bowers, the spendthrift widow on the tenth floor, and the voice of Jerry in reply.

"Mrs. Bowers has had her new car stolen," replied the clerk.

So that was it. Another widow robbed.

"Serves her right," said Donovan. "Perhaps now she'll lock her car when she leaves it."

Passing out into the avenue, still blazing with lights, he escaped the eye of the widow, whose back was toward him, and of Jerry, whose troubles were even heavier than hers, and found a taxi.

"You can't turn around!" he muttered savagely. "And always it's a widow!"

He had no desire to help her find her car. Redelos had not insured it. Let her fight out her sorrows with those who were interested. Possibly she would find that she could not recover even the insurance, because of contributory negligence.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"Skyline Garage," he replied.

Then, remembering Johnson, he added directions that would take him down the next cross street.

"Just to make sure," he thought. But aloud he said: "I'm looking for a parked Farrel, but probably it's gone."

If the avenue shone like an incandescent ribbon, the blackness of the cross street was that of a starless tunnel. The driver gave himself more light. The street seemed empty. But when they had gone half the depth of the block, suddenly the outlines of a car sharpened into visibility. There was no question as to its name, and after the license plate drew nearer, none as to its ownership.

"Wait for me, driver," said Donovan, as the taxi came to a stop for orders.

Springing to the ground, he found the curb, found the car, found the door, found the handle. A moment later he had reached inside and turned on the dash light.

"Hello!" he cried.

"Your tires are flat," the driver informed him. "Every tire on the car."

But that which had called forth Donovan's exclamation was not the condition of the car, but what lay inside. The car had seemed to be empty. Suddenly he perceived that it was not. In it lay a message—a message to himself. He had told Johnson that if he needed help he should wave his hat. Upon the worn cushion of the seat behind the wheel—Johnson's seat—lay Johnson's hat.

II

HER clerk had not appeared at eight o'clock, nor yet at half-past eight. The widow of John Endicott was obliged to hunt out her own key in order to open the padlocked front door. Donovan saw her enter. Five minutes later he followed her into the store.

"The time to talk to a widow is after she has lost her money," he sometimes said, "but no man can see her robbed without itching to hit out at something."

She did not look the amateur as she approached to meet him. He saw that she took him to be an early customer. She was a slender, fragile creature, with pretty hair the color of old copper, and clear gray eyes that seemed a little tired, like the eyes of a man who has been worrying about his investments. Probably she was not getting her sleep.

But when he introduced himself her manner changed. Her late husband would have lost a sale rather than keep a man from Redelos waiting. She was so ignorant of his business that she regarded him as a kind of salesman.

"I can't talk to you now," she said haughtily. "My clerk who handles my jewels has not appeared. Come when he is here. I'm very busy this morning."

"I, too," said Donovan, and held his ground.

"I say I have no time," repeated Mrs. Endicott.

"And I still less," said Donovan. "I do not live in your city, you see."

"What is it you wish?"

"As I told you, I represent Redelos Indemnity. I'd like to look at your diamonds."

"Impossible! Come again tomorrow!"

As she spoke, the copper of her hair tossed dismissingly, her gray eyes hardened into ice and her slender frame grew rigid. Then, seeing that he did not leave, she herself turned away, as if to take up other duties.

These widows, before they have lost their money!

"Today," said Donovan softly. "This morning. Now, while I am here. A clause in your insurance policy permits Redelos to inspect your diamond stock at any time."

"Really!" she cried, with a catch of her breath.

She continued with her work. Donovan made no attempt to interest her further, but remained standing beside the show case where she had left him, thoughtful, silent, motionless. In the end his will proved the stronger, and she returned.

"I will show the diamonds to you, Mr. ——"

"Donovan," he prompted.

(Continued on Page 123)

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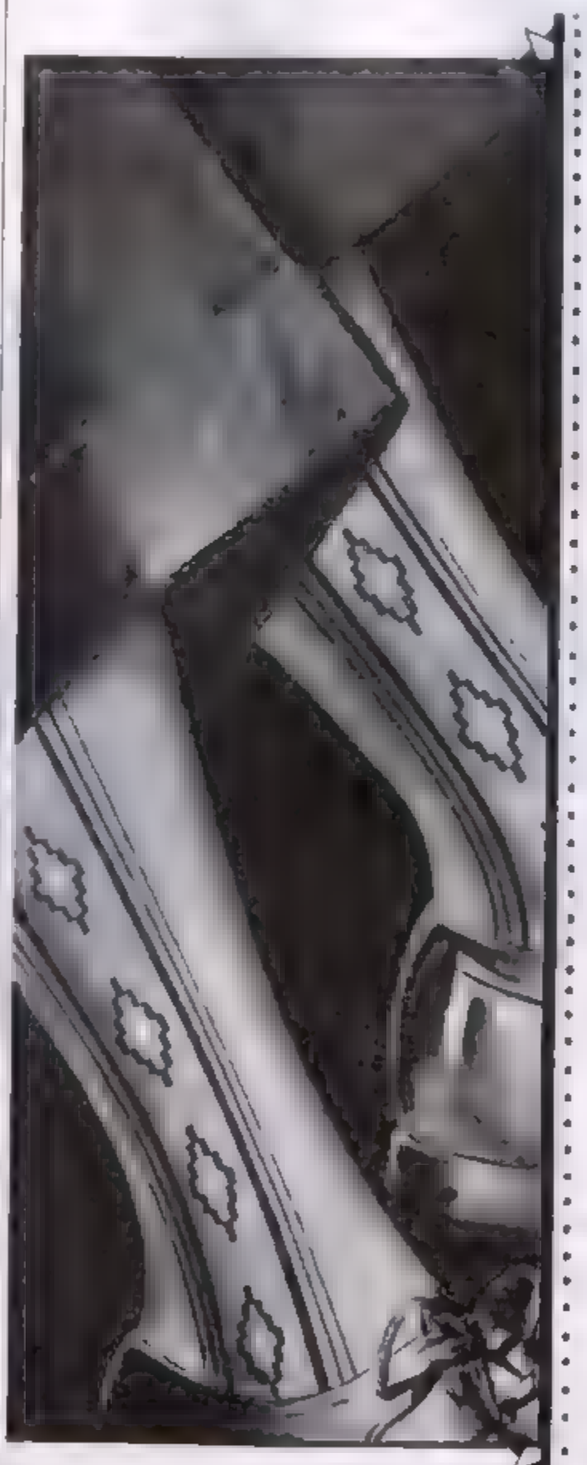

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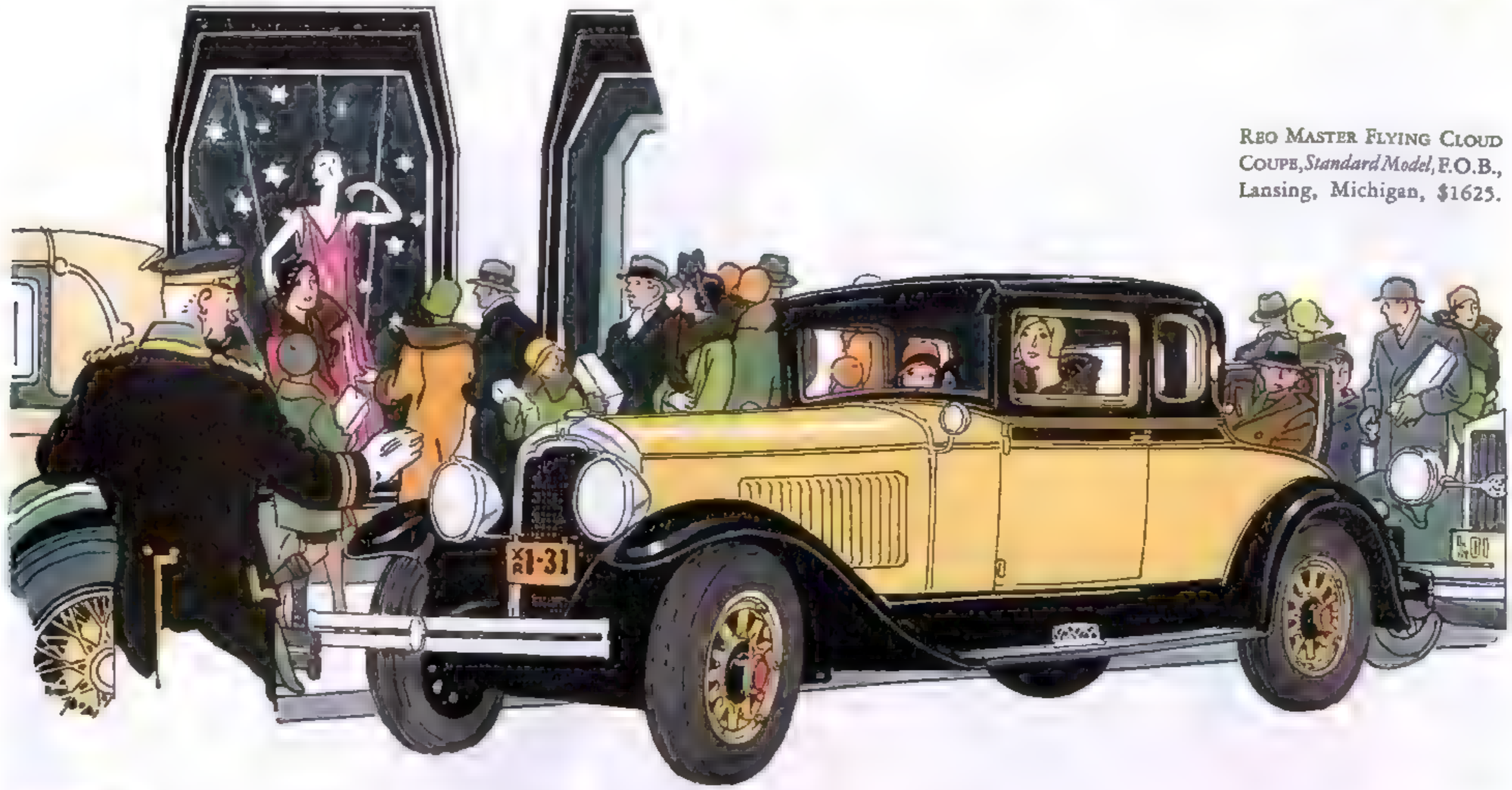

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AT LAST, you can say good-bye to the most unpleasant part of driving—to all the nuisance associated with shifting gears.

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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Lansing, Mich.

(Continued from Page 121)

"I will show them to you, Mr. Donovan, since you insist so strongly, but you will understand that my insurance is to stop at the end of the month."

"Are you sure you are wise to stop it? Unless, indeed, you reinsure in some other company."

"I shall not need further insurance," she retorted acidly. "I'm arranging to sell my diamonds."

He did not reply. She hesitated; then, crossing to the safe, she began twirling its polished knobs until its bolts were released. When she again stood before the show case she held in her hand a small tray upon which lay a fat parcel folded in along the edges. The tray she placed upon a velvet pad she borrowed because of its color from an adjoining show case.

"These are the diamonds," she said, laying open the parcel.

Her manner was meant to be dangerously calm. She had decided to flay him with the whips of her scorn, like that other widow he had tried to help from under the wheels. Dangerously calm! With an open safe behind her, a fortune in diamonds in front of her, and no one else in the store?

"These are the diamonds," she repeated.

"So they are," he replied.

At once he became the expert. Finding his gem tweezers, he laid their twin tips unerringly upon the girdle of the topmost diamond in the pile and held it up into his line of sight. The movement was almost casual, but had the woman's husband been present he would have known both its difficulty and its purpose. Donovan was not examining the stones appraisingly but asking of them a single question. He repeated the movement until he had examined six or eight stones; then, putting away his tweezers, he said:

"Your husband made a fortunate buy, Mrs. Endicott."

"I doubt it gravely," she replied. "I shall lose too much money on them."

"Lose?"

"Diamonds are getting cheaper," she said.

"Oh, but Mrs. Endicott! Quite the contrary!"

"You can tell me that, because it's to your interest. But I have better information. I've been warned by experts sent out by the Abercrombie Company. They ought to know. They sold my husband the diamonds."

"Perhaps you meant diamonds are likely to grow cheaper in the future."

"Isn't it the same thing?"

"Not at all. In the one case you are dealing with facts, in the other, with opinions. But even opinions must be based on facts. What reasons did they give for their opinion?"

"The discovery of the new diamond fields," she said.

"New fields have been discovered—true. But not yesterday, Mrs. Endicott. The Elandsputte rush north of Lichtenburg occurred in 1926, the Grasfontein rush in 1927. The Lichtenburg fields have had an enormous output, but mostly of low-grade stones. The effect upon prices has been negligible. You can see how this must be. Most of the output was bought by the Diamond Syndicate, which controls prices, and besides, production there is rapidly decreasing."

"These fields were new fields, they said, and the diamonds were very fine. You could walk along and pick up large diamonds from the ground—not just a few, but bushels of them. They were on the shore, washed up from the ocean."

Donovan smiled. "No wonder you grew nervous."

"Nobody knows about them yet."

"Nobody except themselves?"

"Only a few prospectors."

"Did they speak of Alexander Bay?"

"That was the place!" she cried.

"A marine terrace, south of the point at which the Orange River flows into the Atlantic. The discovery is two or three years old. Some of the gravel was very rich in diamonds, but the area was small, and it is already nearly exhausted. Cheaper? The syndicate has been paying nearly sixty dollars a carat for these same diamonds as they run—a very high price. But then, they are very good diamonds."

"The Abercrombies surely know all that," she replied.

"I wonder."

"A big company like that employs experts."

"They should have sent their experts to South Africa for cheap diamonds, if they can be picked up from the ground, instead of to Indians," he could not resist saying.

"They already have agents in South Africa."

"Mrs. Endicott, listen, please!"

"I hear you distinctly."

"There have been no such discoveries as you speak of. New fields—yes. And rich. But not as rich as that. A new terrace has just been discovered on the north bank of the Orange River. What the future holds for us lies in the lap of the gods. Some day we may be able to make diamonds. But we can't now—as you and I understand the word. Diamonds may fall in price, and quartz crystals rise. But they haven't done so yet. Try to replace your diamonds, right now, for a dollar less than you paid for them. You can't do it, and these agents you speak of can't."

"You accuse them of misrepresenting?"

"I accuse no one," he said.

"You charge the Abercrombie Company with deceiving me?"

"Let me show you," he said to that.

"Show me what?"

"What you are doing."

"Really!"

"Through an illustration."

"I'm waiting for your illustration," she said.

"I have visited Monsoon before, and this store as well, to call upon your husband. Were you in the store on either occasion?"

"I was not."

"Did I meet you in your home?"

"I never saw you before in my life," she replied, and began folding the paper about the diamonds.

"You are a very lucky woman," he said gently. "You have never seen me before today. All you have in the way of proof that I represent Redelos Indemnity is my unsupported word. You are alone in this store. Yet you open your safe in my presence and set before me a fortune in picked diamonds. What if I had been a thief?"

Her face flushed angrily. Snatching away the parcel, she stepped back beyond arm's reach of the show case. He wondered if that was all of his meaning she saw.

"Now you are becoming impudent! I have means of protection you do not dream of! You demanded to see the diamonds. Is there anything else?"

"Nothing at the moment, except a fragment of wasted advice. You showed me your diamonds. If I were you I shouldn't show them again to a stranger."

"So glad you are leaving," she said sweetly.

"Until we meet again!"

Turning upon his heel, he stumped down the aisle toward the entrance. Behind him he heard the dull bump as the safe door was slammed shut. He had suggested they might meet again. In his present mood he doubted it. He could serve her notice through her bank that she must do so and so; although hardly, he feared, in time to save her from loss, since her bank did not know him.

But as he passed out into the street he saw more clearly what she was. A foolish, headstrong woman? He did not believe she was that. A childlike, trusting woman, rather.

The fact that she was acting foolishly constituted a claim upon him. Perhaps they would meet again, after all.

"Anyhow, she'll either remember what I said, or she'll forget it; and it doesn't very much matter which."

And he returned to his little hotel to see what he could learn about Johnson.

The taller of the two, who did most of the talking, possessed a knowledge of the diamond trade that seemed limitless. He knew half of the diamond cutters of Antwerp—knew them by their first names. He knew the big London men - Sir Thomas Strout, Barney Herrick. And he knew the diamond diggers in the fields, under the southern sun, where winter becomes summer, and summer, winter. He knew how they lived and how they played.

The story he told of Joe Nix, the rheumatic old Dutchman, of Claim 5, would stay with her always. Joe had happened to be present at diacovery, with his wife and two children, but no provisions. He had at once set to work looking for diamonds. He had worked into that first evening until darkness fell, and then from dawn the next day. Jim Squiggs, of Claim 4, lent the children a crust of mealie bread. Darkness fell again, and still no diamonds. He tried to borrow more bread, but it could not be spared. He felt himself growing weak. It was plain that the claim would have to go. He packed his scanty belongings, so as to start at once for the nearest settlement. His wife insisted that he try one more shovelful of gravel. They bent over it with a reed light. Suddenly they saw reflected fire—a diamond large enough to make them rich if they never found another. Before they went to bed that night they had uncovered fourteen diamonds, and would have found more, but their light went out.

"I hope they sold them while the price was high," she said.

"In the fields they learn that. Sell them while they're damp, they say. Joe sold them to a buyer from Kimberley."

She did not ask about the financial fate of the buyer under such circumstances. Nor did she wonder at the size of the purse of the buyer from Kimberley.

"And Joe kept his claim?"

"He did and he didn't. He worked it until he got tired, and then he gave it to a Dutchman named Rietz to work on shares, and went to Cape Town and bought a big house at the foot of Table Mountain."

From the tips of his gleaming shoes to his hand-shaped collar, every detail of his dress spoke the gentleman. She had decided during the night what was best for her to do. The circumstantial accounts he had given of what he had seen at the fields were stronger than any arguments could have been. But before she could tell him this, his companion spoke.

The man Heffner was tall and slender. His companion, known in Monsoon as Waters, looked to be of a different type. He was shorter, stronger, and though carefully dressed, wore his clothes with an air that vaguely suggested pugnacity. Yet she could not believe that he was athletic. He wore heavy glasses; she inferred from his actions that he was nearsighted. His hands were distinctly less refined than Heffner's, but they were not muscular or heavy.

"Before we sign any papers, I'd like to look again at the diamonds. I saw them yesterday, I know, but I'd like to reassure myself about the grade."

"Oh, but Waters!" said Heffner affecting surprise.

"Just to ease my mind."

The other man shrugged his shoulders. "No harm, if Mrs. Endicott doesn't object. I can be making out the papers." He turned to the woman. "Shall I, or not? Don't let me urge you."

"You may make them out."

Crossing to the safe, again she began twirling the polished knobs, but this time less savagely. And again she brought forth the tray and the fat little parcel of diamonds. Heffner, who had begun writing, gave it no attention. Waters waited until she had opened the parcel; then, delicately lifting a single stone from the top of the pile, he held it in the light.

The widow of John Endicott noticed nothing unusual in the action, but had her husband seen it he might have had something to say. For instead of using a two-point tweezers, as a diamond man would

(Continued on Page 126)

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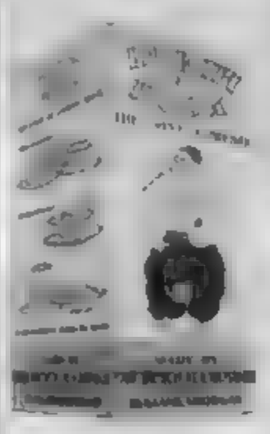

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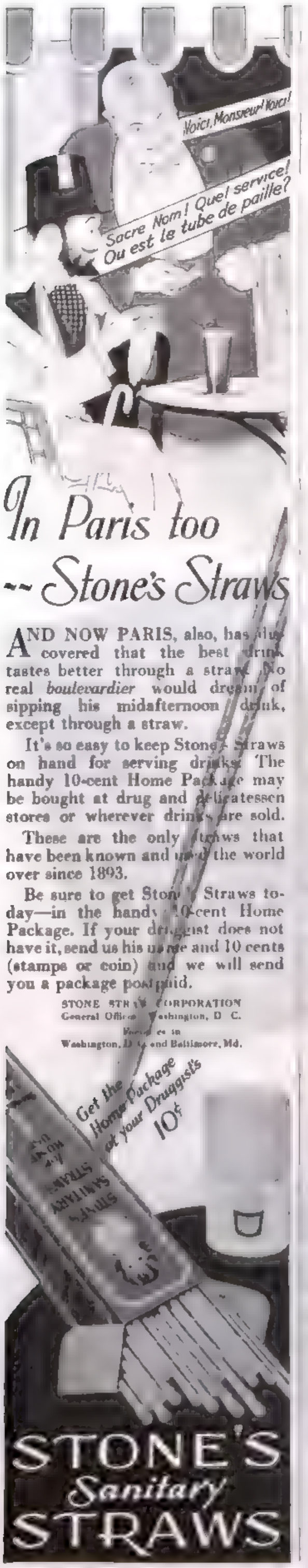
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have done, he had plucked up the stone between his fingers, and instead of lifting it into the line of sight with its face toward his eyes, using Donovan's casual gesture, he held it toward a window, as if he were trying to look through it at the scenery beyond.

"I must see another," he remarked at last, as if what he had seen in the stone disturbed him

As he was about to return the diamond to its parcel he paused for a glance at its owner; perhaps to make sure he had an audience. Then suddenly an embarrassing thing happened. He may have pinched the diamond too tightly. He may have grown careless. Whatever the reason, suddenly the gem slipped from his grasp. He made a lunge after it in his nearsighted way, but succeeded only in batting it with his hand. It disappeared behind the show case like a little rainbow that had been snatched back by its cloud. Its owner saw it fall.

"Oh!" Waters cried. "I'm so sorry!"

The stone fell on the inside of the show case, where it could be retrieved only by the woman. It struck the floor to her left, and came to rest after a moment under the counter.

"It's right there behind you!" continued Waters contritely.

Had Mrs. Endicott's husband been present he would have noticed that the man Heffner had ceased writing before ever the stone escaped from its captivity, and at the time of the outcry had laid down his pen. He would have noticed a further surprising fact, and a praiseworthy one as well. Instead of stooping to pick up her diamond, its owner gave it a glance and remained standing beside the parcel on the tray.

"My clumsiness!" murmured Waters, agonized.

But a moment later he saw that she did not suspect him of dropping the stone purposely.

"Diamonds are hard to hold, I think. They have so many unexpected corners. Don't bother about the stone. I'll find it."

It was Heffner who took command of the ship at this point. Upon glancing at his watch, he saw that they had remained in Monsoon longer than they had intended. The incident of the falling stone he disregarded. Adding here a comma to the paper he had written, and there a period, he laid the result beside the diamonds on the tray.

"Just run over it, Mrs. Endicott. I believe you will find it what you need."

"We'll change it if it isn't," Waters could not help adding nervously.

She took up the document and read it. Perhaps, had she understood its full meaning, her hand would have trembled. But she read it in the light of promised results. Her poise remained unshaken. Her voice, when she spoke, showed no eagerness:

"Oughtn't it to have the name of the company in it?"

It was her visitors who were losing their poise. Waters felt the rest of the diamonds slipping through his fingers. Heffner made a swift calculation, looked again at the parcel and shook his head.

"We'll put it in," Waters promised blindly. "We do that when we sign it." He turned to Heffner. "Am I right?"

"Why, certainly," said Heffner.

Whereupon the sun burst through the clouds and the day turned out fair after all.

"Then that will do very well," she replied.

III

DONOVAN had seen a new star, and it changed the world for him. It had not shone in the east, nor yet in the sky overhead, where most of the stars are kept, for this was at mid-forenoon. He had gazed downward at it, instead of upward. He wore it under the lapel of his coat, and it was not ten minutes old.

"For one day," the chief of police had said; "and it will be piecework, not wages."

Ten minutes earlier he had looked to be what he was—a lean-faced Irishman from Chicago, a man external, a stranger. The star turned him into a Monsoon policeman. Though policemen as a class are highly visible, as persons they are not. No stranger, seeing the star, would have thought of its wearer as strange.

Thus it happened that Officer Donovan—at least while in Monsoon—was able to ask questions freely without directing too many questions at himself. At the present moment he was trying to smooth down the feathers of the upper classes—two items, detained as suspicious characters.

"But why?" demanded the one man angrily. "Why?"

"We're trying to find out," replied Donovan, affecting a certain mental slowness.

"To find out what?"

"We think you know something about him."

"Know what about who?"

"Now, don't knock your heels on the ceiling! A man here has dropped out of sight, and we propose to find him. He may be murdered. We think you two boys saw him last."

"Well, we didn't!"

"We didn't see him at all," said the second man.

"How do you know you didn't?"

"We don't even know who you're talking about," said the first man contemptuously.

"Then perhaps you did see him. Am I right? You can't say you didn't see a man until you know who is meant."

"I suppose that's true."

"Get that, Tom? He admits he may have seen Johnson."

The man addressed—Officer Thomas Hogan—was an old acquaintance. Falling in with Donovan's subterfuge, he laboriously gave witness to the admission, then slyly winked his left eye.

"Johnson?" cried the other. "Johnson? Who is Johnson?"

"Johnson is a jeweler at Endicott's," said Donovan.

This time the admission was involuntary. The man questioned, already angry, and, in addition, somewhat off his guard, glanced swiftly at his companion, who nervously began working his fingers.

"What did you do with him?" Donovan shot out.

"Not a thing in the world!"

"You know where he is," persisted the Redelos man.

"Me? Why, you're crazy!"

"One of you."

"Not me," said the companion. "We don't know a thing about him. Did he steal something?"

The disclaimer was too broad. That the men knew something of Johnson was evident. At the same time, Donovan saw in their startled surprise that they were probably not responsible for his absence.

"You followed Johnson to Chicago," he said. "Why?"

"Chicago? You're crazy!"

"Didn't you drive to Chicago last night?"

"Certainly. What of it?"

"Didn't you puncture Johnson's tires after your arrival?"

"No, we did not!"

"Isn't the car you drove standing at this minute on a Chicago street, where you parked it?"

"It is not!"

"And didn't you come back with another?"

"Yes, we did," replied the man questioned. "We came back with my own car I was having repaired."

"The foreign car outside, you were driving?"

"My own personal car," said the other.

"Can you show a bill of sale?"

"Certainly," snapped the other. "Or are we under arrest already for murder or something?"

"Let me see it," said Donovan.

No harm in showing it. That was what it was for—to show to inquisitive policemen. Thomas Sturgis, dealer in automobiles, of North Avenue near Clark, Chicago, hereby sold an English car, type special sedan, Series C, No. 58214, to Mr. Carl Heffner, New York City, for $15,000; payment received.

"So you live in New York," said Donovan.

"Except when I'm on the road for the firm."

"What firm is that?"

He gave the Abercrombie name. "You wouldn't know it. We deal in diamonds. That's why Waters and I are here."

"You're Heffner and he's Waters. Let's see your card."

"Isn't this rather far-fetched, officer?" asked the other.

"Your business card," said Donovan.

Heffner hesitated, then replied that he had no more cards with him. "But any jeweler will tell you who we are. Ask Mrs. Endicott—she knows us."

"Call up Mrs. Endicott, Tom, will you? Or better, have her drop in for a moment."

"I did that already. She had a customer and couldn't. She'll be in."

Donovan looked at his watch. "When does that Chicago train arrive, Tom?"

"Eleven-five," Hogan replied.

"The first train since midnight, you say."

"First train." He added: "Your man Johnson might blow in on that."

But Donovan changed the subject back to Heffner. "If you two boys deal in diamonds," he said, "you must have some diamonds with you. How near do I come?"

"We have diamonds with us," Heffner replied without enthusiasm.

"You might show me."

Heffner had brought with him from the car a locked black bag. That the bag contained articles of value had been evident, for he had refused to trust it out of his hand. This he reluctantly opened. The stones he finally brought forth were those in the fat little parcel from Mrs. Endicott's safe.

"Be careful of them, officer. They spill rather easily."

"Put them back," said Donovan. "Here is Mrs. Endicott."

"A man named Harrison asking to see you," interrupted Hogan; and Donovan went to the door to greet him.

The widow of John Endicott, looking frightened, but holding her head high, nodded to Heffner and Waters, and turned inquiringly to Donovan. She saw the star on his breast; then, raising her eyes, she saw his face. Instantly she turned scarlet.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"The police in this town seem to think we're suspicious characters," explained Heffner lightly. "In fact, we're practically under arrest."

"They tell us you know them, Mrs. Endicott," Donovan said. "Is that true?"

"Certainly! How absurd! This gentleman at the left is Mr. Heffner and the other is Mr. Waters. They're diamond experts."

"H'm," said Donovan. "Diamond experts! Did they give you a sample?"

"Certainly! They are agents for the Abercrombie Company of New York, large importers of diamonds."

Donovan glanced at Harrison, but the newcomer stood with his face devoid of expression.

"Is this the sample they gave you?" he asked, handing her the card Johnson had shown him.

"Either that or another like it."

"Good. Now we shall clear up the matter." He turned to the prisoners. "This card is printed from type. I had always supposed that your company used engraved cards."

Heffner, smiling affably, replied that such was the case. "But sometimes when we're out of engraved cards we use printed. Nothing could be simpler."

"There's another question that bothers me. You recently bought an expensive new car. I know you bought it, for you showed me the receipted bill of sale. What bothers me is the fact that the printer of the billhead used the same type faces that were used in printing this business card."

"Just an odd coincidence," said Heffner. "I noticed it too."

"Still another question bothers me. I have handled diamonds myself now and

(Continued on Page 128)

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HAND FINISHED BLADES

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then. My work has brought me into contact with the larger diamond houses. I know the Abercrombie firm quite well. I have known both Mr. Heffner and Mr. Waters of that firm for many years. What I ca 't understand is, the man I know as Heffner is not yourself. How do you explain that?"

"I can prove my identity!" cried Heffner. "Ask the Abercrombie Company! Ask them! They will tell you who I am!"

"I thought of doing some such thing when I saw your printed card. As it happens, the vice president of the Abercrombie Company has been visiting in Chicago. I know, because we had dinner together. I took the liberty of asking him to meet me here. This is he, who just entered. . . . Do you know your men Heffner and Waters by sight, Mr. Harrison?"

"I ought to. I hired them."

"Is this your man Heffner?"

"It is not. I never saw this man before in my life."

The experience was not their first, nor yet their second; probably it would not be their last. The man calling himself Waters shrugged his shoulders. Life was like that. The other man met the thing with bared teeth.

"All right!" he cried. "We assumed our names. What of it? That's no crime. What's the charge?"

"Give me back my diamonds!" whimpered Mrs. Endicott.

"How about her diamonds?" Donovan asked.

"You saw them, brother. I'm to sell them for her. She handed them to us of her own free will, under a contract."

"No, no! Not a contract!"

"The diamonds you showed me were paste," said Donovan. "How do you explain that?"

"Paste?" cried Heffner.

"Paste?" cried the widow of John Endicott.

"Perhaps Mrs. Endicott did hand you her diamonds of her own free will," Donovan said. "But how about Mrs. Gilson and her turquoise mine? Another widow. You swindled her out of her cash, and then out of all she had left—her diamonds. You have them now."

"Diamonds?" cried Heffner. "You're crazy!"

"I saw some of them in that black bag. I knew you still had them. That was what really brought me down here."

"She begged for the chance! You can't make it stick!"

"You don't know me," said Donovan. "Anyhow, there is one charge I can make stick. You stole a car last night from in front of my own home in Chicago. It's standing outside. I have already identified it."

"You're the man that clerk drove to Chicago to see!"

"You are under arrest," said Donovan.

"Your cell is ready," said Officer Hogan. "The both of you. Come with me."

The men were led away. The widow of John Endicott, with face no longer scarlet, but white as paper, made a dash for the street, so as to be alone.

"Tell me this," began the vice president of the Abercrombie Company. "How did you know these crooks were the swindlers who robbed that other widow? You say you came down here chiefly for that. You say you knew it last night. How?"

"I forgot to speak of that. I recognized the printing. That was before I saw the bill of sale. The printing upon the forged card Johnson brought me showed the same odd type faces used in that other printing. I think that gang has a small printing plant somewhere."

"You mentioned Mrs. Endicott's diamonds. Is she the widow of John Endicott?"

"His widow. She's learning to run the business."

"I knew him well. In fact, I sold him his last parcel of stones. He couldn't have done better—a very fine parcel indeed! I wonder! Just now you spoke of her diamonds as paste. What became of that other parcel?"

Donovan's face went sober.

"That we must find out at once. After Johnson told me of the crooks, I knew she hadn't a chance; so I made up a parcel of paste from some glass I had. Johnson left me, intending to drive through last night and exchange that paste parcel for the other, before the store opened. He knew the combination, you see. That would have removed all danger.

"But this is what happened. First, I found his car disabled in Chicago. Second, Johnson disappeared. Third, this morning I looked at the diamonds and learned that the exchange had been made. There was no train. He had no car. How did he get here? What has become of him since?"

"Disappeared with all those diamonds?"

"Presumably," said Donovan.

"Know anything about him?"

"Not a thing in the world, except that he is honest."

"What is that?"

A commotion had broken out, followed by a great turmoil from the direction of the cells. A voice seemed to be bellowing something -not drunkenly, not insolently, but with incoherent earnestness, as if vastly excited.

Officer Tom Hogan appeared in the doorway.

"Officer Donovan, would you be so good as to help us out again? You're wanted behind."

"Me?" asked Donovan.

"The both of you."

The tumult began again, and Donovan heard his own name riding on the crest of it.

"Mr. Donovan!" he heard. "Mr. Donovan! They've got them! The same men! They put them in the corner cell!"

The same men? In the corner cell? What did he mean? Who back there knew him by name?

Suddenly he knew. The voice was that of Johnson.

"Johnson!" he cried. "Is it you?" And then: "What are you doing here? I've been combing two states for you."

But instead of Johnson's tense tones, he heard the dry voice of Officer Hogan.

"It's a suspect that Sergeant Cooney picked up before daylight. He found him trying to get into Endicott's back door, and when the bird wouldn't give his name, he pinched him."

"How did you ever get to Monsoon?" asked Donovan, a little later.

"I caught a train for Munster, on the B. & B., and walked it."

"Where are the diamonds?" he asked then. "Were they arrested too?"

"Stand closer," said Johnson. "Over to one side, where no one can hear us. You'll find them down under some silver spoons in the left-hand corner of the safe."

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COLLEGE HERO

(Continued from Page 27)

young Mr. Cantrell, a promising sophomore, delivered it. Mr. Cantrell memorized the speech which I am sure with constant usage will become a classic of the university—from the current issue of the World's Work. However, I am glad to discover that Mr. Birchmier is likewise a reader of that excellent periodical."

The girl glared at Doctor Herrick. The insufferable little snippet! And why had Dale Birchmier laid himself open to such a withering retort? Why did he allow himself to be trampled in the dust by this nasty little man? Had he no pride? Did he like to be smiled at surreptitiously by a classroom full of sophomores? Cribbing a speech from a magazine!

She and the great Birchmier met in the corridor.

"Go ahead—bawl me out!" he said.

"I've no right to bawl you out."

He looked just a little ashamed of himself. "I guess you think I'm a dumb-bell, don't you?" he remarked, walking along with her.

"Well, you might at least have gone back a few numbers in that magazine."

"Aw, that was Pooch Cantrell's fault! He had two speeches written out. He'd memorized 'em both. He gave me one to learn. The little rat must have got fussed and recited the wrong speech. I'll have him on the carpet; he'll have to do some tall talking if he doesn't want his pants paddled."

His boyish wrath at Pooch, a lowly sophomore brother, caused the girl to smile in spite of herself. "Couldn't you have written something of your own? Why did you have to rely on Pooch Cantrell?"

The great Birchmier was very serious. He halted her in a corner by the wide steps of Academic Hall.

"Listen—let me explain. I got in dog tired from practice last night. There was a meeting of The Razzers at the Rho Delt house and I had to be there. That lasted until ten-thirty. Then I had to shoot a game of billiards with Doc O'Neill. Couldn't get out of it; he's our house president. I got home at eleven-forty-five. I had to cram for two hours on a Sanitary E. quiz. That made it nearly two. I would have written something for Nancy but I fell asleep. Understand?"

"You're a very busy person. Yes."

"Busy? Sa-ay—when I rolled out this morning I found that no-good dinge who cooks for us sleeping off a jag on the back porch. Two pledges had given him some lemon extract hopped up with ether for a joke. I had to hold court on the pledges and stand over 'em while they cooked breakfast. When we were paddling the pledges, Mrs. Roth, our house mother, came downstairs. I had to sit around and talk to her with a big stall about finances so she wouldn't find the pie-eyed dinge. With that out of the way, I remembered that Nancy would probably call me up for another speech. So I asked Pooch to give me one of his speeches. I learned it in twenty-two minutes by the clock. Isn't that pretty good?"

She nodded. "It's too bad you can't use your brains oftener," she said. "But there—I take that back. I've got no business riding you. You don't have to defend yourself to me, you know."

He grabbed her arm and steered her down the steps. This morning he paid no attention to the chorus of greetings. He was youthfully and earnestly intense. "I don't want you to get the idea I'm dumb," he told her. "It doesn't matter what the rest of the class think." And with a lordly shrug: "They're nothing but sophs."

Neither had a class next period. They drifted by unspoken agreement toward the Tiger Shop, a noted State U. hangout on a corner across from the campus chapel. There, over the stereotyped chocolate malted milks and under the stereotyped pennants and pictures of State U. football teams, he finished a lengthy recital of his troubles in English 2.

He was about to ask her for a date, when three Dete Zekes discovered him.

"Shake a leg, Dale. There's a pep meeting in the auditorium. You gotta be there with the team."

His malted milk scarcely tasted, he stood up apologetically. "If you don't mind waiting, I can say my piece over there and duck back here ——"

"Aw, come on, Dale. Marion will excuse you."

The girl said: "I've got to go to the library, anyway. I'll see you Friday."

The brothers started to drag him off. He pulled away long enough to say: "Doing anything tonight? Fine. I'll be by. Eight o'clock? Picture show or something. So long"

She broke a date with a very nice Theta Bete in order to keep this one with Dale Birchmier. But innate modesty prevented her from announcing the name of her newest admirer at the Gappa house.

Shirley, her roommate, suspected who it was. She based her suspicion on the unusual care Marion took with dressing, on the flush in Marion's ivory cheeks, on the lights that danced in Marion's blue eyes.

"You've landed him, darling!"

"Don't be silly."

"Come on. 'Fess up. It is Dale."

"Wait and see, Miss Smarty."

Promptly at eight o'clock the doorbell rang. A maid came upstairs with a note. Luckily for Marion, an errand had taken Shirley to the Chi Alpha house next door. She opened the note with a heavy heart. It was scribbled with a pencil on the Dete Zeke letterhead.

Dear Marion: Awfully sorry, but I have an Engineers' Club meeting that I can't duck. Am sending Bill Tibbetts in my place.

She was so angry she at first determined not to go with Bill Tibbetts. After two minutes' reflection she changed her mind. She wanted to find out a few things from Bill Tibbetts.

Young Mr. Tibbetts, a doggy fraternity king whose picture had appeared in College Humor for August under the caption: What They're Wearing at Middle-Western Schools, paved the way for Marion's investigation as they walked across the circle to the movie show.

"I hear Nancy's been riding Dale again."

"Yes, he has."

Tibbetts snorted. "He's the worst pill on the faculty. I'm going to take it up with the alumni and get him fired. He's the prof who put Sammy Schutt on the ineligible list two days before the Kansas game last year. He'd better pass Dale this time. We've had enough of Nancy's dirty tricks!"

"Does Dale have any trouble at the engineering school?"

"Nope—well, practically none. There was one of these highbrow nuts—fellow named Morphy—who started riding him in Contracts and Specifications when school started. But some of the gang talked to him and he laid off. Huh! Fine way to treat the best quarter State U. has ever had!"

"I don't see how Dale finds time to do any school work at all."

Carelessly: "Aw, we all help him. I did his drafting for him all last year, and this year I'm keeping his notebook in Structures up. Savvy Wiltse helps him cram for quizzes. Most of the profs are decent about it, I'll say that for 'em. They know what Dale is doing for this school."

"Who's going to write his thesis"'

"Doc O'Neill has offered to, but Dale thinks he'll have time for it himself. Huh! Fat chance. He'll have to give Slats Jensen a lift with the swimming team, and go out for track or Iowa State and Oklahoma will mop up on us."

Timidly: "Don't you think they're loading too much on Dale?"

Young Mr. Tibbetts stared at her as one who has just uttered blasphemy. "Loading too much on him? Huh! It isn't a load—it's a"—he searched for grave, impressive words—"it's a privilege—a solemn duty. Dale Birchmier would give his right leg for the school. He's the envy of every man on the campus."

She was silent. She was very thoughtful for the rest of the evening. So much so that Mr. Tibbetts, reporting to the great Birchmier about midnight, said:

"How did you happen to get interested in that little girl, old man?"

"What's the matter with her?"

"W-why—n-not a thing. Not a thing in the world, old man. She's a great little kid."

Birchmier was missing from English 2 the next Monday. She wondered about it until one of the girls at the house reminded her that the team wasn't back from the Oklahoma Aggies game.

She saw him the following Wednesday. He had cut English 2 and they met by chance in front of the Dete Zeke house on the row.

"I'm awful sorry about that date," he said. "How about another tonight? I'll keep this one."

It took a great deal of will power for her to say: "I'm sorry. I have a date."

"How about tomorrow night, then?"

"You're too busy to go with girls, aren't you?"

He kicked at a tuft of grass beside the walk. "I'm not too busy to go with you," he said. "How about tomorrow night?"

She weakened. "All right. But if you send another Dete Zeke at the last minute I won't go with him."

Dale was only half an hour late the next evening. He explained that Head Coach Donahue had kept him at the gym going over strategy for the game with Drake. He looked tired, and there was a bad cut on his chin.

"Aw, I dived into Joey Lewis' cleats this afternoon like a darn fool," he said, when she asked him about it.

She wanted to keep him in the living room for a long talk, but there were too many hero-worshiping Gappas about. They went to a picture show. She discovered that, measured by university standards, he wasn't a good talker. He had been too busy to keep up with the superficial chatter of campus politics, books and movies; he didn't even talk about ideals, which was the stock stand-by of every other man she knew. And she was afraid to talk about football or other athletics; he would think her a hopeless dumb-bell. Still, they got along splendidly.

"Do you know what you're going to do when you graduate?" she inquired, as they were walking back to the Gappa house.

"Mr. Parsons wants me to go with his concern. He has a big construction company in St. Louis. I've had several other offers, but the fellows at the house want me to accept Parsons' offer. He's a Dete Zeke, and he gave us five thousand toward the new house."

"You'll need your English 2 credits, won't you?"

A shrug of his broad shoulders. "I can't believe Nancy would be rotten enough to flunk me again."

The girl saw that underneath his boyish show of indifference he was worried.

"Couldn't you spare a little more time for that?" she inquired. "Nancy's an academic fossil, but he's square. If you show him that you're taking a real interest in his course, making a genuine effort, he'll let you by."

There was a naive bewilderment in his eyes; a groping vagueness, as if he were trying to push against the multiplicity of circumstances which enmeshed him. "Well—uh," he floundered, "I guess I could let concrete lab slide for a while and

(Continued on Page 135

EVEN AT DAWN THE FIRE THAT BURNS UP-HILL KEEPS BARE-FOOT TREASURE-HUNTERS WARM

When tiny toddlers tiptoe down dim stairs at Christmas dawn, that's one time when curiosity gets them out of bed. There are other times—sudden fright and sickness in the night—when worried mothers and harassed fathers are grateful for the constant, uniform heat from the fire that burns up-hill, as well as the economy of Spencer Heaters.

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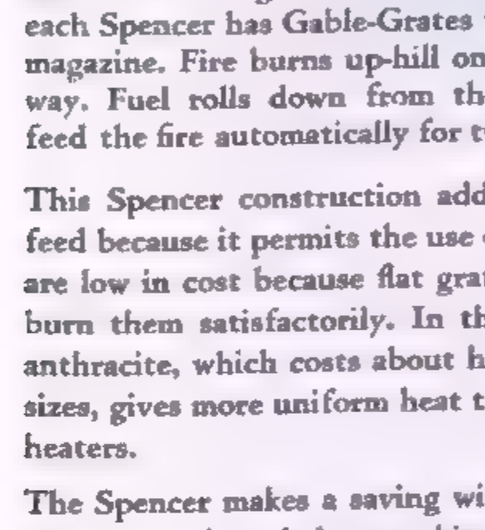

☆ Once a day fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping Gable-Grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C), for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D) it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight to the top of the fire bed, with no need for motors or mechanical parts.

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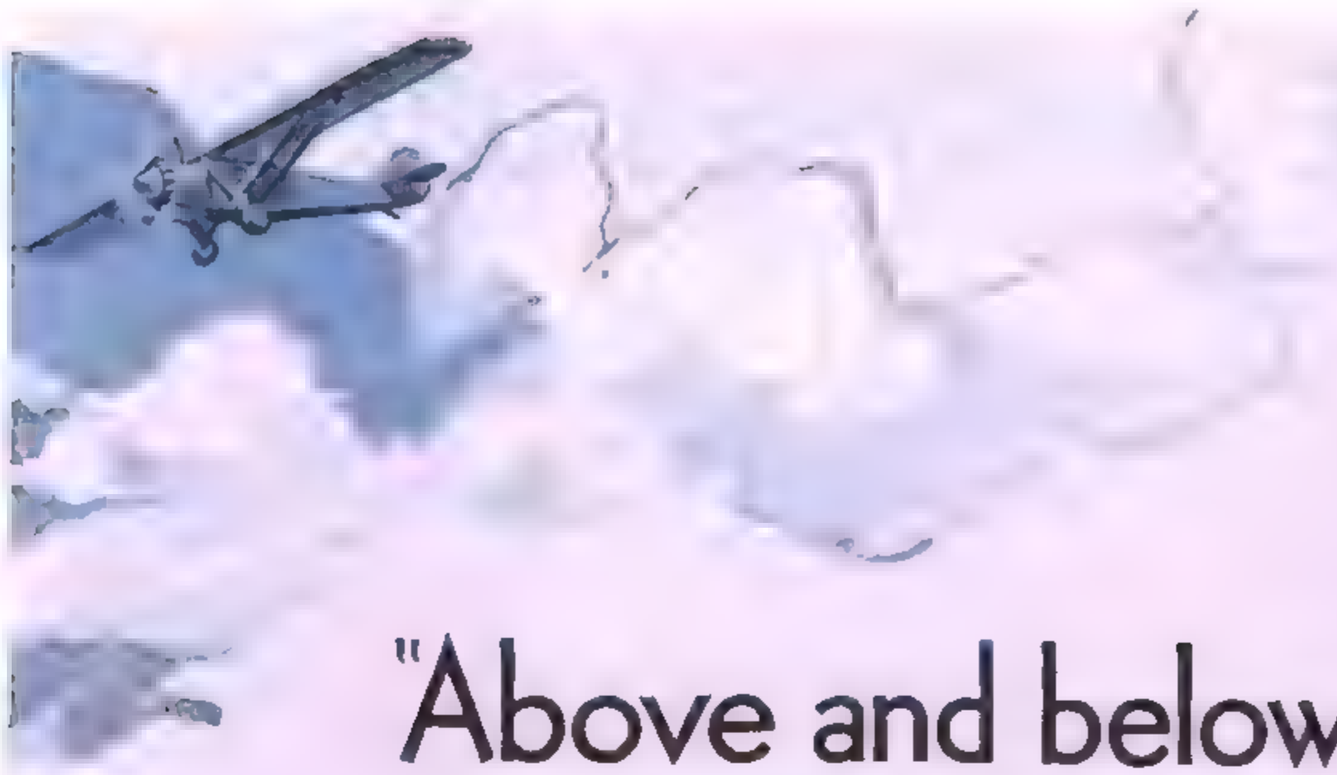

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(Continued from Page 130)

maybe my elective in architecture, but aw, I'm no good at spieling and Nancy knows it."

"The next time he calls on you why don't you get up and talk on something you know? Not football, of course, but—see here, what's going to be the subject of your thesis?"

"Thesis? That's right! I've got to do a thesis, haven't I?"

She laughed.

"Now, Dale—haven't you even thought about it?"

He halted her in the shadows of the ivy-covered chemistry building. It wasn't starshine alone that made his eyes gleam, but a secret enthusiasm reawakened.

"Yes, I have. Honestly, Marion, I thought about it all summer. Down in St. Louis they're burying a river. I worked on that job three months. Kept notebooks too. It's the River des Peres project in Forest Park. I was going to make a report on it to the dean, but football practice started and all the other things, so——"

"Why don't you talk about that in English 2? Why don't you take some problem connected with the project for your thesis?"

He frowned. "Well, it's a good idea to try that on Nancy. But a thesis—well—if I can get out of track and baseball in the spring and they quit electing me to committees, I may have time——"

She exploded. "See here, Dale! Which is more important—your professional career or all these student activities?"

Stubbornly: "Well, a man ought to do all he can for his school."

"Within reason, yes. But you——"

He became gruffly evasive. "Aw, you're too pretty a little girl to be bothering your head about English 2 and a C.E. thesis. Come on over here and look at the moon—or—uh—we can go and get a chocolate malted milk."

"I'll take the moon," she said.

The moon was a very nice moon and he was satisfactorily silent during the process of looking at it, and not many State U. coeds had looked at moons with the great Dale Birchmier. But she was troubled and unhappy. She foresaw in the pressure of his hand on her arm what was going to happen before many days had passed. She and Dale would be in love with each other. What then? Well—as a college hero Dale would be altogether wonderful. But as a husband? . .

The circumstances of their next date intensified her worries and brought before her a new and terrifying contingency.

He invited her to the dance in the gym which followed the game with Drake that Saturday. She had not attended the game. Her job at the university library, through which she was earning part of her expenses, required her to work Saturday afternoons. She was tempted to arrange for a substitute and see Dale play, but decided against it. She didn't know a forward pass from a blocked kick; she didn't want to pretend any sudden interest in football just because Dale was dating her. It would be too cheap a compliment.

When she went down to the living room that evening Dale pulled himself to his feet with a visible effort. His face was drawn with pain.

"Why, Dale!" she said, as he hobbled toward her, "what on earth is the matter? Did—did you get h-hurt?"

He grinned. "Aw, I tried to carry it over in the third quarter. I hit what I thought was a hole off tackle. Wasn't any hole there. Got a wrenched back in the pile-up. Come on—let's go."

"You're not fit to dance. It isn't only your back; your ankles—d-did you sprain them too?"

"Nothing but shin splints. I have 'em every year. I'm just stiff. I'll be all right when I get warmed up dancing."

There wasn't any color in his face. His forehead was wet with perspiration. He hobbled toward the door, gasped, sank down on a settee and laughed in an embarrassed fashion.

She stared at him. "You ought to be in bed," she said. "You're certainly in no condition to dance. We won't go."

He shook his head doggedly. "I'll be all right in a minute. We've got to show up. A lot of the fellows at the house are taking girls from out of town. I promised to dance with 'em. I can't let the fellows down."

The girl compressed her lips, trying to conceal a mounting anger. "Who are they, Dale?" she asked. "I'll call them and explain."

He stopped her anxiously. "Don't do that! We're playing Nebraska next week. The gang have bet their socks. If they think I'm bunged up they'll worry. You mustn't do that!"

She whirled on him, near to tears. "You're talking like—a—a—high-school kid, Dale! Don't you realize how silly you're talking? Just as if a date at a dance or a lot of bets on a football game mattered. I'm going to call a taxi, and you're going home to bed."

It was his turn to stare. "Why—I'm all right, Marion. What are you looking so scared about? What you looking so scared about, girlie?"

Marion stood over him and was emotional in a mingling of bafflement, pity and maternal protectiveness.

"You're not going to that dance!"

"You mustn't get all—all tearful about it."

"You're going home to bed, and you're going to see a doctor. Promise me—promise me you will!"

He stood up, unsteady from the look in her eyes.

"Why, Marion—honey—you poor little——"

She cried in his arms and found herself trying to put her desperate worries into words. Between sobs, while he kissed the curl of hair at her left temple, she said: "Oh, Dale, dear, you've got to quit this. You've got to quit this. Promise me you will. Promise me."

Tears cost her the chance of permanent victory. He was embarrassedly tender and masculinely superior. "Now, stop crying, sweetheart. You cheer right up—you hear? I won't go to the old dance. Forget it, honey. Don't you bother your head about me. I'm all right. Honest I am."

When he obediently departed some time later in a taxicab he left her with a diamond studded Dete Zeke pin, a few gruff, sincere words about a wedding in June—and the realization that she had gained only a temporary triumph. The real battle was yet to be fought.

Dale must have confided in several friends at the Dete Zeke house. Word of her engagement to the great Birchmier had traveled back to the Gappa house before noon the next day, which was Sunday. She hadn't intended telling anyone yet awhile.

Roommate Shirley was romantically ecstatic. House President Mildred was enraptured. All the sisters swarmed in to look at the most famous and most elusive Dete Zeke pin that ever set co-eds' eyes to dancing.

Shirley cooed: "Aren't you just positively thrilled to death?" The house president, mindful of her duty, said: "We'll announce it at a formal luncheon Tuesday, my dear."

Marge Downing chimed in with "I know a houseful of Ki Phis that will be simply prostrated when they hear that a Gappa is engaged to Dale Birchmier."

Marion listened and smiled and nodded and thanked them, thinking all the while: "Why hasn't Dale phoned? Has he seen the doctor? What did the doctor tell him?"

She stood the suspense until two-thirty that afternoon. Then she called the Dete Zeke house.

"Dale?"

"No. This is Bill Tibbetts. Marion, isn't it?"

"Yes. Is Dale there?"

"Why—er—I'll see."

A mumbling of consultation. "Hello? Why, Marion, Dale had to go to the hospital. He didn't want us to tell you. It's just an examination of some sort. He said he'd call you when he got back."

She visioned Dale lying nigh unto death It took her just three minutes by the clock to hurry across the campus to the university hospital.

The sight of Dale hobbling down the steps on the arm of a huge, beefy gentleman gave her such a joy of relief that she didn't feel the least bit foolish.

"Hullo, Marion," said Dale, in some embarrassment. "I was just going to phone you." He turned to the beefy gentleman deferentially. "Marion, have you met Mr. Donahue?"

Head Coach Donahue extended a condescending hand. She saw that he did not approve of her. In the opinion of Head Coach Donahue, girls and football didn't mix.

"Well," she said, turning back to Dale, "what was the verdict?"

Dale hesitated, and the football coach spoke for him.

"Just a little sprain, just a little sprain, Miss Murrel," he said. "And it takes more'n that to put this boy out. He's going to lick Nebraska for us next Saturday."

Whereat, with a warning look at Dale, Head Coach Donahue stalked off majestically.

"I'll step a few miles with you, sweetheart," said Dale, gayly but a bit too hurriedly. "I want to limber up."

She faced him with determination. "Did Mr. Donahue tell the truth?"

"Why, of course he did! You women are all alike—think a man ought to go to the hospital if he has a sore finger. Come on—I'll race you to the Tiger Shop!"

He was amiably evasive to all other questions concerning his injury. And he did look a lot better. So they walked and talked and had supper together at the Tavern downtown, and she persuaded herself that it was all right.

Events of the next few days helped to lull her into a sense of security. The chief of these was Dale's amazing transformation as a student in English 2.

That Wednesday morning Dr. Jonas Herrick was in a rather more caustic mood than usual. His snappish eyes roved over the class, and Marion, seeing them fix in a stare at the great Birchmier, knew what was coming. She started guiltily. The night before she and Dale had gone for a long auto ride. Of course, Dale had assured her that he had his studies well in hand, but she knew he was fibbing. Now she felt responsible for the expected poor showing Dale would make.

Said Doctor Herrick: "Mr. Birchmier, we haven't had the pleasure of a—er—discourse from you for some time. Do you suppose you could lay aside the weighty problems of the—er—gridiron, isn't it?—long enough to enliven us with your accustomed sprightly yet profound comments on some topic of the day?"

"Yes, sir," said the great Birchmier promptly.

As he walked forward, the girl tried to put a look in her eyes that would inspire him with the courage of a Cicero and the eloquence of a Demosthenes. She dug her finger nails into the palms of her hands.

Dale looked at her and grinned.

"I'd like to tell you about an engineering project that should be of popular interest," he began a little nervously. "And if you will bear with me I think I can explain it in terms simple enough for you and Doctor Herrick to understand."

"Why, Dale!" she thought.

Doctor Herrick cleared his throat ominously. "I dare say we shall be able to follow you, Mr. Birchmier," he said, as the speaker hesitated.

"Now, he'll get fussed," thought Marion.

But he didn't. He launched into a very clear account of preliminary excavation work on the River des Peres project, even pausing by the way to remark: "We uncovered a quantity of fossils in shale strata. These were at first identified as the skeletons of two college professors slain by Indians

(Continued on Page 138)

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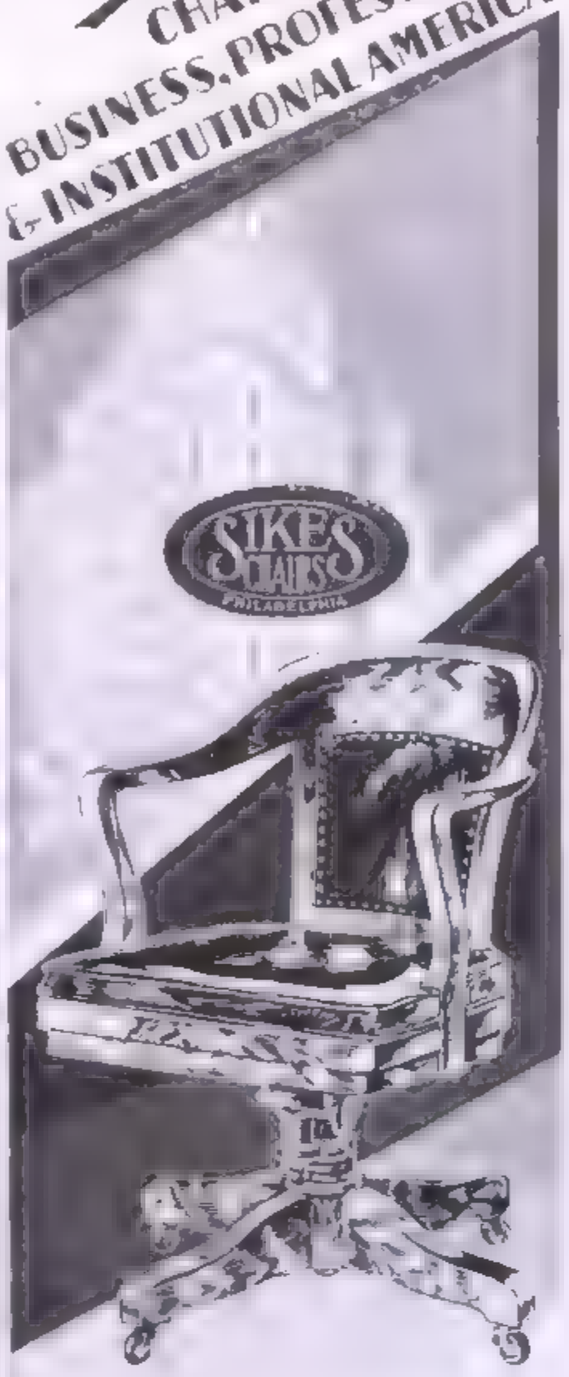

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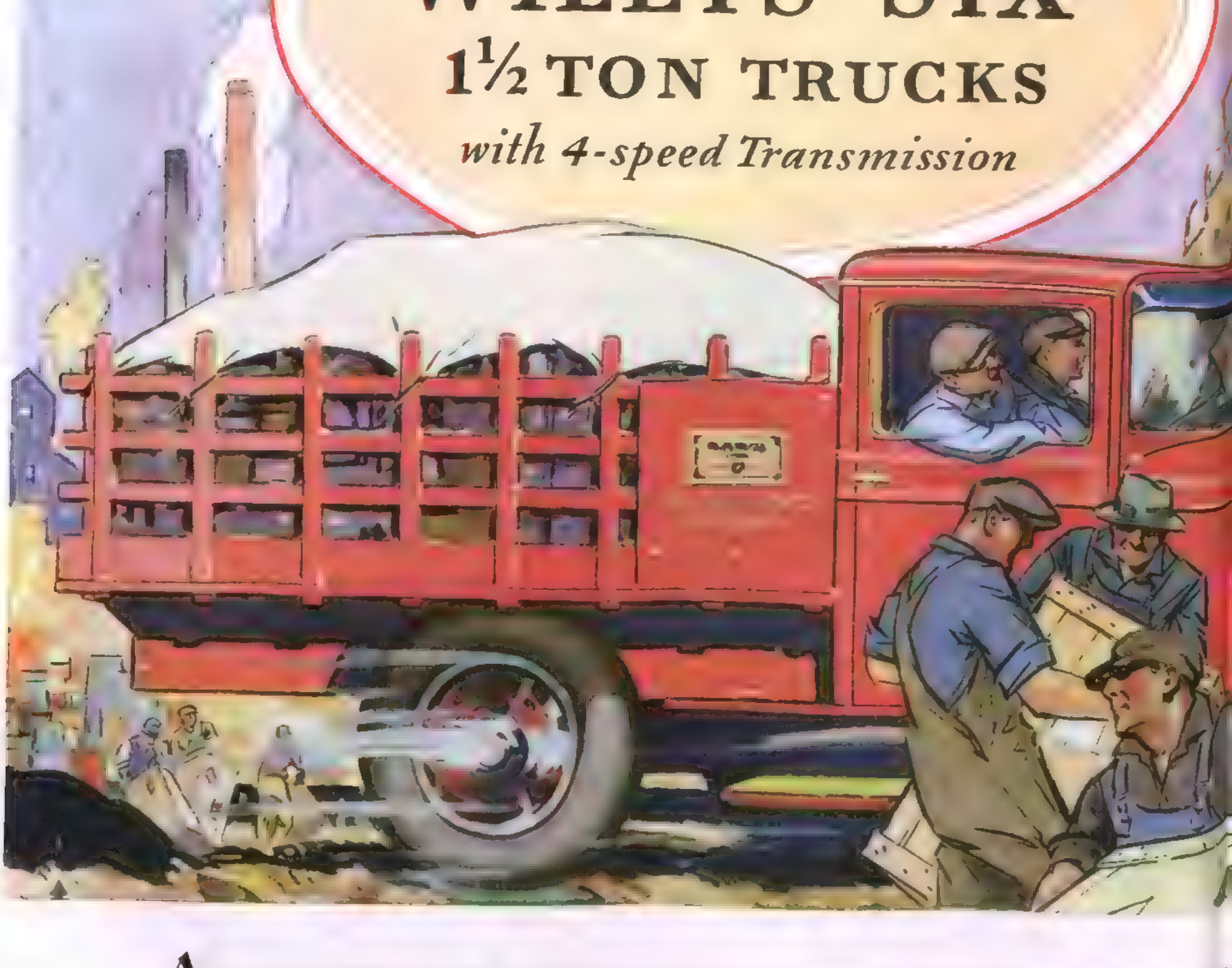

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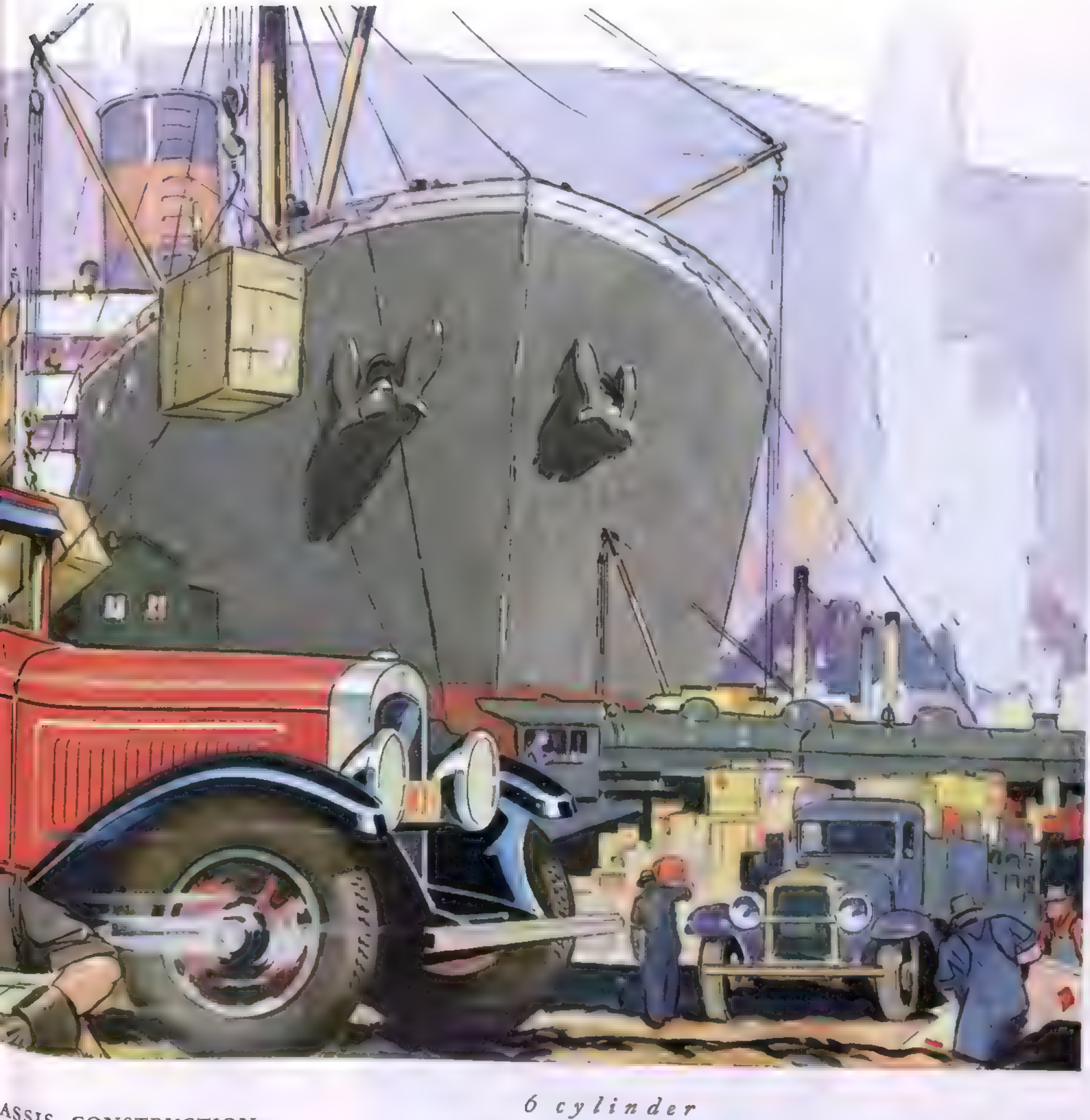

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Continued from Page 135

in 1847, but the identification was bitterly contradicted by the geology department of Washington University."

That got a big laugh. Warming to his subject, the great Birchmier spoke for seventeen minutes.

In the corridor afterward, she squealed: "Oh, Dale, you were magnificent! You had Nancy gasping for breath! I knew you could do it! I just knew you could!"

He gave her a curious look. "Aw," he said, "you're more excited about it than if I scored three touchdowns against Nebraska."

She nodded. "It means more," she said stoutly.

But she saw he didn't believe that.

They had no more dates that week. Dale was too busy in secret practices at Collins Field, or attending student rallies or entertaining alumni who began assembling Thursday for the big game against Nebraska.

Friday noon she chanced to run into a medical student named Holcomb, who was employed as an interne at the university hospital. He had been one of her admirers before the advent of Dale Birchmier.

"How's Dale?" was his greeting.

"Fine. Why?"

"Is Donahue going to let him play?"

"Of course. He's all over that sprain in his back."

Holcomb whistled. "Sprain?" He was a very wise and officious young medic. "Donahue's got a nerve calling that a sprain!"

She clutched his arm. "It—it isn't anything serious, is it?"

"Serious? Huh, I'd just as soon play football with a broken neck!"

The girl went white. Seeing that he had talked too much, Mr. Holcomb tried to hedge. She pinned him down with a frantic series of questions. The most she could learn was that Dale had been injured internally.

"You ask Dale what Dean Brooks told him," said Holcomb, making his escape. "It's none of my business, and I wouldn't have said anything only it makes me sore the way Donahue's been sending cripples into football games."

She knew it was no use asking Dale.

Doctor Brooks, dean of the medical school, had a caller that afternoon. A grim, quiet, determined little girl who prefaced her remarks with the statement: "I'm engaged to marry Dale Birchmier." Then she asked questions.

The dean was a blunt man.

"He wrenched a kidney. Nothing serious about that if the young fool would give it a proper rest. I advised him to quit football. He wouldn't. They never do."

"But—but couldn't you order him to quit?"

A snort from Doctor Brooks. "That's up to Mr. Donahue. I have enough troubles running my own department, young lady."

"But, doctor, isn't he in danger of—of making it a lot worse?"

"Certainly. If he gave it just the right twist he'd tear it loose. But—h'mph—he could break his back or his neck too. H'mph! Did you ever try to argue with a football player? They're all fools."

She and Dale had it out that night.

He was shameless about deceiving her. He admitted all that Doctor Brooks had said. Only when she approached her ultimatum did he begin to look uncomfortable. They had the Gappa living room to themselves, thanks to a big pep meeting at the auditorium. Dale sat on a divan and, as she talked, examined calluses on his hands or kicked nervously at the corner of a rug. He avoided looking at her when she said:

"You're not going to play tomorrow."

He was silent for a space. "I've got to play, hon," he said finally.

"Why?"

"The team needs me. Nebraska's our big game, you know."

"That's just your conceit, Dale!"

A flicker of amusement was in his eyes. "You don't know anything about football, dear. I may not make the all-America again this year, but I can still run rings around any backfield man we've got."

"And for the sake of a football game you'd risk injuring yourself permanently? Even risk your life?"

"Aw, I'll watch my step. They won't jam me up in the line again. We never try to plug Nebraska lines. They grow 'em too hefty out there. We're going to try to get around their ends and run 'em ragged with shifts and passes."

All of which was Greek to her and not convincing.

"Dale," she said, "this is only part of what I've been trying to talk to you about ever since you asked me to marry you. Did it ever occur to you that there are years to be lived after we leave school next June?"

He grinned, glad of a shift in the subject. "Don't you worry about that," he said. "I've got a swell job already lined up. Mr. Parsons is over at the house tonight. We had a long talk and I'm to start with his firm June fourteenth."

"Is he hiring you because you're a good football player and a Dete Zeke, or because he thinks you're a good civil engineer?"

The great Birchmier winced.

"You're sure in a tantrum tonight, aren't you?"

That unleashed the storm: "It's not a tantrum! I'm trying to tell you the truth. I'm trying to make you realize what this university is doing to you. You're its hero. You're the great Dale Birchmier. But you are also its worst patsy, if you only knew it. They've victimized you. They haven't let you study. They haven't let you fit yourself for your career. They've kept you playing football and basketball and all the other games; they've kept you working on committees and wasting your time on fraternity parties. Can you honestly say that you are fit to hold down a job as a civil engineer?"

Defensively: "I can dig into it before June and know as much about it as the average."

"You can't dig into anything and be an athlete and a campus figure at the same time."

"Well—golly, Marion! I——"

Then came the ultimatum: "You're going to quit the football team tonight and cut out all other activities that interfere with your school work. If you don't—I—I won't marry you. Ever!"

It brought a frightened light to his eyes, and then a mistiness. "You're . . . you're right, I guess, hon. And I'll do everything you say except—quit the team. I can't do that."

"Why not?"

He stood up stiffly. "If I hadn't got hurt I could do it," he said. "And I would. I'd throw 'em down on the eve of the game. I'd do that for you. But if I quit now they'd say I was quitting because I was afraid of cracking myself up. They'd say I was yellow."

"Schoolboy heroics. What difference would it make? Let them say you're yellow. You and I know the truth. Two years from now, when you're out in the world, you'll recognize how childish it is. Risking your life to keep a pack of college boys from calling you yellow!"

The great Birchmier shook his head doggedly.

"They'll remember me at this school longer than that," he said, "and I'd remember when they had forgotten. I can't do it, honey."

"All right, then, D-Dale, if that's how you feel about it."

She had quite a time getting the Dete Zeke pin off her dress. She couldn't see the safety catch through her tears. Her fingers were clumsy beneath his stricken gaze.

"Here—here's your pin."

He wouldn't take it. She tucked it in the side pocket of his coat. He started to say something. She didn't wait to hear what it was. She ran upstairs to her room, slammed the door, threw herself on the bed.

She had bought a ticket for the Nebraska game. She had secretly obtained several books on football and had studied them hard. She was going to surprise Dale with comments on his playing. But the next afternoon Miss Marion Murrel was not one of the seventy thousand who jammed into Collins Field. She went to the school library and gave her ticket to the girl she had bribed to substitute for her. Go to see that game? She'd rather die. She hated football. She hated all the seventy thousand and all the players. Yes, she did. Dale Birchmier too. She didn't care what happened to him. No, she didn't. She didn't care if he—if he—k-k—— Well, she didn't care if he——

A sedate clock ticked away the minutes in the all-but-deserted reference room, with its cool marble walls and its leaded window-panes. She could even hear the clock tick through the murmuring of distant cheers. A Japanese student who wore enormous shell spectacles timidly inquired for a book. She stared at him vaguely, and let him find it himself.

That game—Dale out there playing. What was happening to Dale? She didn't c-care—no, she didn't——

She stood the suspense until three-thirty. The game must be nearly over now. Maybe Dale—— Had he been hurt? What had happened? How had Dale managed to——

Suddenly she could stand it no longer. She sprang up and pulled on a sweater. She ran from the library. Collins Field? No, there wasn't time. The radio—there was a radio at the Journalism Building, a block across the campus. She ran all the way.

There was quite a crowd of newsboys who distributed the student daily, printers and office workers in front of a window. A bawling announcer's voice sounded from a loud-speaker in the window:

"It is State's ball on Nebraska's thirty-nine-yard line, folks. Second down and eight to go. The crowd is still yelling over that great run of Birchmier's. Boy, what a run! He took that lateral pass from Blake on his own twenty-one-yard line and carried it for thirty yards. Here's the huddle—the shift!" A roar. "Nope—nothing doing that time, folks. Johnson started an end run and was dropped in his tracks. Third down and still eight to go. Fourth quarter—nothing to nothing—two minutes and eight seconds to play. It's a football game, folks. All right, here they go!" Another roar. "It's Birchmier. There he goes—around Nebraska's left end. It's a tou—— Nope—no touchdown. We thought for a minute that Dale was over. There goes the whistle—somebody's hurt!"

To the girl it seemed like an eternity before the announcer's voice broke through the growling rumble:

"Birchmier had the wind knocked out of him by that tackle; it was made by Sorenson, the Nebraska safety man. The ball is now on Nebraska's eight-yard line, first down and eight to go for a touchdown! They're still walking Dale around. State started a substitute, but Dale waved him back. There's the whistle. State is in a huddle. Hear the crowd? They're yelling for a touchdown. There they go, folks!" Steady roaring. "Don't get excited. Nebraska smothered an end run. Howley lost a yard. Second down—nine to go now. State's backfield is taking plenty of time in that huddle—must be an argument; the referee is warning 'em. Now they're jumping to it!" More roars. "A pretty trick pass. It almost succeeded. Third down and still nine to go. Nebraska's ends are playing wide. The Nebraska team is talking it up now.

"Here's the huddle! Birchmier has dropped back. Looks like a try for goal. No—it's ——" A tumultuous roaring. A yelling voice: "Touchdown! It's a touchdown! Dale took it over. He's over—no—yes—wait a minute, they're still piled up. Yep, there goes the referee's arm. Dale plunged right through the center of the Nebraska line! They were expecting a kick or another pass. Wow, how he did hit that line! Whoa—there's the whistle—somebody's hurt. Steady, folks; just a minute. It's Dale. He's hurt pretty bad, I'm afraid. They're carrying him off. They're giving him a yell. Just a moment while we switch you to the stands where you can hear the cheering. Rah rah, rah rah rah, rah rah, rah rah rah, Birchmier, Birchmier, Birchmier!"

Miss Marion Murrel did not hear the cheering for the great Birchmier. She had slumped to the ground in a faint.

Outside the hospital door, several State U. coaches were quarreling. Basketball Coach Lickering said to Swimming Coach Hayes: "I should worry about your schedule. Think I'm going to give up the high goal man of the Conference to a minor sport like water polo!"

Track Coach Dinwiddie said to Baseball Coach Meyers: "I've gotta have Dale for the 220 and I'm not gonna run the chance of having him spiked by your kid ball players."

Head Coach Donahue was not there. He was celebrating the victory over Nebraska.

Inside the hospital door a young lady was sobbing, and a young man, who lay on a bed, was saying cheerfully:

"Doc Brooks said I'll be out of here in six weeks. Stop crying and I'll tell you more good news. The doc said I wouldn't be able to do anything but study the rest of the year."

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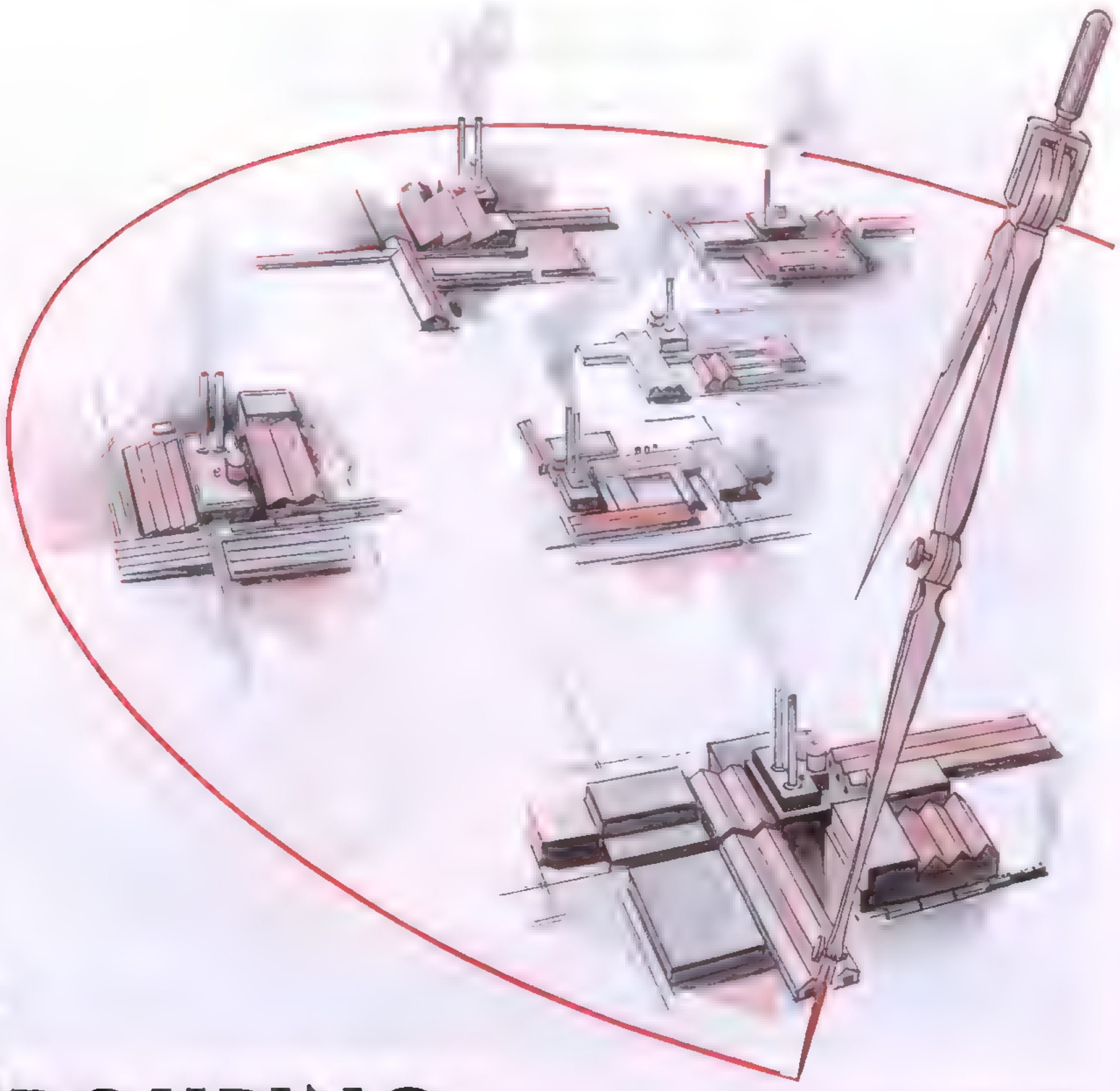

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THIS LOST DEGENERATION

(Continued from Page 17)

"Nothing. Only Ginger Weber wasn't nicknamed Ginger for nothing."

"Ginger?"

"Ye-ah. Ginger is Janice's older sister. She's due home from college on her vacation soon."

I watched him disappear in a cloud of dust, and tried to figure out what he meant, only it didn't seem to make much sense, so I went into the clubhouse and found Janice Weber.

I said, "I think you're quite the nicest one of the lost generation I've found yet."

"That's because you haven't found me out yet," she said. "Let's go."

So we went out and did the first seven holes in not too much over par, and near the eighth hole there was a rustic bench set in a clump of trees and overlooking a water hazard, and Janice tactfully turned her ankle, so we sat and talked about the book and all the material I'd have to collect, and pretty soon it was two o'clock and the course began to fill up, and Janice's ankle improved enough for us to walk back to the clubhouse for luncheon, where we sat and talked some more.

Two days later Ginger Weber came home for her spring vacation, and she was everything Alex had said she was in the way of looks, only more so.

The first night following her return the four of us, Janice and Alex and Ginger and I, went out to the Zulu Hut, because, as Janice said, it wouldn't do any harm to do a little more research work, and Alex was always ready to go anywhere any time, provided someone else paid the check.

Ginger said, "So you're the Gibbon in our midst?"

I said, "What do you mean—Gibbon?"

"The Rise and Fall of the Roaming Vampires," she said, "not to mention the boy friends."

I said, "I've got to write about something, haven't I?"

"Not necessarily."

"Oh, let up," Janice cut in. "Don't get snitty, Ginger. The major put him up to it."

"He would," Ginger said. "I'd hate to introduce that old boy to Freud."

I said, "Forget it. Let's dance, Jan." So Janice and I got up and danced, and left Alexander and Ginger to amuse themselves, which they didn't seem to have much trouble doing, and at three o'clock the place closed and we went home.

Alex came around the next day and hemmed and hawed and crept around the bush for a while, and then he said, "I made a mistake, Tony."

I said, "Your parents made one, but why blame yourself for it?"

"I made a mistake," he repeated, "about Ginger."

"Then apologize to her," I suggested. "Go speak for yourself, John."

He said, "You don't understand. She's an awfully nice girl, really."

I said, "Sure. They all are."

He said, "I realize I shouldn't have talked to you about her the way I did; even if she did have a rep for being pretty speedy."

"That's all right," I told him. "Write it on the ice."

"But you understand, don't you?"

I said, "I understand. Give a guy dog a bad name, and all that. Circumstances alter cases. You explained it all the other day."

Then he started to tell me what a tough time a girl has nowadays, trying to steer some sort of a course somewhere between being labeled a complete dud and a female out of a suppressed novel, and I agreed with him that it was pretty tough, and then he said there was another roadhouse the other side of town, where the orchestra wasn't so bad, that we hadn't tried yet, and how about going there that night; so I said that was a good idea too.

Then, a couple of mornings later, I ran into Major Ames on the street. I said, "Good morning, major."

He snorted.

I said, "It's a nice morning."

So he snorted again. He said, "What's this I hear about you?"

I said, "About me? I've been working, major. I've been burning the midnight oil."

"It sounds like it," he said. "For the past four nights you've been out until after three with that nephew of mine and the two Weber girls."

"Oh!" I said. "That's what you meant. I was just taking your advice, major."

"My advice?"

I said, "Why, yes. I've been busy collecting material for my book on the younger generation. And I thought the Zulu Hut and the Plantation were pretty good places to collect it."

He looked at me suspiciously for a moment, and then he sort of snorted again. "You ought to get plenty."

"I've got quite a bit," I admitted, "but there's more to the subject than I thought at first. I may have to call on you for help."

He began to look a little less disgruntled, and he pulled his mustache back in place, and then he said, "That reminds me. We've been intending to have you over to dinner soon, Mrs. Ames and I. Can't you come tonight? We're having a little dinner party, with no young 'uns about, and we might have a chance to talk over your book then."

I said, "That's awfully nice of you, major. I'd be glad to."

I was a little late getting to the dinner party, because at the last moment Janice and Ginger and Alex barged in on me, and I had to explain where I was going, and promise to meet them later at the country club if I could break away early.

When I got to the major's, everyone was sitting around in the drawing-room. There was the major and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Weber, and a long lady in black whose name I didn't catch at first, and a pair from out of town called Jameson. While I was being introduced, the butler came in with a tray, and there were a lot of glasses of familiar shape and design upon it.

"This is prewar," the major told me. "I don't believe in breaking the law and patronizing bootleggers, but this is prewar."

I took a sniff and said, "It certainly smells good."

"Yeah," said the major, "it's prewar. I wouldn't make a habit of it, like some people do, but the doctor recommended it for medicinal reasons. It helps my appetite."

"I think it's the only civilized way to start a dinner, really; don't you, Mr. Merrill?" Mrs. Jameson broke in.

I said, "It seems that way."

Janice's father said, "We're one up on you, Anthony. Don't hold up the procession."

I said, "No, sir," and finished my glass, and the major filled it up again, and then we all went in to dinner.

I was placed next to the lady with the black chassis, and she said, "They tell me you're writing a book, Mr. Merrill."

I said, "Yes."

She said, "Do tell me what it's about. And what will the name of it be? I think it's so nice to read a book and then be able to tell people you know the author."

"I hadn't thought of a name yet," I said. "It's about ——"

"The younger generation," the major cut in from across the table. "I suggested it to him."

"Yes," I said, "the major suggested it to me."

"But how wonderful!" she cooed. "Whatever are you going to write about them?"

"Well," I started, "just at present ——"

"He's going to show them up," the major said. "They're going to the dogs and he's going to show 'em up."

"Whose dog is shot up?" the major's wife, who was a little deaf, asked.

"Not dogs!" the major yelled. "Young people'"

"Shot?" demanded Alex's Aunt Hettibelle. "Where?"

"The major means half shot," I put in, but she didn't hear me.

"I'm glad you're going to do something about it," Mrs. Weber said from her end of the table. "It's time someone did something about it. If you only knew how difficult it is, trying to bring two girls up nowadays."

"One nephew is plenty," the major observed dourly, "and the boys wouldn't be so bad at that, if these brazen hussies didn't lead 'em on. In my day ——"

"Just what do you mean by that?" Mrs. Weber demanded, giving him a frigid look. "Do you mean to insinuate ——"

"I'm not insinuating anything; I don't need to. Just look at the way they dress."

"Confess?" quavered Aunt Hettibelle. "Did someone confess?"

While the major was attempting to explain what he meant to her and what he didn't mean to Mrs. Weber, I turned to the lady beside me. I said, "Aren't you a stranger here?"

"Not exactly," she said. "I moved in just after you left. And it's pretty dull here most of the time, if you should ask me. Tell me some more about your book. I've always thought I could write myself, if I could only find the time. I've often thought a story of my life—my own life, I mean—would be so interesting."

I said, "I'm sure it would."

"I'll tell you about it sometime," she promised. "Parts of it, that is," and she arched one eyebrow kind of coyly. "I've been through a lot, really."

"That's fine."

"What?"

"I mean, that's fine, your telling me. I'd certainly appreciate it," I said.

By this time the major and Mrs. Weber seemed to have ironed out their little misunderstanding, and the major was holding forth again, with the younger generation still being featured as the theme song. It seemed that not only were they fast and loose but they were pretty intolerant as well. They didn't have any manners. None of them had any manners, and most particularly his nephew, Alexander Ames, Junior, didn't have manners. Or rather, he had a lot, only they weren't very good.

"I met him this morning," he said, "and told him he was nothing but a good-for-nothing wastrel, and what do you suppose he said. Eh?"

Nobody seemed to know what he said, so the major glared about the table for a while, and then he exploded, "Horse feathers!"

Aunt Hettibelle said, "What's that?"

"Horse feathers!" he yelled, only a little louder this time. "Is that any way to answer an older person? When I was a boy, and my uncle said I was good-for-nothing, did I say 'horse feathers' to him?"

"Did your uncle call you good-for-nothing too?" I asked. "Why, major!"

"Eh?"

"I mean, when you were younger did ——"

"By gad, sir, I was polite," he said, giving me a dirty look.

"And the books they read. You have no idea," Mrs. Jameson bubbled. "Have you any idea of the books they read, Mr. Merrill?"

"No," I said, "I haven't."

"Why," she said, "they're perfectly outrageous. I don't see how they dare publish them, really. I mean, I honestly don't. I found one the other day that my daughter was reading, and I took it, and it was just

(Continued on Page 147)

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(Continued from Page 143)

shocking. It made my blood run cold, really. Even Jamey was horrified when he read it afterward. Weren't you, Jamey?"

Mr. Jameson said he was scandalized, and then Mr. Weber, to whom he had loaned the book later, said he was pretty flabbergasted by it too. And Mrs. Weber said she was about half through it, having started it that morning, and that she'd never read anything quite like it, and the major wanted to know if he could have it next, and Mrs. Jameson said yes, and then I could borrow it if I wished.

Then Mrs. Weber remembered some books she'd found in Ginger's trunk, and it seemed that they were pretty shocking, too, and she promised to let Mrs. Jameson take them, and then the butler served the coffee and we percolated back into the drawing-room.

After a bit somebody suggested bridge, and I drew the lady in black; only by this time I had discovered that her name was now Hartley, and that she'd lost two husbands and mislaid another, but that life was like that, and the thing to do was to keep a stiff underlip and carry on, even if sometimes she just felt that there was nothing for her to look forward to except the next visit of the installment collector; and we played against the major and Mrs. Weber, and between making finesses that didn't and explaining why he went down one or two, the major continued his broadcast on the younger set, with Mrs. Weber supplying static and interference and denouncing stations and program changes. By the end of two hours I'd learned a lot, and it was all pretty surprising. It seemed that all the colleges and schools were nothing more or less than country clubs with no house rules or anything, except the ones that were broken, and there was even some doubt about the kindergartens being free from suspicion. And boys and girls didn't lead nice wholesome lives any more, like they did when the major was a boy and Mrs. Weber was a little girl in long dresses, and Mrs. Hartley hadn't yet found her first husband, only to lose him. Instead of playing harmless games like mumble-the-peg and post office and blindman's bluff, they shot dice and gambled and made a lot of something called whoopee, and, in general, school days had changed to a ginny daze, and if they kept on drinking the stuff they did there'd be a lot of blind men and women, too; only it wouldn't be any bluff. And by this time it was eleven o'clock, and I'd won sixteen dollars and twenty-five cents, so I said something about having a headache and having to be up early, and could I be excused.

Janice and Ginger and Alexander were holding down one of the side verandas of the country club when I got there, and Janice said, "We were just about to give you up."

I said, "I surrendered long ago."

"How's the younger generation?" Alex asked with a grin.

"Gone to the dogs."

"Sure," said Ginger. "I've heard that before. Rumming with the hares and hunting with the hooch hounds. It's a dog's life."

"It's the puppy love that slays me," Janice snickered.

"The trouble with you all," I said, "is that you haven't any manners to begin with. You're intolerant. You don't respect your elders."

"Ye-ah," demanded Alex. "Is that a fact, now? Who told you, brother?"

"Your uncle. And that ain't all ——"

"Listen," he said, sitting up straight. "This intolerance business is all right, as far as it goes, but it works two ways, see?"

I said, "Not exactly."

"How much tolerance do they show us?" Alexander demanded. "Do they show us any? Not so's you'd notice it. Who started this flaming-youth stuff, anyway? Huh? Who started writing all the books and plays and making the movies about wild parties? A lot of old Bettys like my uncle, that's who."

Then he went on to say that it was a wonder they weren't all a lot worse than they were, what with being given the name and then the game as well, and how it all gave him a pain in the neck; and that reminded me, so I said, "How about drinking?"

"All right," he said. "What about it? And since you've opened the subject, where'd I find my flask this evening when I was looking all over for it? Huh? In my uncle's room, that's where. And it was empty too."

I said, "He only takes it for medicinal purposes. He told me so."

"Yeah? Then he's been a pretty sick man as far back's I can remember."

"Even so," I said, trying to remember some of the other things that were wrong; "look at the way these girls dress."

"You usually do," Janice said.

Ginger said, "What's the matter with the way we dress?"

"I don't know," I answered, "but something is, according to the major. You don't wear enough in the wrong places, or something."

"We buy our dresses," Janice said. "We don't design 'em. You'd better register your complaints at headquarters."

I said, "I'm not complaining. I'm just telling you what they tell me."

"Well, let me tell you something," Alexander cut in. "I'm getting pretty fed up with all this, and I'm not going to stand it much longer. Everything we do is wrong before we do it, and the first thing you know we'll all be as full of complexes as a Little Theater production. I don't think this is any atmosphere for young girls to be in. I've been thinking it over a lot, and something ought to be done about it."

"Fine," I said. "That's just what the major thinks."

"I had a roommate at Dartmouth," Alexander went on, "whose father is head of an advertising agency in New York. He promised me a job any time I wanted it."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"This," he said, getting serious: "If you'll loan me a hundred dollars, then Ginger and I can go get married. It's not so far to the Gretna Green, where we don't have to wait for anything. You and Janice can be witnesses and flower maidens and everything."

So I started to think up all the reasons why that wasn't such a good idea, and by the time I'd managed to get most of them out we were in my car and Winhaven was twenty-odd miles behind us.

It was a little after eight in the morning when Janice and I got back to Winhaven again. Alex and Ginger had taken the train down to New York after the "I will's" were over, leaving us to go home and break the news and send on their clothes and face the music, if any.

Hawaii

So I drove Janice up to her house, and she said, "I think you'd better come in with me."

I said, "All right," and got out and walked up the gravel path with her.

Just before we got there the front door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Weber were standing inside, so we went in.

For a moment nobody spoke, and then Mr. Weber looked at Janice and said, "You can go up to your room. I'll attend to you later."

Janice glanced at me, and I nodded my head just a little, and she turned and went upstairs.

Mr. Weber looked at his watch and then at me, and then he said, in a pretty cold voice, "Perhaps you can explain this, Anthony."

I said, "Yes, sir," but before I got a chance to, Mrs. Weber let out a little shriek and said, "But where's Geraldine?"

I said, "Geraldine?"

She nodded.

"Oh," I said. "Ginger! She's with Alex Ames. They must be in New York by now. You see, they got married and ——"

Mr. Weber said, "What?"

"They got married," I said. "Alex borrowed some money from me, and they got married and went to New York, where Alex has been promised a job."

Then they both started yelling at me at once, all about trusting people and having them turn on you, and about how wild Alexander was, and what would happen to them now—Ginger and Alex, that is. So I said I couldn't see how anything would happen, except that they'd have to settle down.

Then Mrs. Weber said she had known all along that something like this was bound to happen, what with the way the young people were acting and everything, and that things hadn't been like that in her day. And Mr. Weber broke in and said I was no better than the rest of them, if not worse. I began to get a little hot under the collar, and suddenly I remembered all the things Alexander had said. So I said, "Wait a minute."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Weber stopped and looked at me, and Mr. Weber said, "Well?"

I said, "About all I've heard since I came back to Winhaven is how wild young people are. This flaming-youth business is all right, but most of you seem to be busy blaming youth instead. I'm not saying you people set them a bad example or anything, but you certainly don't give them an even break. And about the only difference I can see between the way they act and the way you act is that they're younger and don't kid themselves."

Mr. Weber said, "You don't know what you're talking about."

I said, "Maybe not. But why get so excited just because Alex and Ginger—I mean Geraldine—eloped? It seems to me I remember hearing something about you two doing the same thing once."

"That was entirely different," Mrs. Weber cut in. "We knew what we were doing."

"Well," I said, "the last I saw of Alex and Geraldine they seemed to know pretty much what they were doing too."

Mr. Weber said, "Let me tell you, young man ——" And then Mrs. Weber tacked in from the starboard and said, "That's all very well, but you needn't think for a moment that we won't do something about it. And I'll certainly see to it, from now on, that Janice behaves differently." She gave me a pretty insinuating look. "I shall be very careful whom I allow her to see. Very careful. You can depend upon it that she won't ever run off with the first young ne'er-do-well that comes along."

I looked up the stairs, and Janice was coming slowly down with a suitcase in one hand, and she smiled down at me, and I remembered that there wasn't any sense in getting mad just because I was trying to explain things.

"You certainly can," I agreed. "You won't have to worry about that, ever. It was a double wedding."

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DO AND DIET

Continued from Page 29)

"By that time," I growls, "my temperament'll be attuned to a get-away. I took you for better or worse, not for a ride on a hearse. How much fat have you frolicked away so far?"

"Not much," admits the missis, "but I have benefited in other ways. I now see life as it is—its futility ——"

"With all due respect to the futility of life," I cuts in, "how are you going to stop the fermentation when you're ready to? After you get all the weight you want off your feet, what's to prevent you from losing more and getting too light for 'em?"

"Doctor Trimble," returns Olivia, "gives you a neutralizing treatment that keeps you in perfect balance."

"What does he do?" I inquires, sarcastic. "Have you read In Love With Life on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and Better You Were Never Born on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays? That'll be lovely. Mausoleums one night, movies the next. I get a half-time mamma out of the deal."

"Don't forget," says she, "you'll always have your manhole covers—and Fanny."

There's no percentage in arguing with that kind of mood, so I gets me the hence out of the house. Around noon I drops in on Joe Brice. He's Olivia's uncle, but a grand guy who's been swinging towels in my corner ever since I'd stepped into the ring with his niece six months before. Brice listens to my tale with singularly dry eyes.

"Oh, hell," he snorts. "From all the excitement you're stirring up, I thought she was leaving you, at least."

"She is," says I. "By the pound. Have you, by any chance, ever eaten a breakfast omelet made up largely of boiled turnips from the night before?"

"I have not," replies Joe. "What's a turnip doing in an omelet?"

"What," I wants to know, "is a turnip doing at all? For that matter, can you rationally explain summer squash?"

"I'm afraid not," he comes back. "I used myself up in my youth trying to elucidate rhubarb. Are squash and turnips starring in your act?"

"They are," says I, "but purely as a part of Olivia's play to have plenty of food on the table, but to make a little of it taste like a lot—preferably a sand lot. Can't you talk to her?"

"Not me, my in-law," interrupts Brice hastily. "When I turned that blessed damozel over to you, the liabilities went with the assets. But I wouldn't go into a decline over the situation. Everybody's reducing nowadays—either hips or inventories. Lock her in a room with a box of candy ——"

"Not Olivia," says I. "That girlie could drive the turbines of the Leviathan with her won't power. She'll go through with this if it takes all summer and a couple of rainy Tuesdays in the fall."

"She's a sticker, all right," agrees her uncle. "It took her two years to run you down."

"What do you mean—two years to run me down?" I demands. "Didn't I have to snatch her away from Dan Coogan the week before the wedding? Didn't I ——"

"In your brown bowler!" scoffs Brice. "Olivia had the wall paper picked out for your living room the week after she met you. You don't know much about women, do you?"

"I hear," says I, "it's spelt with a *w*. How are you fixed with the feed-box info?"

"Well," returns the old singleton, "I still have laundries sew the buttons on my shirts. Getting back to Olivia, though, it's my sidewalk guess that she's getting rid of that twelve-pound look just to please you."

"To please me!" I yelps. "How do you ——"

"The chances are," goes on Brice, "that you made an admiring remark about the slimness of some gal in her presence and ——"

"I did not," I protests.

"You wouldn't recall it," says Joe, "if you had, but the female of the species would."

"But, good gosh!" I expostulates. "She knows I don't like 'em thin. Haven't I been raising heck and hot water all over the place since ——"

"And so," cuts in Brice, "did ninety-nine out of every hundred husbands when the women first talked of bobbing their hair. But every now and then their feet'd slip and they'd remark to their wives how snappy some other baby looked that way. The answer is, all the gals massacred their mops and the men like it."

"You're all wet in this instance," says I. "I wouldn't have objected much if Olivia'd gone in for some reasonable reducing, like reaching for the washing instead of a sweet, but this hoof-and-book stuff!"

"It is pretty soggy," admits Joe, "but, at that, it's got it on the pills and holy-rolling some of them are falling for. There probably isn't a racket in the world with more phonies and funnies to it than this grab-that-girlish-figure graft. It just happens that you've become related by marriage to a particularly juicy development in the game."

"I'm like that," I grunts. "They always drop the awnings when I walk by after a rain."

"Better you were never born, eh?" grins Brice. "Don't be such a sap. Put on the suspenders and assert yourself. Eat your meals out."

"Yeh," I mumbles, kind of sheepish, "but it just happens that I like to sit across the board from Olivia."

"I suppose"—shrugs Joe—"one does, the first six months. Pretty soon you'll be personally wrecking Subways just to get yourself home late, and it won't be because of boiled turnips either."

"I'm not so sure of that," says I. "At the rate Olivia's not losing weight, I expect to collect on my twenty-pay life before she shakes those twelve pounds loose."

"If you cared to," remarks Brice casually, "you could knock 'em off her in a couple of weeks."

"How?" I inquires.

"As I understand it," he returns, "the Trimble trick's to fill the mind with unrest and discontent. All right. Call his play and raise him. Give Olivia something substantial to get discontented over. Work up a worry for her that she can dig her teeth into."

"An idea not entirely devoid of merit," says I thoughtfully. "I could frame a business jam."

"Business jam!" snaps Joe. "The blush on the bride's still too vivid for a business jam to fade it. Only one thing will. Get that way about another jane."

"Be your behavior!" I growls. "I want to lose only twelve pounds of Olivia, not all of her"

"You won't," promises Brice. "It's simple and safe enough. Fake an affair until the scales at home tell you to call it a day. Then make a clean breast of the whole skit and laugh it off over a bowl of summer squash. Remember, you've got me to back up your story."

"Nope," says I. "I wouldn't hurt Olivia even by pantomiming a pash. Anyhow, who could I get to play opposite?"

"How about Fanny Moffatt?" suggests Joe. "She used to be able to look at you without disgust."

The conversation ends right there and I departs without a solution. A couple of blocks from the office I happens to look up from a dark-brown study and there before me's Miss Moffatt! I'm about to nod and pass on when my eye lights on a turnip display in front of a vegetable market. Something burns inside me.

"Just going to lunch, Fanny," says I. "Won't you join me?"

"I'd love to," she giggles, "but would Olivia ——"

"Never mind Olivia," I interrupts brusquely. "Just because I'm married is no reason why I can't enjoy the society of other women."

I nearly chokes on the food I splits with Miss Moffatt, feeling throughout like a composite of Jude Iscariot, Mrs. Arnold's boy, Benedict, and the scoundrel who failed so conspicuously to do right by our Nell. Such palaver as I forces must've been as funny as formaldehyde, but Pain-in-the-Face gets a dose of the laughs the doctor ordered. She'd cackle at anything, overlooking only the vast possibilities of her hand mirror.

"Perhaps," I remarks, as we're leaving the restaurant, "it'd be better to say nothing of this charming hour to Olivia. She might not understand or—er –rather, she might. You're a woman of the world ——"

"I'm so thrilled you think so," bubbles Fanny, "but," she adds archly, "you haven't yet told me the story of the young bride."

"I'm saving that," says I hastily, "for our next tête-à-tête. I'll give you a ring soon."

The kind of ring I'd like to give her goes with a *w* and around the neck, but that dumb Deborah takes the promise as it lays and tears herself away in a twitter. There's no twitter in me though. I spends the rest of the afternoon giving imitations of a low-down dog barred from the public pound as being unfit even for asphyxiation. At going-home time I'm ready to humble myself in the dust before Olivia and give three lusty cheers for the Trimble treatment.

My contrition, however, weakens at the sight of a disheveled wife, mooning in the shadows with her *reductio ad absurdum*. A whiff of boiling turnip, coming from the kitchen, completes the wreck of my resolutions. Instead of humbling, I harden. My greeting kiss is colder than an organized charity with a deficit, but the missis seems not even to notice the drop in temperature.

"Has your city contract made any trouble for you yet?" she asks, wistfully.

"Not yet," I returns, "but there's likely to be a quiz, probe, inquiry and investigation most any day now. . . . Who do you think I had lunch with?"

"I have little interest in food," says Olivia, "and not a great deal in those who partake of it with you. Who was it?"

"Fanny," I answers, "and I never saw her looking better in my life. You'd be surprised what a few pounds have done for that woman. She's positively gorgeous. I don't know when I've enjoyed a ——"

"Perhaps," cuts in the frau coldly, "you'd enjoy having all your meals with her."

"Is that nice?" says I. "Can't I call up an old friend and have her to lunch without creating a crisis? As a matter of fact, I'm just a boy scout doing a daily good deed. Fanny's diet calls for helpings of hilarity, and I'm the only one, it seems, who can serve 'em to her taste. And how that doll did laugh this afternoon! You could almost see the ounces piling on when I told her the story of the young ——"

"You didn't!" gasps Olivia.

"Why not?" I comes back. "Fanny's no child. She's a sophisticated woman who's been everywhere, seen everybody and heard everything. You should hear her talk about free will, suppressed soul stirrings, the new creed of never to die wanting, the ——"

"Dinner ist soon," announces Helga at this point.

"All right," says I. "I'll come down when I get curried and blanketed."

IV

THE success of my first foray into the field of the purely imaginative is so great it hurts, but, figuring I can always call on the truth to square me, I continues

(Continued on Page 152)

"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish

BEAUTY PRESERVATION

Is your daughter proud to ask "him" in?

"THIS *is my home . . . this tells you the kind of people we are!*" Silently, yet unmistakably, a house speaks for a family . . . for a mother . . . for a daughter. Right now, your home may be playing a critical part in your daughter's life . . . more critical, perhaps, than you realize.

Surely, in these years that shape her future, your daughter sees her home through different eyes. Wishes, perhaps, it were just a little brighter, just a little fresher. Wants it to create the right impression on her friends.

What do you think? Is her home . . . your home . . . a delightful background for her own sweet self? Is it fresh and colorful? It can be, you know . . . as if by magic.

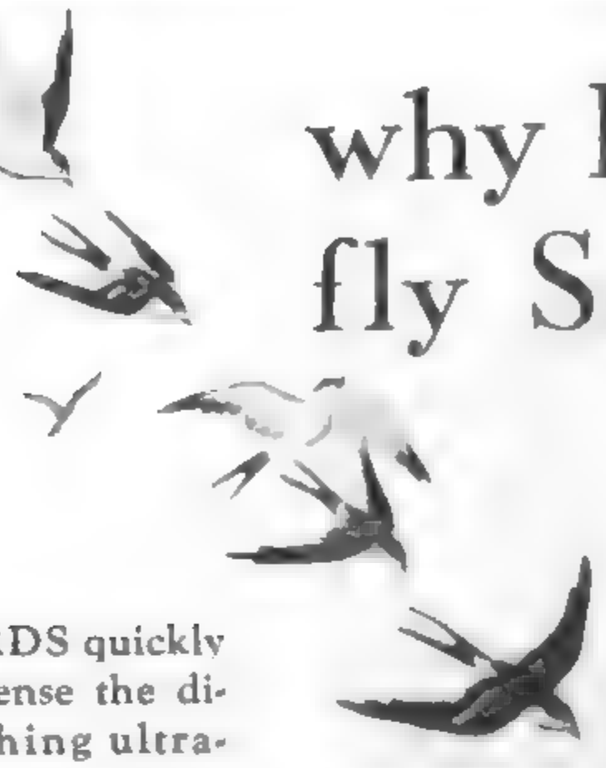
Nothing drastic is necessary. No expensive changes. No new furniture. Simply the freshness of paint and varnish, enamel and lacquer. These, and nothing else, except your good taste—for when you change the surface you change all.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 18 East 41st Street, New York

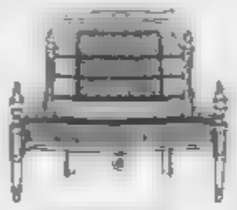
This cooperative movement by the Paint and Varnish Industry has for its object the awakening of the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The world-wide slogan, "Save the Surface and You Save All," is your reminder of that need. Discrimination in the selection of materials and in their proper application is essential to good results. Your guide to quality and satisfaction is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter

1929, 1930 Save the Surface Campaign

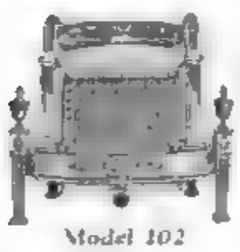
why Birds fly South



BIRDS quickly sense the diminishing ultra-violet and infra-red solar light waves in the fall. That is their signal to seek a warmer, sunnier clime. Children, too, need sunshine all year 'round. Called back to school and confined to indoor playrooms when the dark days start, they lose that fresh vitality which bloomed in the summer sun. The magic rays of sunlight are essential to growth and development—and they are approximated, by artificial means, in the Humphrey gas-burning Radiantfire! ¶The Radiantfire—almost essential in the home for its heating efficiency alone—contains a large amount of the vital infra-red and some of the ultra-violet rays of the sun. ¶Here is heat in abundance—flexible, convenient and economical—*plus health!* It can be quickly and easily installed in any home, with or without a fireplace. There are 32 attractive models from which to choose. Visit your local gas company or Radiantfire dealer now.

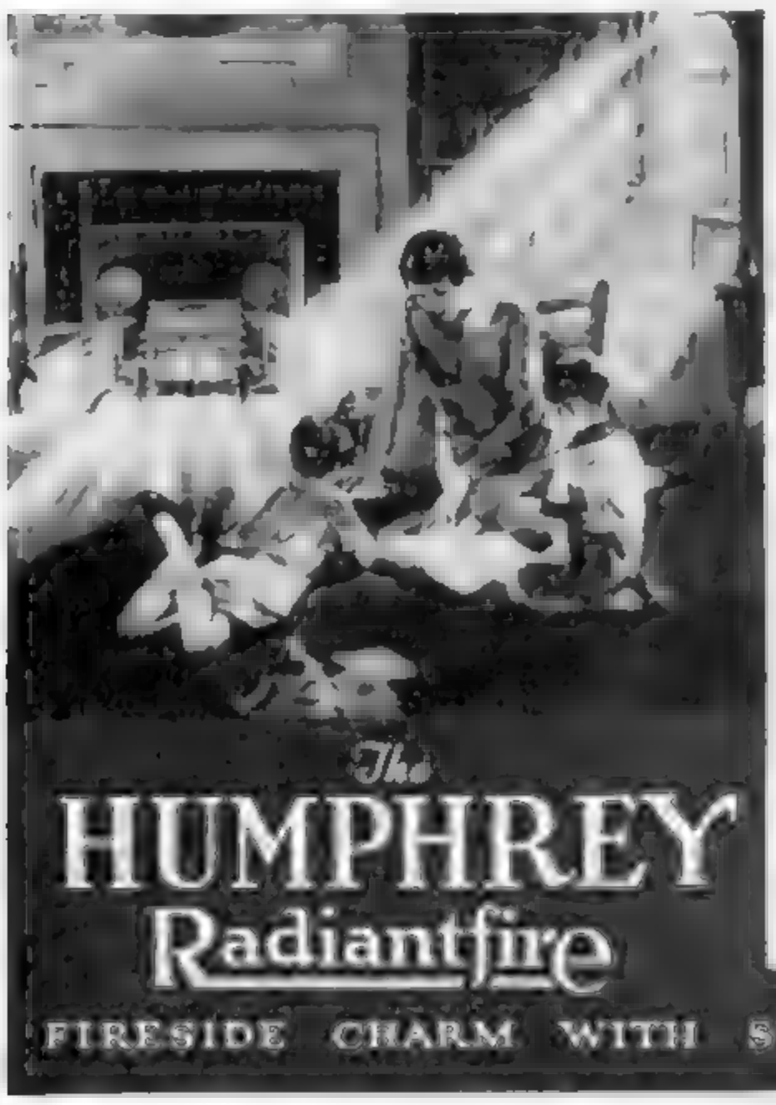


Model 45



Model 102

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.
44 W. Broadway, N. Y. C. 135 Bluxome St., San Francisco, Cal.



The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

FIRESIDE CHARM WITH SUNLIKE HEAT

Free!

Here's a book all parents should have. Fill in and mail the coupon below for this amazing story, "When Heat is Health," by Floyd W. Parsons.

Name

Street

City

(Continued from Page 150

with the Fanny flummery. I look soft and sappy when the gal's name's mentioned, get spells of blah blankness, dress with suspicious neatness, drop telephones suddenly when Olivia approaches, and otherwise give the well-known and prominent indications of another good man gone sour.

The wife's too much of a thoroughbred to bounce bric-a-brac off my bean, literally or figuratively, but I can see that my conduct's getting to her. She leaves her squash and turnips virtually untasted, splits her sleep with sighs, and wraps herself in long sable silences. As a matter of fact, there isn't enough conversation between us to equip a snowed-in sheep herder.

"Dropping any weight?" I asks carelessly, after the siege has been under way for centuries.

"I thought," returns Olivia out of the ice box, "your interest was in gains, rather than in losses."

"Not at all," I assures her. "Anything having to do with scales is fish in my net. Tell me, what do you weigh now?"

"If you don't mind," she comes back, "I'd prefer to keep the figure to myself. I propose never again to annoy you with my purely private ——"

"But you don't understand," I interrupts. "I've got to know when you reach a hundred and ten pounds, so I can -er—that is- "

"You'll greatly oblige me," says the missis stiffly, "by dropping the subject and not reopening it again, ever."

That puts me in a pretty pass. Here I've been waiting feverishly for the point in Olivia's weight when I could make a clean fess of the Moffatt mess, and now it looks as if I'm never to know that point. There's no breaking down her resistance and only one thing remains for me to do—write the experiment down as a total loss and call in Uncle Joe to square me.

"Nope," says he when I spills the stuff to him that afternoon. "You've got to go through with it."

"Through with it until when?" I wants to know. "I told you she won't ——"

"You'll find a way," declares Brice. "Don't forget if the worst comes to the worst, I probably can get the dope for you. Lay down now, and see how much I'll do for you."

"You wouldn't throw me, would you?" I mumbles.

"Down the hatch," returns Joe. "If you don't stay put until Olivia's tuned in on the infinite or her feet or whatever she's trying to get, I'll perjure you into a purgatory. Don't be a weakfish. If you do a prodigal son now, all you'll get's a fatted turnip. Are you a man or a vegetable?"

"The way I feel now," says I, "you could serve me as string beans."

"Buck up," urges Brice. "It won't be long now. Tell me, how are you and Fanny hitting it off?"

"Splendidly," I replies.

"See much of her?" asks Joe.

"Not at all," says I, "which explains the 'splendidly.'"

"At that," remarks Brice, "I guess you're suffering enough."

"Suffering!" I barks. "I'll bet I've lost more than twenty pounds in the last couple of weeks."

The house seems strangely empty when I gets home that evening. I'm no sooner through the door when I sense the absence of Olivia's brooding presence.

"Where's the madam?" I asks Helga.

"Out," says the kitchen engineer.

"Where?" I inquires.

"I do not know," returns the maid. "The coal man he was here. He say if you buy the coal now ——"

"The hell with the coal!" I yells. "Didn't madam tell you where she was going—when she'd be back?"

"No," comes Helga stolidly. "She come in here with the suitcase and she say I go away, maybe for two weeks, maybe for month, maybe not come back no times." And the fat-headed creature resumes peeling potatoes.

"Did she leave a message for me?" I chokes out

"I think maybe so. She give me piece paper. You want him now?"

"No," I snarls. "Save it for the Christmas tree."

Helga hunts through her apron pocket and finally hands over a crumpled, smeary note. This is what I get between the eyes.

I am going away. Perhaps when I have regained my full poise and equilibrium I shall see things differently, but now everything seems so hopeless. You will find happiness elsewhere. I never shall

Better I were never born. OLIVIA

For minutes I just standa there dazed, looking at the tear-stained letter with unseeing gaze. Then I turns loose curses on Doctor Trimble, curses on Fanny Moffatt, curses on Joe Brice, and curses on myself. Helga brings me to.

"You like the steak with the onions not?" she asks.

The spell broken, I dashes upstairs to the phone. I calls all of Olivia's relatives and friends in town, but it's a water haul. Joe Brice's place in the country I can't even raise. It's an unslept and unshaven bridegroom who drags himself to Joe's office in the morning.

"Swell fixer you turned out to be," says I, tossing Olivia's note on his desk. "She's gone away."

"Gone away?" repeats Brice gently. "Fancy! Where's she gone?"

"Search me," I replies. "She's not out at your place, is she?"

"Hardly," says he. "Probably up at Aunt Hattie's in Vermont, if she's left the city. Don't worry. She'll be back in a few days and eating out of your hands. I know women."

"You must," I comes back, sarcastic, "when you can't even figure a girl who's lived with you for fifteen years. Gosh, what'll I do?"

"There isn't much you can do," says Joe, "except outwait her. I'll see if I can get a line for you."

Four days go by without word of Olivia. On the fifth I get a telephone message from Brice.

"Come out to the country," says he briefly. "I've got some news for you."

I collects three tickets racing out to Joe's place on Long Island, but they're a bargain at the price. On the porch awaiting me are Brice—and Olivia!

Even at a distance she appears pale and thin, but oh, how beautiful! I makes a hungry dash at her.

"Just a moment before you grapple," says Joe, pushing me back. "In this corner Madam Olivia Ferguson. Weight one hundred and nine pounds and fourteen ounces ——"

Without even shaking hands, we fall into a clinch. "You're so wonderful," murmurs the missis into my neck.

"Wonderful?" I echoes.

"Uncle's told me everything," says she. "It was precious of you to worry that weight off of me. And I was so nasty ——"

"She been out here all the time?" I asks Brice.

"Yep," he comes back. "I kept her under cover until she made the proper poundage. You'd have spoiled everything if ——"

"Don't you like me like this?" interrupts Olivia.

"Yeh," says I, "but I'll miss those twelve pounds. Remember, honey, they were twelve pounds of you."

"Come on," snorts Joe as the butler approaches to announce dinner. "Let's eat. Hungry?"

"And how!" I exclaims. "What're the chances of getting a thick steak smothered with chops?"

"I'm afraid not tonight, sir," returns the flunky. "We're having a saddle of mutton for dinner, and something in the nature of a surprise."

"Surprise, eh?" I remarks. "What is it?"

"Something from our own garden, sir," says he. "Summer squash."

THE factory was ready for its big production season. Sales had been good. New territories had been developed. New retail outlets had been established. It looked like a good year for this thriving young business. Then—a midnight fire at a critical point in the factory building .... BUT .... The heat of the blaze automatically opened a sprinkler head and the fire was out before the watchman arrived.

Six months before, at the suggestion of the manufacturer's insurance advisor, the White Fireman had inspected the plant and had recommended the installation of a sprinkler system. Although the reduction in insurance rates effected by sprinkler installation was comparatively small in this instance, the system was installed—as protection against interrupted production and the consequent loss of goodwill and hard-won markets.

In many cases sprinklers reduce insurance premiums sufficiently to pay for their installation in a few years. But even where the insurance saving is inconsiderable, as in the instance cited or in buildings where potential loss of life is great, the protection afforded by sprinklers is worth the cost.

The White Fireman's advice on any matter pertaining to the prevention of loss is available through your insurance advisor.

WHO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service—a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance comprise the work of this service. Ask your North America Agent.

North America Agents are listed in the Insurance sections of classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—*Founded 1792*

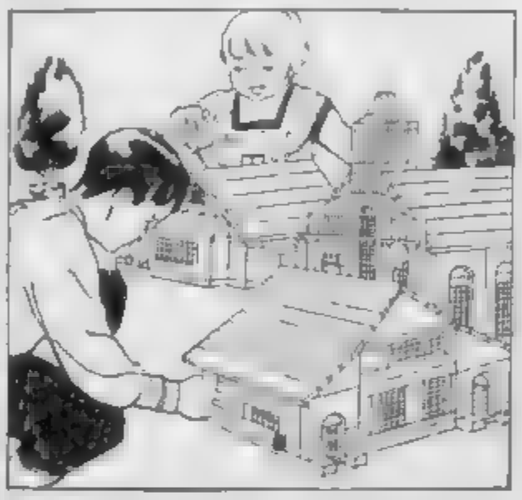
Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents or Brokers

falcon
toys that last

Here's "*Something New*" made especially for the younger children—The **Falcon**
"PLAYTOWN SETS"

An entirely new toy—a regular village with solid wood houses in colors—three types of sets—each set different. Children play with them indoors in winter—in the sand pile in summer. In addition to the set buildings there is also a big assortment of cut blocks for building walks and fences. Extra trees and shrubs for landscape effects.

3 Sets complete $9.00 Single Sets $3.00



And here we have the "*Little Home Builders*" building real houses with
Falcon Building Lumber
Cut in multiple units so everything "fits"—goes together just like an actual "Ready Cut" house. Architect's Plan Book gives full instructions.

Auxiliary Blocks in Bags $1.00
Interchangeable with the pieces in Falcon Building Lumber Sets

BUDDY SNOW SKATES
A "Falcon" Product

$1.75 *a pair*

And here's a **Falcon** product that has proven "*just the thing*" for the little Boy or Girl. Buddy Snow Skates can be used wherever there is snow. They keep the children off dangerous ice. Made of hard maple with a wide concave steel runner. So safe that even tiny tots can skate or stand or walk in them—can be worn over rubbers—no wet feet. One size fits children from 3 to 10 years old. Snow skating is loads of fun—it takes the place of roller skating in winter.

Most Toy Stores sell "Falcon Toys that last"
If you have any difficulty in getting them
MAIL THE COUPON

AMERICAN MFG. CONCERN, Dept. A H
Falconer, N. Y.

I enclose $_____ for Falcon Building Lumber indicated below—money to be refunded if I wish to return the shipment before Christmas.

_____Complete Playtown Sets at $9.
_____Single Playtown Sets at $3.
_____Sets of Building Lumber at $5.
_____Sets of Building Lumber at $3.50.
_____Bags of Auxiliary Blocks at $1.

_____pairs of BUDDY SNOW SKATES at $1.75

Name _____

Address _____

THE SHYSTER

(Continued from Page 46)

county in our congressional district. For a minute I wondered if Stanley Wallace might be at the other end of the line—all of my best counties reported rain. And only one of his. That just about settled the election.

From the time reports began to come in I trailed far behind my ticket, and by ten o'clock at night it was clear that I had been defeated overwhelmingly. Slim read these figures in our campaign headquarters and then went home without even inquiring how he was faring. But Slim was elected. He not only led our ticket, his was the largest majority received by any candidate. He led both tickets.

I hurried home to offer my congratulations.

"He's sick," mother informed me. "He's gone to bed."

I tiptoed to the bedroom door, opened it silently, and listened a moment before entering

Slim's face was buried in his pillow. "My boy. My boy. My boy," he moaned. I stepped back and closed the door.

"It's all his fault and he knows it," mother said. "You told him not to do it. Bull-headed idiot! What does he know about politics?"

"That's enough!" I exclaimed. "No squarer, cleaner man ever held office in this state. The poor devil can barely read and write; all he knows about arithmetic he got by instinct, and yet no man has ever discharged the duties of the office he holds as ably as Slim. You've seen him burn the midnight oil adding up his accounts on his fingers. You know that he tried to trade his own hope of bread and butter for my candidacy. If I had learned politics from him I'd be the congressman-elect tonight. Now let up!"

Having bullied her into silence I told her of my plans.

When a young lawyer skyrockets to success as I had done and then collapses he can make no greater mistake than to haunt the scene of his defeat. Even though the crowd that rides over him to power later falls, it is improbable that the event will furnish him an opportunity to rise again. Others will garner the fruits while he looks on. My mind was made up. Two weeks after the election Judge Brinstead's son, Billy, and his partner, Blake, took over my law practice and office. I went to Washington and called on Jerry Evans.

The luxurious furnishings of his firm's office were a revelation to me.

"Well, Jerry," I said, "they licked me, and I have decided to turn over a new leaf. I want an introduction to that high-hat law firm in New York that you were talking about."

"Good!" and he nodded vigorously, summoned a stenographer, and dictated the letter. While it was being transcribed he said: "These people have probably never heard the word 'rain maker.' I met them through some clients of ours who are also theirs. You must understand that our clients are of unimpeachable character. There are various grades of rain makers, and we are very classy ones. When you mention me, or this firm, to those people, keep that in mind." I nodded. It was all very interesting.

The New York law firm spent a month investigating me, but I furnished all of the leads for their inquiries. I fairly deluged them with references. That was not difficult in view of the many connections I had had involving cases that in no way resembled Ike Singleton's. In due time they sent for me and I was informed that my salary would be $5000 a year.

This was an institution rather than a law firm such as I had known. They had a librarian; a dozen file clerks, all of whom were graduates of a school of filing, something I had never before heard of. They had one man whose sole duty was to discuss fees and he was not even a partner. He was an employe. Any person or firm wishing to become a client had to make application and stand investigation. And even after the prospective client had been investigated, his specific case would be passed upon in conference. There were twelve junior partners, and I never did find out precisely what "junior partner" meant. I was one of fifteen employes, all with law licenses. They even employed their own process servers, and they had a special department to award printing contracts and generally to oversee the preparation of briefs. I was informed, on becoming an employe of the firm, that for three months at least I would not be expected to do anything except "imbibe the spirit of the institution." There were five partners at the head of this firm, and I knew only by hearsay which one was the ranking senior. Of the five, only one spoke to me. I doubt whether the others knew who I was.

Our offices occupied one entire floor of a large building, and everybody in the place impressed me as wearing a ramrod where his backbone belonged. I could stand this with a little effort from the junior partners, but its most malignant manifestation came from the office boys, all of whom were grown men, some elderly; they referred to themselves as "ushers," "assistants," "bailiffs" or "pages," and flaunted other unheard-of titles. Once I asked a telephone operator—we had five—to get me a number and addressed her as "Susie," not knowing her name. For a moment I thought she had turned to a pillar of ice. An hour later the office manager, or butler, or major domo, or whatever he was, requested me not to do that again.

"Well, what is her name?" I asked.

He stiffened, giving me a vaudeville imitation of Lord Come-and-catch-us, before answering laconically: "Operator." It was a drab, cold life.

I sought refuge from it in the company of free-lance lawyers, young and old, who forgathered in certain restaurants where they ate and laughed and swapped yarns; kidded each other on their conduct of pending cases, talked politics, and in this connection made startling disclosures about certain members of the judiciary. Having come from a judicial district where the presiding judge might have been identified as the man who had the most dandruff on his coat collar, or the worst fitting suit of clothes, I had been awe-stricken by the New York judges' gowns, but these merry wags gossiped about them in terms that gave me goose flesh.

At the end of four months of unspeakable dullness in the office and spicy disillusionment by night, I was summoned before a committee of three of the partners. There was a case pending in Texas. Our firm represented a holding company that held the majority of the bonds of another holding company that held the majority of the stock of a public utilities company that held a major interest in a local electric light and power company. This company was being sued by the municipality in which it operated. The case would be tried before a jury. They wanted me to go down there and win that case. I went.

They had already prepared all of the citations bearing upon the case, but that was something I much preferred to do for myself. Something told me that these fellows would never think of going about the business as I had learned to do it under Judge Brinstead. They expected me to spend several days studying the case before leaving, but I left at once and went straight to the offices of Brinstead, Smith, Brinstead, Blake and Rutherford, where I knew the library and wouldn't be bothered by librarians. The old crowd greeted me warmly, and all hands turned out to help me ransack the library. By the time we got through, my original list of citations looked like a new clerk's first effort. We found citations with teeth and dynamite in them.

I had allowed myself three days for this work and at the end of the three days I was ready for trial. Then I proceeded to the county where the case was pending. I began by entering three demurrers. The complaining municipality had sued for penalties aggregating $65,000. The judge sustained all three of my demurrers. After that the municipality was suing for $500. All the rest of their suit had been thrown out. They could correct their bungled petition and bring suit over again, but in the meantime I intended to cultivate relations with the sheriff and stack the jury on them.

The trial had been in progress four days when one of our senior partners arrived on the scene.

"Mr. McLean," he said, "you have misunderstood your instructions. We have no desire to win this case on technicalities. The real issues in this case are constitutional and will be determined by the state supreme court. Our clients are investors who regard this growing state as a promising field. They want their rights defined. Our thought in sending you to conduct the case was that a favorable verdict from the jury might weigh just an ounce with the higher courts. Or not even an ounce—just avoid weight on the other side. That was all we wanted. I am sorry, Mr. McLean, that you misunderstood your instructions. Please get in touch with counsel for the municipality and we will waive our demurrers and permit him to correct his petition to the court. The errors in his petition, Mr. McLean, were seen in our office before the case was turned over to you. If we had desired to take advantage of them we would have instructed you accordingly. This little two-penny penalty suit for $65,000 would never reach a firm like ours except that more important principles involving future investments are at stake. That will be all, Mr. McLean. Summon the municipality's counsel for conference with me and then return to New York."

Boiling with fury I carried out his orders, and on arriving in New York resigned. Even the satisfaction of doing this in the terms that I had rehearsed on the long trip north was denied me. The senior partners proved inaccessible, and after waiting four feverish days I wrote a note that, against my will, was courteous. They were right about the spirit of that institution. The very walls made it impossible to tell them what I thought of them. If I had done so no doubt the stenographer would have fainted. The one usually assigned to me I always referred to privately as "Queen Mary."

That night I dined with my cronies in a basement restaurant. In the group was a young Jewish lawyer, one of the ablest I have ever known. Never having been acquainted with Russian names I could neither remember nor pronounce his, so I called him Katzenjammer, and he, enjoying the joke, called me Boydskivitch.

"Boydskivitch," he said, "do you happen to know, in that funny place you come from, a lawyer named Brinstead?"

"I do," I answered.

"Well, then, I know how we can make some money. I have a case, a peach of a case, the juiciest that has come my way for a year. In that case I need the help of your friend, Brinstead. Do you think you can persuade him to come up here?"

"What do you want him to do?" I asked.

"Ah, Boydskivitch, I am glad you asked that question. I want so little of him that I am afraid to tell him how little I want lest he suspect things. I want him to come into the court room and sit down at the attorneys' table close to my elbow, and when the plaintiff in this case appears on the other side of the table, I want him to look at that unfortunate man and bow very coldly. That is all I want. It is enough. It will win my case."

"What would you pay for that?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 158)

FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES
IN HISTORY

The "ditch" that was to make investors rich .....and left only a trail of death and disaster

ON a broiling summer's day in 1882, an army of workmen and French engineers invaded Panama—"to dig a ditch." Before them lay miles of poisonous, fever-ridden jungle—a domain of mystery and peril—a breeding place of death.

For years this heroic legion hewed, hacked, shoveled, drained and dredged—and died by the thousands—in a tragic attempt to build a "Canal" that would make its promoters and stockholders rich.

But in spite of the terrible sacrifice of human life, the attempt proved futile. And when the financial crash came, the stockholders, as usual, were left to pay the piper. The shrewd promoters, foreseeing a rich harvest, had manipulated the market, repeatedly forcing the stocks up and down by rumors which they manufactured for their own benefit.

An old trick—*but it still works.* And all because thousands of people are still willing to "guess"—still willing to act on tips and rumors instead of on *facts*

The Investor Today Need Not "Guess"

Twenty-three years ago, the Standard Statistics Company was organized to help investors avoid the hazards of "guessing"—hazards that today are just as real as they were in 1882—and vastly more numerous.

No one man has the facilities or time to investigate the thousands of apparently attractive offerings in the security market

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"Standard" has 800 people constantly engaged in collecting, analyzing and interpreting *facts* regarding thousands of corporations in scores of industries. "Standard" leaves nothing to rumor or chance. Its clients need not and do not "guess." Its conclusions and forecasts represent the composite opinion of the world's largest group of financial analysts an advisory service that *anyone* can use profitably (details).

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STANDARD STATISTICS COMPANY, INC.

200 VARICK ST. NEW YORK

Organized 23 years ago to distribute business and investment information to reinforce the efforts of business concerns, investment houses and investors by a conscientious endeavor to furnish statistics, literature and reports on every business and financial subject of general interest

THE LARGEST STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

Single tone jacquard, double-breasted, shawl collar dressing gown with silk piping . . . . . $18.

Pin seal belt with sterling silver initialed buckle. The perfect gift . . $6.

Cravats . . . Cluster of hairline stripes of pure dye repp. A much favoured pattern. . . . . $2.50.

Pure dye jacquard crepe muffler. Exactingly fringed English model. Used in throw-over fashion . . . . . $5.

Imported handkerchief of unbleached linen. Coloured, hand-rolled edge and cross-bar blazer stripe. $1.50.

The Observer

The Standard Magazine of Men's Fashions

It is the privilege of The Observer to establish successfully and to offer the public convenient access to the current fashions in clothes and accessories originated, or worn, by the most correctly dressed gentlemen in business and sporting life. All items recommended have been produced by the most reputable European and American makers in precise accord with the charts laid out by The Observer. The styling of each article is based upon the personal and timely observations of the colours, patterns and designs favoured in London, Paris, Deauville, New York and every highly recognized point where styles originate, including the famous universities at home and abroad.

The Observer

The Standard Magazine of Men's Fashions

The articles illustrated on these pages were selected at random from the Christmas number of The Observer. They, and various others of equal effectiveness, can be obtained in The Observer Store in your own community. Each item is authentic in style and its character and fineness will be quickly recognized by discriminating persons who avail themselves of the facilities which The Observer places at their disposal through a leading Men's Store. The Observer is a publication devoted to Men's Fashions and the information and illustrations given are authoritative. A complimentary copy can be secured by addressing The Observer, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Demi-bosom shirt of basket weave oxford. Two English custom collars, one linen and one to match bosom. Cowheel cuffs of white linen. $5.

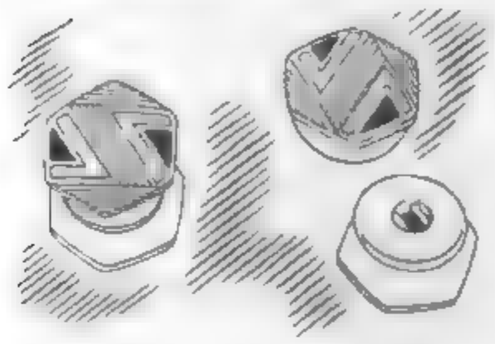
Double-breasted Camel's Hair overcoat. All colours. $100.

Cravats . . . Shower dot on twill. A pattern favoured by Eastern University men . . . . . $1.50.

Pajamas of twill sateen, in spot and diamond design of English origin. $5

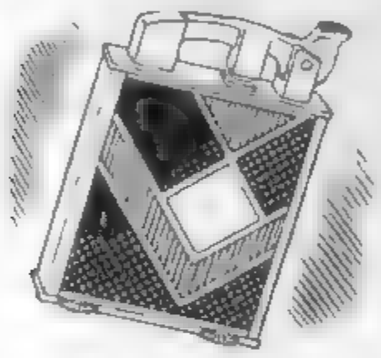
. . . The truth of it is . . . men are *easy* to choose for

Snap first—then Snip



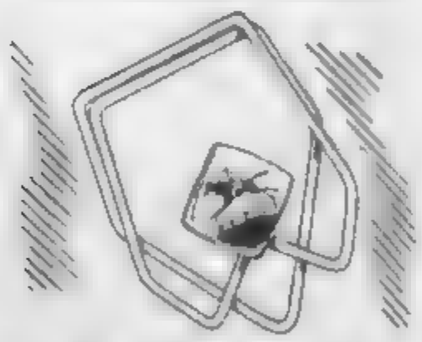
Snap to close them. Snip to open them. That's the Kum-a-part action. And they'll snap-snap for a lifetime: . . *guaranteed*. All that time a man will laugh up his sleeve . . . for Kum-a-parts hold even the stiffest cuffs smartly, trimly, and comfortably. Reasonably priced up to $25.

The thinnest lighter made



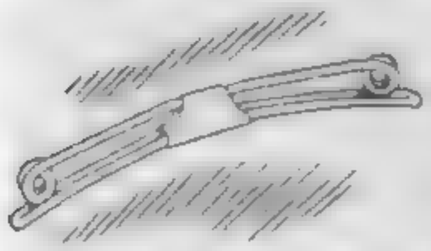
A man who is short on patience needs a Carlton Automatic Lighter. For a Carlton lights on the very first try—every time. Just snap the lever—there's your light; swiftly and surely. Apart from its dependability, a Carlton is smart in appearance. Extra slimness makes Carlton Lighters popular with men and women. Priced at $5 and up.

To manage money



Money Klip gives you pocket-peace. It keeps folded bills compact and orderly . . . no uncomfortable bulge. Plain, or colorfully ornamented with a smart, sporting decoration. $1 to $15.

Looks like a pin, but isn't



Swank is painless. It has no points to jab a man's neck. Nor can it fill his collars with holes. Easy to put on—easy to take off. Swank keeps collars smooth and neat and the collar points smartly in line. The lowest-priced Swank is 50 cents. Others up to $5.

Kum-a-part Products

Sold at jewelers' and men's shops.
BAER & WILDE CO., Attleboro, Mass.

(Continued from Page 154)

"Five hundred dollars and expenses."

"Well," I said, "I will try to bring him. Hadn't we better tell him a little more about the case?"

"Not unless we have to, Boydskivitch. He is no doubt one of those psalm-singing country lawyers and I should prefer not to tell him anything. Are you close enough to him to bring him into the court room as a friend of yours and ask him to sit down with us? Couldn't you be associate counsel?"

"What is there in it for me?"

"If you do it that way, one thousand dollars."

"All right," I said. "I'll do it."

"Are you sure that you can, or are you just hoping?"

"I am sure that I can."

"All right, Boydskivitch, get busy." And he gave me the date of the trial. However, he still did not disclose the whole plot. I telegraphed Brinstead, feeling certain that he would enjoy the trip. Not being involved, he cared nothing about the case. The whole matter was arranged before noon of the following day.

Not until the case was called for trial did I learn the exact nature of it. However, I hadn't worried. Katzenjammer knew his business. Brinstead and I sat just behind him at the attorneys' table, and his client sat just behind us. On the other side of the table I saw a tall, portly, ruddy, aggressive-looking man with dark incandescent eyes. He seemed to be very angry, and as his attorney explained the business in hand one could easily understand why. He had paid our client two thousand dollars for the option to buy from him at any time within a year a plot of ground, the price to be eighteen thousand dollars. Ten months later he tendered the eighteen thousand dollars, but our client would not execute a deed. His attorney now tendered the money to our client in open court and demanded his deed under the terms of the option. That was all there was to the case on their side. And it was ample. They asked judgment.

Katzenjammer rose. The plaintiff turned to look at our side of the table. Previously he had barely noticed us. Brinstead nodded to him and whispered "How do you do?" The plaintiff leaned forward, staring. He blinked, rubbed his eyes, and resumed staring. The sight of Brinstead evidently proved quite a shock.

"Take the stand," Katzenjammer said to his client. Then he offered him the typed option and asked: "Is that your signature?"

"No, sir!" The answer was prompt, the tone firm, the eyes steady. As bold a stroke of perjury as I can imagine, for there was the signed document and no doubt the witnesses who had signed it with him were also present.

"Just a moment," said counsel for the plaintiff. He and his client had been whispering. "This testimony is a surprise to me. I should like to confer a moment with counsel for the defendant." Katzenjammer nodded agreement, smiled cordially, and the two lawyers strolled over to the water cooler behind the jury box. Three minutes later they returned to announce that they had reached an agreement. The case was settled. The jury could be dismissed.

"A very neat job of blackmailing," Judge Brinstead remarked.

"How's that?" I asked, playing innocent just for the fun of it.

"Simple," he answered. "I prosecuted that fellow for forgery twenty-two years ago back in Texas. Convicted him too. He doesn't want to hear any more references to forgery. It's a sore subject with him. But when he heard that lying client of yours deny his signature he thought he knew what was coming next. In other words, he thought he knew why I was here. He'd rather pay a little more for the land than to have his option attacked on a charge of forgery and see me take the stand. He's in business here, and forgery is very bad for business. That's what I make out of it." And then looking at me owlishly he asked: "What do you think?"

"Something like that," I admitted, grinning.

At this moment Katzenjammer joined us. As we left the court room I asked him: "What kind of a settlement did you get?"

"Thirty-eight thousand," he answered. "But really, it's a gift at that price. I let him off easy. Somebody is buying all the land around there regardless of cost."

"Do you split fifty-fifty with your client?" I had been looking at the fellow, and it struck me that he hadn't hatched this bizarre scheme, but that Katzenjammer was the author of it.

"I bought the case from him for five thousand before we started," Katzenjammer answered. "He's been broke for two years; mortgaged up to his eyebrows. That's why he sold the option. Then when the price of the land shot up he nearly went crazy. He came to me and wanted to know if I could get him just five thousand dollars more. This was the only way I could do it. But it's dangerous business. I am entitled to something worth while out of it. I bought his case. I make fifteen thousand, minus expenses. Let's go eat." We went to one of our favorite haunts.

Katzenjammer had something important to say to me and started half a dozen times to say it, but each time looked quizzically at Judge Brinstead and decided not to. Brinstead pretended to be solemnly innocent about the trial he had just witnessed. I knew that he was bubbling over inside, but to play 'possum this way was his favorite form of humor and I wouldn't spoil it.

Katzenjammer and I dined together the first evening after Brinstead's departure. A young Irish lawyer named Casey made a third. As soon as I saw him I knew what was on Katzenjammer's mind—a law firm. Boyd McLean would fit excellently between the other two names. The trouble was that I had very little money and no cases. When we reached that point in the negotiations, however, Casey had a suggestion.

"I'll sell you one," he proposed.

"Civil or criminal?" I asked.

"Either. Which would you prefer?"

"Criminal."

"All right. Here's your case: Two burglars, bright boys, neither one ever been caught on a job, but they're in hock right now because a fence spilled some stuff to the police. These boys do a big business; they're worth about eight thousand a year to the right lawyer. They've got twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds stowed away for a fee right now. They thought the police had them sunk without trace when their own fence spilled the beans, so they both confessed before I could get to them. The cops expect pleas of guilty, but I told the boys to hold out. It looks to me like one of them can get a suspended sentence for convicting the other. Then if you manage to get the case reversed you can bail out your convict and both boys are back on the job."

"Will the boys stand for this change of counsel?" I asked.

"They'll do anything I say."

"Why do you want to sell the case?"

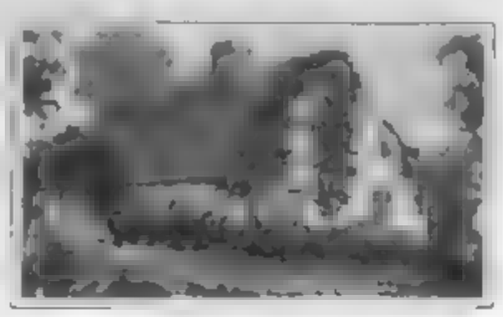
"I'm pressed for cash."

"Well, you won't sell to me, then, because I can't pay cash."

Katzenjammer intervened. "Why are you pressed for cash?" he demanded.

Casey answered with obvious embarrassment: "Old Goggle Eye is after me."

This called for explanation. Goggle Eye, they told me, was a man who had been in a railway wreck some five years before and lost one eye. The other eye appeared to be affected sympathetically and any competent expert would predict blindness within a year. But for some unknown reason developments had stopped. Probably he would be blind some day, but at present he could still see. Thus Goggle Eye had all the necessary equipment for one damage suit right after another. All he had to do was smuggle himself onto the scene of an accident, bringing with him for each occasion a new identity. Being a very bright-witted person, Goggle Eye had managed to do this in several different states, appearing sometimes as a bearded blond salesman, and at other times as a smooth-shaven, brunet chemist.



Nor were these all of his identities. He was a versatile man. But laboring with new and often innocent counsel each time that he collected damages had bothered him more than any other problem connected with his unique industry, so he had come back to Casey and suggested an encore, since Casey had given more satisfaction than any other of his lawyers. It was like finding money in the street; Casey couldn't resist the temptation. Thereafter, however, Goggle Eye did not hesitate to demand his services whenever he needed them; neither did he hesitate to demand money. He had Casey handcuffed and was bright enough to know it. Any lawyer caught in the exposure of such a client could plead innocent of the fraud the first time, but after having tried two cases for the fellow his plea might not be convincing. To make matters worse, Goggle Eye was a spendthrift and frequently needed money. He repaid the loans, and he prepared remarkably successful damage suits, but he was hot tempered. When he called for Casey or money, everything else had to get out of the way. To refuse him would be too dangerous. Goggle Eye had just sent a call. He wanted money. Therefore Casey sold me his burglars. Katzenjammer recommended them and loaned me the thousand dollars to buy.

They were not bargaining too closely with me anyway. Both were eager for an able trial lawyer with a "country accent," as they called it. Katzenjammer was loaded with cases in the trial of which he thought my country accent would be a powerful aid. Whenever we were alone together he mentioned this, but he also sang the praises of Casey. It was his opinion that in the sort of law practice we were launching a bright young Irish lawyer "simply has it all over a Jew." But when Casey and I were alone together he assured me that while he considered himself no slouch, "when it comes to the real fancy curves the Jews have got us Irish licked." At this time I was under the impression that they thought of me as good camouflage, as a name likely to attract business not in our regular line, but I learned before many weeks passed that both of them held the opinion that when a bright country boy from the hinterland went on the legal warpath neither the Irish nor the Jews could keep pace with him. Most assuredly we admired one another.

As a matter of fact, neither racial nor national derivation has any bearing. We were unprofessional because it was not in us to be otherwise. Casey and I loved excitement, battle and money. Katzenjammer loved luxury and women. We practiced law to get what we wanted; none of us loved the profession.

I set to work on my case with the determination to win it, not to fooze and stumble through to a mere granting of bail for the defendants, with another trial pending. Other petty criminal lawyers made good livings by keeping their thieving clients out on bail, but with indictments pending against at least half of them nearly all of the time. Just to keep out of jail was about all the crooks asked. But fame in the underworld can be won with lightning speed by one spectacular performance. My goal was fame—and big fees. To acquit two known scoundrels after they had confessed would place me right where I wanted to be.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

—they selected FURNITURE

A GIFT for the home! What pleasant possibilities, what delightful anticipations! Rare, indeed, is the present that brings so much lasting satisfaction; so much permanent pleasure. And after all, isn't a gift of furniture the most logical, the most enduringly profitable of all investments?

Good furnishings are more than mere merchandise. They are the elements that make our dreams come true; a constant source of inspiration, and a definite aid to advancement. Thus, the saying: "First . . . furnish the home," is indeed sound counsel.

In this modern age you are judged by the appearance of your rooms. Scanty, inappropriate furnishings do you a real injustice; they give your guests an unfavorable impression that even your gracious manner and clever conversation cannot offset.

And it is so easy . . . so simple, to turn this handicap into real help; to make home furnishings speak in your favor. Just a few new pieces, carefully selected, will "dress up" your home and make a world of difference.

How about one or two occasional chairs, to replace those old-fashioned ones that have served their day? A new table, perhaps, or an attractive desk; a cedar chest, or Martha Washington Cabinet; new furnishings for the dining room and breakfast nook; a modern, comfortable suite for the spare bedroom. These are things within the scope of even a modest Family Budget. And what a difference they will make!

Why not take the first step now? There is no longer any need to do without the things you really ought to have. For the modern method of buying furniture lets you have them right away.

What finer Gift

. . . and so I have sent you . . .

". . . and now, Dearheart . . . I come to that which has been in my mind for weeks . . . my Christmas gift for you. I wanted it to be something of ineffable beauty . . . with that quality which so like you, will gain in preciousness as the years roll by. I wanted it to be something you would admire and use . . . reminiscently, in after years . . . joyfully, in the Dream days of Now. And whose age-old traditions would serve only to enhance its value in your eyes. And so I have sent you . . . guess what? Something I have felt you would want for your very own. Something wholly in keeping with those dainty possessions which will find sanctuary within. Something whose lasting and protective fragrance I ask you to accept as a token of my own tender devotion . . . A CEDAR CHEST."

for her. . .

In the olden days every girl was given a Hope Chest or as it was then called, a "Dowry" Chest. This chest she began to fill at an early age. When her dowry became satisfactory to her intended, the two were married. And away they went to the Castle of Dreams—the girl, the chest and the bridegroom. The more beautiful chests of today are steeped in the same spirit of Romance. The same happy anticipations attend the accumulating of their contents.

. . . than a cedar chest from *you?* . . . a chest with a splendid hardwood exterior matching her other fine furniture . . . and whose fragrance is lasting . . . a LANE!

Select one for your sweetheart. For your mother, sister, wife. Buy one for yourself. For its beauty . . . its ornamentality . . . its convenience. But make sure it *is* a LANE, the only certified chest.

• • • •

No cedar chest is better than its cedar aroma. For the aroma is what protects the contents of the chest from moth damage. To be effective, it must be dense. To be lasting, it must be kept in the chest. In other words, the chest construction *must be air-tight.*

The Lane Company has devoted years in research and experimentation to develop such a truly moth-proof product. The result has been refinements that make Lane Chests completely outstanding yet no more costly to possess.

For instance, the handsomely embellished front of the LANE, and its ends, back, and bottom are made of aromatic red cedar heartwood not skimped but ¾ inch thick. This extra thickness affords an adequate amount of the volatile cedar oil, and is in accordance with the U. S. Government recommendations for a moth-killing cedar chest.

Every LANE whether in all-cedar or with walnut or other hardwood exteriors has this authoritative construction and is certified to that effect.

Another feature is the patented *aroma*-tight lid. No aroma escapes it when closed. The same is true of the joints, the new sealed automatic lock and hinges. All are *aroma*-tight, with patent applied for and exclusively Lane. Even the pores of the selected woods used are sealed externally by the special Lane treatment and by the most beautiful and enduring of finishes.

That is how the LANE is built to sustain its ancient traditions. It is why it retains its fragrance and aroma. Why it has won nation-wide recognition for protection as well as beauty.

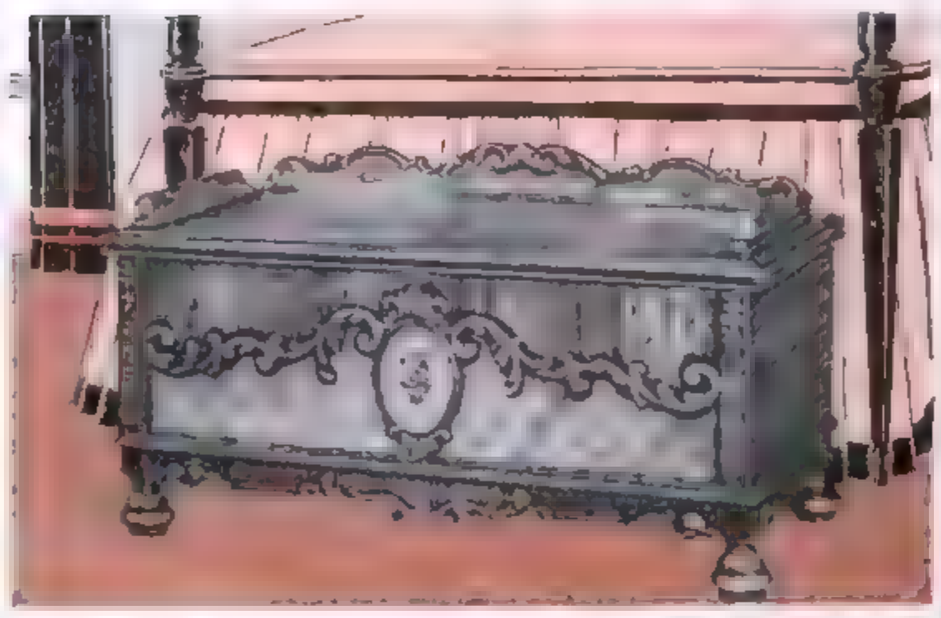
Watch for your Lane dealer's Pre-holiday Window Display. See the chests of the hour—in modern and period designs. Ask for a demonstration of the Lane 9 Points of Excellence.

Prices moderate . . . and with easy payments. This trademark is your assurance of the genuine LANE. An attractive booklet showing popular home models gladly mailed on request.

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc., Altavista, Virginia
"World's foremost cedar chest makers"

LANE
Altavista Va

LANE
Cedar Chests
AROMA-TIGHT . . . CERTIFIED



No. 48579—Window seat model reflecting in chaste lines and design the Dowry chest of early tradition. Genuine wood carvings and hand decorations enhance the beauty of its rich veneers of American walnut stump, mottled mahogany, rosewood and cherry burl

No. 48519—Console—of English renaissance influence. American walnut stump top, with maple burl, African walnut and cherry burl in combination of rare veneers on front. Embellished with genuine wood carvings. Impressive in living room, dining room, hall or library

No. 40959—Combination chest and drawer model with splendid American walnut veneers. This beautiful chest has unusual capacity.

No. 48951—(shown on opposite page). A modern interpretation of a rich old Italian chest appropriate for hall, dining room or living room. In finest American walnut veneers. A "Hope Chest" of incomparable beauty. Moderately priced.

KREMENTZ GIFTS
for him . . .

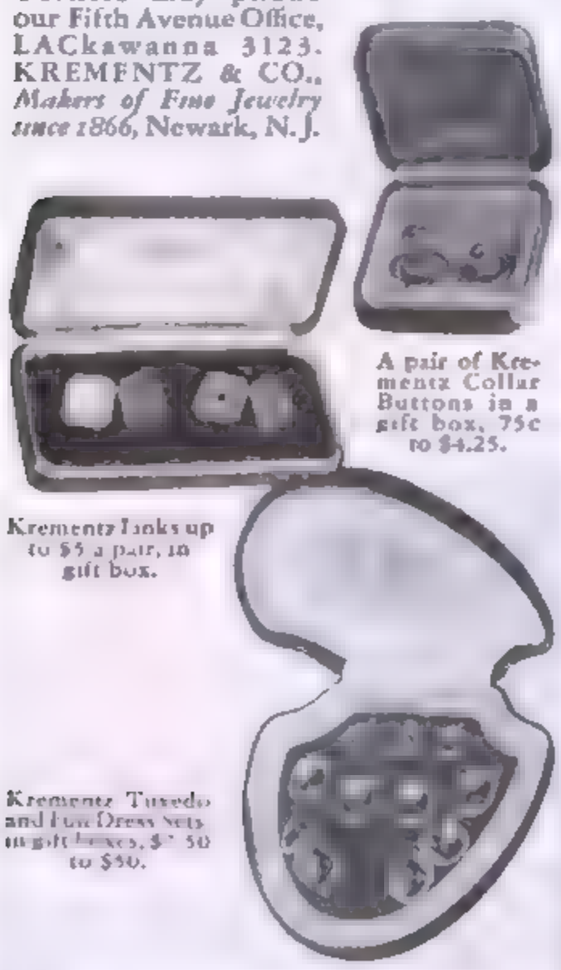
The
CHRISTMAS PROBLEM SOLVED . . .

"WHAT shall I give him for Christmas?

"If I could only think of something he would cherish—not only because I gave it to him, but because it was something he really wanted."

All over the country, mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters, and aunts are asking themselves this question. All over the country, the better stores are answering the question with Krementz Jewelry for Men in appropriate gift boxes.

The name Krementz is not only a "hall-mark" for Quality, but for Style and Good Taste. Krementz stylists are continually in touch with what is accepted by the best dressed men at the fashion centers both here and abroad. Continental tendencies are minutely observed. Write us for names of stores near you. New Yorkers may phone our Fifth Avenue Office, LACkawanna 3123. KREMENTZ & CO., *Makers of Fine Jewelry since 1866*, Newark, N. J.



A pair of Krementz Collar Buttons in a gift box, 75c to $4.25.

Krementz Links up to $5 a pair, in gift box.

Krementz Tuxedo and Full Dress Sets in gift boxes, $7.50 to $50.

Krementz

JEWELRY FOR MEN

PETER THE FOURTEENTH

(Continued from Page 21)

Peter said indignantly, "You have sweet ideas. Where would I stand with Jadwin after he found I had spilt something he told in confidence over his own dinner table?"

"You're babbling," Tommy informed him. "Sam won't leak any secrets. His kind never does. But if the old fox slips you anything good, he'll expect you to use it. And if you don't use it, he'll tell Connie she can't bring a sleepwalker into the family. Think that over, son, and act as instructed."

Peter thought it over while the taxi slithered on wet asphalt in Fifth Avenue. It wasn't a bad idea, he conceded, but Tommy Gelshenen didn't know Samuel T. Jadwin. Touchy old bird, Jadwin. Big as a rhinoceros and almost as social. Ambition like Tommy's was all right in its way, but getting cheeky with a stormy old god on his home grounds was something else again. It might suit the stormy one to turn an inquisitive youth inside out and exhibit the lining to Connie. And how would Connie act up then?

Peter was still pondering the question when Behemoth, in black and white, stirred heavily in a library chair and grunted, "Hello, young Vingut. Haven't seen much of you lately. How's Wall Street? Hear you're on the Exchange now. Making a lot of money?"

Peter reported progress without modesty and heard Samuel T. Jadwin snort when he named Baker & Lloyd. He watched a starched butler fill generous glasses and ventured, "Probably you know Morris Baker, sir."

Behemoth said through escaping caviar, "Morris Baker is a worm." When more convenient he added, "Plenty of worms in Wall Street."

Peter remarked politely, "They're usually interested in you, Mr. Jadwin," and suddenly recognized opportunity. "Just now," he went on craftily, "they're talking about you a good deal."

The Jadwin god raided a platter of hors d'œuvres experimentally and said, "Uh-huh. They're always talking. What are they saying about me?"

"It's Hurley Furniture," Peter told him, watching for effects. "There's a lot of guessing—terms and all that, you know."

Behemoth ordered "Tell me about it," and gurgled approval of an overstuffed egg.

Peter fumbled, "You must know all about it, Mr. Jadwin. There's a story that Hurley stockholders want better terms than you've offered."

"Of course I know about it. . . . Try a pink egg. They're good. . . . Most people want more than they're offered for anything they've got. Go on."

"Well, they say you may have to change your offer to get in as much Hurley stock as you need."

Behemoth said irritably, "You mean they hope I'll change it. You mean they're betting I'll raise it. You've been listening to Baker and that roughneck Carroll."

"But I haven't," Peter denied, and Connie streamed through the room, saying, "I adore roughnecks, Jaddy. Who's Carroll?" She wrinkled her small nose at Peter and kissed the exact center of Behemoth's baldness.

"Carroll," her father informed her, "is a pickpocket." He scowled at a surviving egg and remarked, "Bad company," pointedly.

Connie hovered over the platter and said, "Pigs! You've eaten most everything and now you're quarreling. I love quarrels. Save the rest of this one for dinner."

The starched butler bowed in the doorway and Behemoth climbed out of his chair, rumbling, "Been talking about a holdup. Vingut's right friendly with the thugs."

He surged away hungrily, and Peter explained, "There's a row on over Hurley Furniture, and your poppa's real vexed."

"The darling always has fascinating rows," said Connie. "Listen in at dinner, boy, and collect more experience."

The Jadwin god was led to make the matter clear between mouthfuls. It was all much as Tommy Gelshenen had recited. Jadwin Stores, Incorporated, wanted to swallow the Hurley Furniture Company. It was offering to exchange one of its own shares for every two of the Hurley Company, although Hurley stock wasn't worth that much. But at least 80 per cent of all Hurley shares had to accept the offer or the deal couldn't be made. That meant one hundred and sixty thousand shares out of a total of two hundred thousand. It also meant opportunity for some of these thieving Wall Street sharpshooters.

"Comes the enterprising burglar, Mr. Carroll," said Connie, and Behemoth frowned darkly upon Peter.

The sharpshooters hadn't missed the opportunity. A crew of them, headed by a pirate named Tim Carroll, had turned up as holders of enough Hurley stock to block the merger.

This Carroll had called upon the head and front of Jadwin Stores, Incorporated, and had put his cards on the table. He had said:

"I represent forty-five thousand shares of Hurley Furniture belonging to myself and my friends. We've pooled it for mutual protection. We are not going to accept your offer of one Jadwin Stores for two Hurley. We think Hurley is worth more than that, and entitled to better terms. You can't make the merger with us opposing it. If you get in every other share of Hurley, you'll still have less than the 80 per cent minimum you need. So your deal's dead. But if you want to buy our forty-five thousand shares, they're for sale, all or none, for one hundred dollars a share, cash. The offer is good for one week."

Connie giggled and asked, "And were you polite to Mr. Carroll, Jaddy?"

"Of course I was polite. I said to him, 'Carroll, I have a bad memory for whatever doesn't interest me. I'll probably forget all you've said ten minutes after you've gone. Put it in writing, and I'll show it to my directors. I don't know what they'll do, but if they follow my advice, they'll tell you to go plumb to hell.'"

"Slam!" said Peter admiringly. "And did they?"

"Didn't tell them about it until this afternoon. First directors' meeting we've had since, and I wouldn't let them do anything today. It's the thirteenth. Never do anything on the thirteenth. Hate the day. Hate the number. Just as well to let Carroll stew anyhow. He's got the game blocked with his forty-five thousand shares, and a lot of other idiots are holding out their stock too. The thing's still up in the air. Can't deny that."

"But what will you do?" Connie wanted to know. "How will you wangle it, Jaddy?"

"Don't know yet." Behemoth cocked a reflective eye at Peter. "We'll have another meeting Thursday morning. That's day after tomorrow—the day our exchange offer expires. All depends on how things stand then. Maybe this hawk Carroll will come off his perch by that time—eh, Vingut?"

"Or," said Connie practically, "maybe you'll come off yours and compromise."

"Or," said Behemoth, "maybe we'll admit we're licked and let Hurley Furniture go."

"Go where, Jaddy?"

"Go to Carroll and his gang. They've got nearly a fourth of the capital stock. That'll give them working control of the company."

Peter said, "But wouldn't that be a disappointment all around, Mr. Jadwin?"

"Disappointment to me. Had my eye on Hurley Furniture for years. Can't speak for Carroll, though. Maybe he wants to get into the furniture business."

Connie said with conviction, "Jaddy, you know you want that Hurley Company, and you're not going to let it slip through your fingers now."

"Don't want it if it costs too much. Carroll is trying to make it expensive. Maybe too expensive. Can't tell how my directors will feel about it."

"Your directors," Connie scoffed, "will feel just as you want them to feel. They always do."

"They're a sensible lot. Wouldn't have them around if they weren't. But we won't decide about Hurley until Thursday. Tell the Wall Street crowd that, Vingut. It's inside information. Tell it to Carroll."

Peter grinned. "I've been wanting to ask how much of this I can repeat downtown, Mr. Jadwin."

"Nothing confidential about any of it. Nothing new either. Tell Carroll you dined with me, and tell him anything else you please." The Jadwin god squinted thoughtfully across the table and growled, "Queer person, that Carroll."

"Nervy," Peter said.

"Yes, but he splashes around without knowing how deep the water is. Makes a mess and gets stuck in it himself. Reminds me of the old raincoat story. Know it?"

Peter thought he didn't.

"Happened after the war. One of these live wires got a chance to buy a million raincoats, more or less, for a dollar or so apiece, and he found a boy banker who was hot to lend money on anything. So he bought the lot with the borrowed cash, and started a bargain sale on Broadway. The next minute the war boom blew up. Nobody in the world wanted a raincoat, and pretty soon the bank yelled for its money.

"'Our loan is secured by your merchandise,' says the boy banker. 'Pay us today or we'll grab your entire stock before night.'

"'I can't believe you mean that,' says the merchant, but the banker said he meant every word of it. 'Sign here,' says the banker, 'and avoid bankruptcy proceedings.'

"So the live wire signed over all his raincoats and reached for his hat. 'You've forced me to do this,' he says to the banker. 'If you understood the situation you wouldn't have acted this way. You've never been in the raincoat business, have you?'

"'No,' says the stern banker, 'I certainly never have been in the raincoat business.'

"'Well,' says the live wire, smiling for the first time in a month, 'you're certainly in the raincoat business now.'"

Behemoth tossed away his napkin and heaved himself out of his chair. Connie inquired, "Is that all of the story, Jaddy?"

"That's all. Fourth time I've told it today. I'm going up to do a little reading."

"Before you go," said Connie, "what's the point?"

"The point," Samuel T. Jadwin said, staring at Peter, "is that the boy banker was then in the raincoat business. Good night, Vingut. Remember me to Carroll and his troupe."

When he had gone Connie said, "The old darling never gets his stories right. And he told that one four times today."

"I think he left something out this time," said Peter. "Let's find a corner and talk about nothing but you for a long time."

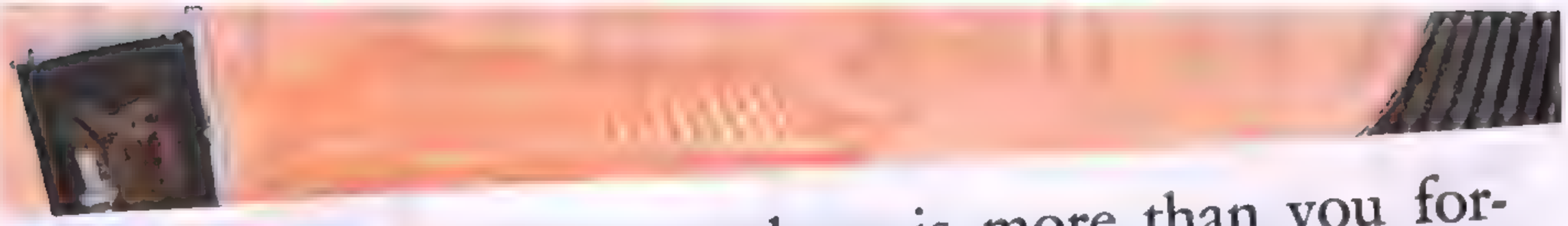
Tommy Gelshenen sought out Peter on the Stock Exchange floor early the next morning, demanding, "What did you get last night?"

"Nothing much," Peter said. "You know most of it. Carroll is holding them up for a hundred dollars a share for his crowd's stock. It amounts to forty-five thousand shares. There's a deadlock, and the Jadwin people won't decide until tomorrow."

"Rot," Tommy scoffed. "Old Sam has decided already. That's a bet. Couldn't you dig anything out of him?"

"No, and I'm too busy to talk to you. Lloyd's laid up and I'm doing double work."

(Continued on Page 167)



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"Chinese Scene." Painted for Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

* Ask the General Tire Distributor about a change-over Dual Balloons on your present car

8

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

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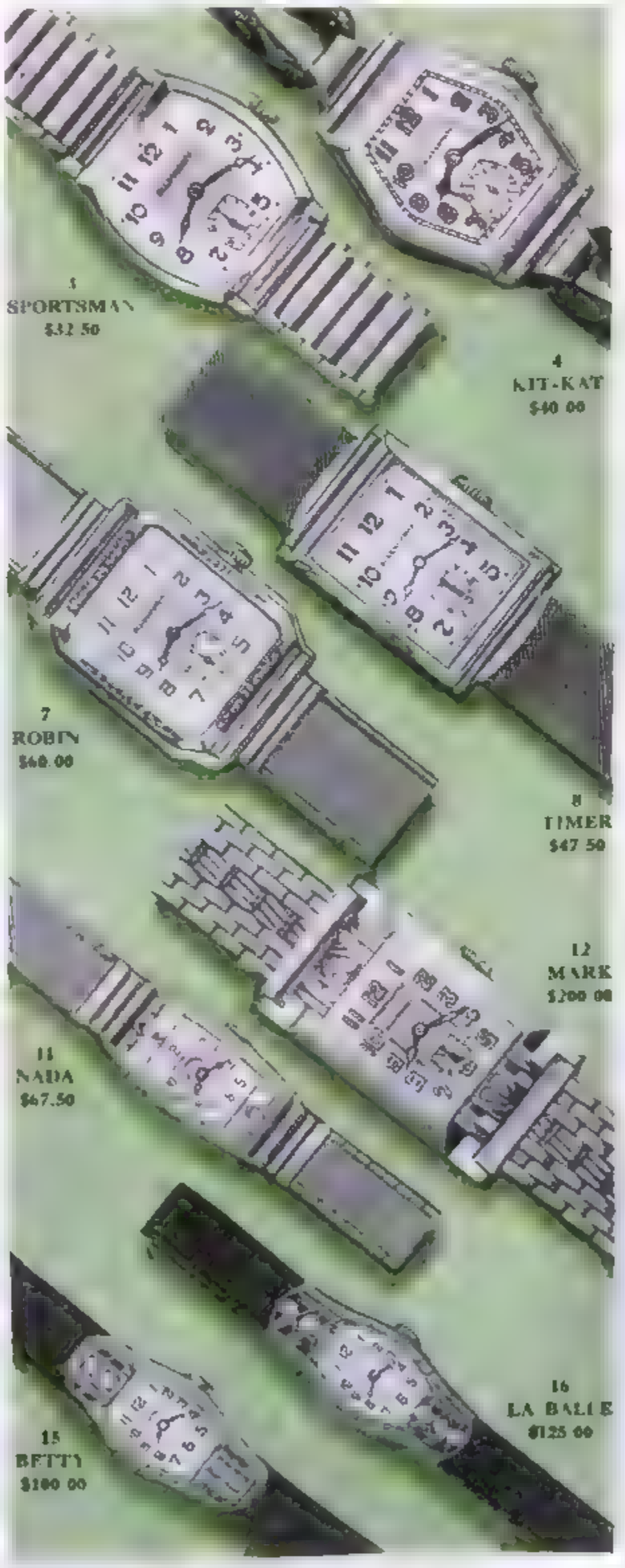

COULD *you* ever forget that wonderful Christmas when off the laden tree a mysterious little box was handed you, and deep in its velvet depths you found—at last—your dearest wish come true . . . a watch?

Think, then, of the thrill you can give someone this year! Maybe your own boy or girl looking forward to this very first watch . . . Your father or mother . . . your sweetheart.

What gift *could* be more fitting for the person you love? Especially if it's an Ollendorff. For an Ollendorff Watch tells more than time. It bespeaks quality . . . taste. It has an air of distinction. It is *right!* Behind it lie more than 60 years of watch experience.

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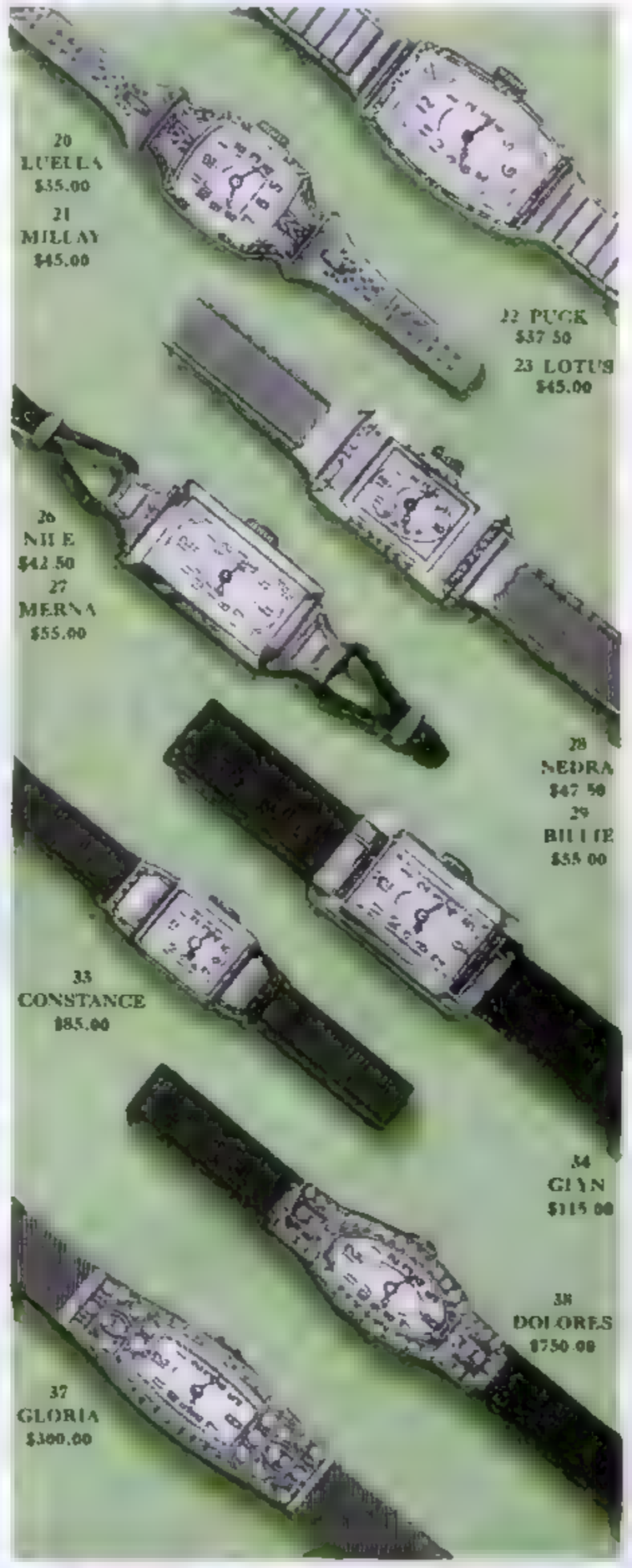

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19. **CALAIS**—(same model as BRITTANIA)—14K solid white gold 15 Jewels $35 00
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29. **BILLIE**—(same model as NEDRA)—14K solid white gold 15 Jewels. Gold filled band $55.00
30. **CHIC**—14K white gold-filled 15 Jewels. Gold-filled band $50 00
31. **DOÑA**—(same model as CHIC)—14K solid white gold. 15 Jewels. Gold-filled band $60.00
32. **JOY**—15 Jewels. With metal bracelet $50 00
33. **CONSTANCE**—14K solid white gold 15 Jewels. A special Ollendorff case creation $85 00
34. **GLYN**—18K solid gold case. 14K solid gold Anniversary movement. 2 diamond and 15 ruby Jewels $115.00
35. **OLINDA**—14K solid white gold 8 diamonds 10 synthetic sapphires 15 Jewels. 14K solid white gold bracelet $165.00
36. **TRIANON**—14K solid white gold. 2 Marquise diamonds 6 round diamonds. 4 synthetic emeralds. 17 Jewels $165 00
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Ollendorff
WATCHES

"TIME FOR A LIFETIME"

Very little bother now

to replace rusty water pipe

Walls and floors left practically intact when plumber installs new Chase Copper Water Tubing. It bends around corners. Requires few fittings. And it lasts as long as your house, for it's 99.9% pure copper.

The *Old* Way

Every turn in old water pipe calls for a threaded connection. Your plumber will tell you that it is at these joints where most leaks occur, where clogging from rust is most likely to happen.

The *New* Way

The same turns made with Chase Copper Water Tubing require no cutting, no threading, not a single connection. The bends are less abrupt, and reduce water flow resistance to a minimum.

Your plumber can replace your old pipe now without upsetting your house

Children especially need plenty of clear, pure water. Do they get it from the present water piping in your home?

"I CAN repipe your whole house now without damaging walls or floors!" That's the good news any plumber can tell you today. This vast improvement in replacing old worn-out water piping is brought about by the new flexible Chase Copper Water Tubing. At last this troublesome job has been made quick, clean, certain!

Glance at the replacement job illustrated. Instead of being forced to rip into the wall and floor, the plumber has removed only a few tiles. You see him just about to work the Copper Tubing down through the wall to the basement connection. One complete length of tubing that can bend around corners. And every bend saves a fitting, every bend saves you money. The few connections required are made quickly, for there's no time out for threading. The Chase compression fittings he uses are stronger and better than the old type. And when he's through, the job is done for all time. You pay no more costly pipe repair bills.

Chase Copper Water Tubing is rust-proof. It's 99.9% pure copper. Nor will it crack if your water line should accidentally freeze this winter. Possibly the biggest feature from the standpoint of family health and comfort is that of pure, crystal-clear water, just as sparkling and refreshing as it comes to your home. At full pressure, too, every time you turn the faucet.

Get costs from plumber—A complete Chase Copper Water Tubing replacement costs less than replacing your old plumbing, pipe by pipe. Your plumber is the man to give you the estimate—something he can't always do when you ask him to find and fix old water pipes. Talk to him about it. If he hasn't yet stocked Chase Copper Water Tubing, tell us. We'll see that he is supplied immediately.

CHASE

This mark identifies good brass and copper products.

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

A Product of
CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.,
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Waterbury, Connecticut

(Continued from Page 162)

Tommy reappeared at noon. "Still sure Old Boy Jadwin didn't slip you a hint or something?" he asked.

"I've told you he didn't."

"It wouldn't have been a hint with a red flag and a bell on it," Tommy persisted. "It would have been subtle. Try to remember something Sammy said that you couldn't understand. There must have been plenty. It's all around the floor today that the deal may be off. Hurley is down two points to 82."

"I know it. Baker's been nagging me every five minutes to find out who's selling, and why. But I tell you Poppa Jadwin didn't even tip me a wink."

The stock market had gone into the last of its five hours when Tommy twitched Peter's sleeve again. "Hurley just sold below 81," he said. "I'm giving odds that you muffed something last night."

"Tom," said Peter irritably, "for the last time, Jadwin was a clam. Just when I thought he might let out something important, he switched off and told some fool story."

"Story?" Tommy queried. "What kind of a story?"

"No point to it. Something about a chap getting in bad with a bank because he borrowed on something he couldn't sell. He borrowed on raincoats ——"

"Raincoats! The old one about 'You're in the raincoat business now'?"

"That's it."

"And he told that when you were talking about Carroll?"

"Yes."

"Yip!" said Tommy Gelshenen, and disappeared. He returned panting somewhat. "Resumé the narrative, son. I got short of a little Hurley at 80½. Have you told Baker?"

"Told him what?"

"About Jadwin. About raincoats."

"I told him this morning the Jadwin people won't do anything until tomorrow. Jadwin wanted me to pass that on to Tim Carroll. But why should I tell anybody the raincoat thing?"

Tommy hissed, "Sap! Don't you see that old Sam gave you the tip? Didn't I tell you how he hinted the same thing to another man yesterday? Maybe told him the same story. Sammy is going to walk out on Tim Carroll. That's what the raincoat wheeze means. He's going to drop the Hurley deal and leave Carroll hung up with his stock. That'll put Tim in the raincoat business, won't it? Or the furniture business. Oil is the brain food you need, Pete lubrication."

"You're seeing things," said Peter. "I don't believe Jadwin meant anything of the kind."

"Don't tell me. Shoot over to your office and tell Tim Carroll, and let him guess it. Play safe, anyhow. Put it up to Tim."

Ten minutes later Morris Baker was barking sharp questions at an uncomfortable Peter Vingut while a lean-jawed man watched a jerky stock ticker and listened.

Peter said finally, "That's all there is to it. If I thought it meant anything I would have told you before."

The man at the ticker snarled, "Why the hell didn't you? I've been hearing this thing all day. This is the straightest yet. The old elephant! Find out how the stock is now."

Baker was harsh at a telephone, and Peter said, "I can't tell you anything more, Mr. Carroll. I'll have to get back to the floor. It's getting late."

Tim Carroll said, "Get over there and keep me posted. If you get any orders from me, don't you butcher them."

At Baker & Lloyd's telephone on the Stock Exchange a ferrety clerk said tersely to Peter, "They're crackin' Hurley. It just hit 78. Them certificates dropped to 73. Jadwin's down five points too. I been flashin' the prices over to the office."

Peter asked, "Hear anything, Steve?"

"Just heard a guy say he heard the Jadwin deal is all off. I give that to the office a minute ago. Looks like there's something to it."

Peter looked out to where trading in Hurley Furniture was going on, and saw Tommy Gelshenen worming in the little crowd there. Tommy was spreading the thing, of course. Tommy would do that, being short of the stock now. Any of these traders would. That was Wall Street. A guess, a bet, a whisper to the next man. Then excitement, shouting, rumors, prices up or prices down, money made and money lost, hullabaloo.

It was, Peter told himself, all a lot of blah, and the ferrety clerk thrust a scrap of paper into his hand, mumbling, "This is hot. Sell fifteen thousand Hurley at the market. That's Carroll. You only got three minutes. Sock it to 'em."

Peter strode across the Stock Exchange floor and flung himself where men were milling around one who fingered a black book nervously, and was badged "Loftus. Hurley Furn." He snarled, "How's this Hurley?" and the specialist rasped:

"Five'n' a half—six. Last six. What d'you want to do? Five'n' a half f'r two hundred. Thousand at six. Thousand at six."

"Take it!" Peter snapped. "More?"

"Make it two thousand?"

"Yes."

"Three?"

"Yes."

"Four? Five? Sold you five thousand at 76!" Loftus scribbled frantically and a sleek youth cried at Peter, "Got 'nuff? Thousand at six!"

"Take it! Two?"

"Yes. Three—four—five—five! That's all. Sold you five at six."

"Right! Bought five thousand, at six from Cooper." Peter glared at the crowd. "Six for a thousand Hurley!"

Three voices chorused "Sold!" and Peter barked, "Got it all!" He wrote names in a limp book rapidly, crying again, "Six for a thousand! Six for a thousand Hurley!"

"Sold you five hundred!"

"Sold you one!"

"Sold you three!"

"Sold you three!"

"Got all of you! That's twelve I bought. Six for eight hundred - all I want!"

"Sold five hundred!" This was the sleek youth again.

"Sold you three at six," Loftus rapped, and there was din as raucous gongs sounded the end of the Stock Exchange day.

Peter reached the telephone alley, chuckling to Steve: "Got 'em all at 76"—and saw the ferret face go white.

"Got 'em? You had 'em to sell!"

"What? Yes—sell! But—why—but I bought!" Peter Vingut knew he was falling from a great height through thin air. "But I bought, Steve! Fifteen thousand!"

The ferret stared and said, "And the market's closed!"

"What? Yes, it's closed."

Steve muttered profanely. "Hooked!" he said. "You're hooked bad. Here! Who did you get 'em from?" He plucked the limp book from Peter's hand and flipped its scribbled pages. "And they won't let you off—not them guys. Not with them big lots. If you ask 'em you'll tip your hand, and they'll murder you tomorrow."

Peter said vaguely, "Yes. Well ——"

"Beat it over to the office quick and see how you can fix it. I'll phone them you're on your way. Carroll will be yellin' for reports, of course. Maybe you can fix it with him."

"I'm going. Tell them to wait for me. Tell them what happened if you have to. I'll be there in two minutes."

Morris Baker met Peter as he flung into the office, and Peter said, "I suppose you've heard."

"Oh, I've heard," Baker fumed. "Of course I've heard. And you know what it means, don't you? Mr. Carroll gets a report on fifteen thousand Hurley sold at 76. We hold you."

"It was a fool mistake," Peter acknowledged. "No excuse for it, but there wasn't time to do anything. Do you mean Carroll is claiming a sale?"

(Continued on Page 169)

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My name is _____

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(Continued from Page 167)

"Certainly. And he's entitled to it. We have to give it to him. You know the rules."

"I know the rules. But let me talk to Carroll."

"No. It won't do you any good to beg off. This firm is obligated. I'm giving Carroll the firm's confirmations of the sale of fifteen thousand Hurley, with your name as the buyer. We're holding you for that. It goes into your account—fifteen thousand bought from Carroll. And the fifteen thousand you bought on the floor goes into your account. You've got thirty thousand Hurley. Thirty thousand! What are you going to do with them?"

Peter stiffened and said, "I don't know yet."

"You'll have to do something. You'll either arrange to pay for the stock, or you'll sell it out. And we'll expect prompt settlement on any loss you make if you sell it."

Peter said angrily, "If you're going to rush me ——" and Baker was irritated by a buzzing telephone.

He snapped, "For you, Vingut," and Peter heard Connie Jadwin say, "Boy, I thought you'd like to know. You seemed interested last night. Jaddy and I had luncheon today, and I made him tell me about that Hurley Furniture Company. We—I mean Jadwin Stores—we think we'll have to be nice to Mr. Carroll."

Peter said gravely to the telephone, "I beg your pardon. Would you mind saying that again?"

Connie's voice inquired, "Why the swank? I said we're going to be nice to dear Mr. Carroll. I don't quite understand how, but we'll give him an armistice or a bonus or something like that, and he'll make a lot of money, and we'll get the Hurley Company, and the war will be over."

Peter asked, "When?" and watched a stiff Morris Baker sign typed forms which a clerk laid before him.

"I don't know just when," Connie said, "but quite soon. And those sweet directors won't do anything tomorrow except give everybody more time to grow friendly."

"But," Peter asked, "are you sure—sure of all of it?"

"Jaddy told me. He said it was a secret, so of course you won't tell. Between you and me, boy, Jaddy knows he's lost the match. He's a snooty old dear today."

Morris Baker fidgeted impatiently, and Peter said, "Very well, Augustus. I'll try to arrange it. I'm busy now, but I'll get in touch with you soon." He heard Connie's indignation swell as he broke the connection, and Baker slid the signed forms toward him, saying icily, "I wanted you to have these reports on thirty thousand Hurley bought for your own account."

"Thanks," Peter said absently. "Why do you suppose Carroll dumped that stock today?"

Baker said impatiently, "If the Jadwin deal is off ——"

"Or," Peter suggested, "if Carroll thought some of the others in his pool were selling ——"

Baker's reply was a shrug, and Peter said, "Anyhow, I'm long of thirty thousand, eh?"

"I'm sorry, but business is business. I shall want action of some kind tomorrow."

"And I want some tonight," Peter said. "I'm heading for it now."

Connie Jadwin was not yet home, and Peter waited through an hour of uneasy thinking. "Why apologize?" Connie asked when she appeared. "Wasn't the Augustus performance one of your pet sunstrokes?"

"My blind staggers for the day were long past, and there's no apology. I'm hanging around to see your poppa."

Connie said, "We'll have half an hour at least. I hope it's exciting. Begin at the beginning, boy, and tell me all of whatever it is."

Peter obediently began at the beginning, and presently Samuel T. Jadwin collided with conspiracy when he barged into the room, rumbling, "Been hearing about you today, Vingut. Seem to be making a name for yourself."

Connie's elbow was emphatic, and Peter plunged.

"And I've been hearing about you, Mr. Jadwin. You've been one of the stars downtown."

"Me?" asked Behemoth. "Why?"

"Wall Street had an idea," said Peter, "that you were about to slide Tim Carroll into the raincoat business."

"Raincoat business?" Behemoth's sheepish grin was a novelty. "Funny about that raincoat story. Told it once or twice and some people seemed to think it meant something. But Carroll didn't, eh? Carroll's smart. How much more Hurley stock did he buy?"

"I don't know of any," Peter said, and the Jadwin god asked, scowling, "Didn't you buy fifteen thousand shares just before the market closed?"

Connie chirped, "Oh, much more, Jaddy. Peter bought thirty thousand."

"But not for Carroll," Peter declared. "Bought them myself, all at 76. You can have the lot if you like, Mr. Jadwin." He took Baker & Lloyd's notices from his pocket and Behemoth sat staring.

"Thirty thousand Hurley! That's enough to put the merger through."

Connie's elbow was still sharper this time, and Peter said, "Then you won't have to make terms with Tim Carroll or anyone."

"But—see here, young Vingut, there aren't thirty thousand shares of Hurley floating around."

"But I bought thirty thousand." Peter spread Baker & Lloyd's slips. "The stock's yours if you want it, sir. If not, I'll offer it to Carroll."

"I don't understand this," Behemoth said slowly. "What's your price for the stock?"

"You may have it at cost, Mr. Jadwin. I don't care about a profit from you."

"But he wants one of those bonus things, Jaddy," said Connie sweetly, and Peter nodded: "Yes, I shall want a bonus."

Behemoth squinted at the pair suspiciously and said to Connie, "And you're the bonus, eh?"

Connie shook her small head. "Peter's already got me, Jaddy," she twinkled. "The bonus he wants is a job."

"Job?"

"Jadwin Stores, Incorporated," Connie explained. "Vice president. If Peter's coming into the family ——"

"Can't be done. Got twelve vice presidents now, and a man on the waiting list. Good man too. Ought to make him vice president but then I'd have thirteen. Won't have thirteen vice presidents. Won't have thirteen anything."

"Of course I don't know anything about the business," Peter admitted.

"Don't have to know anything to be a vice president," Behemoth growled. "That's not the point."

"But we've decided, Jaddy," said Connie firmly. "A vice president is the only bonus Peter will accept."

"Won't do it," declared Behemoth stubbornly. "Won't have thirteen vice presidents, I tell you."

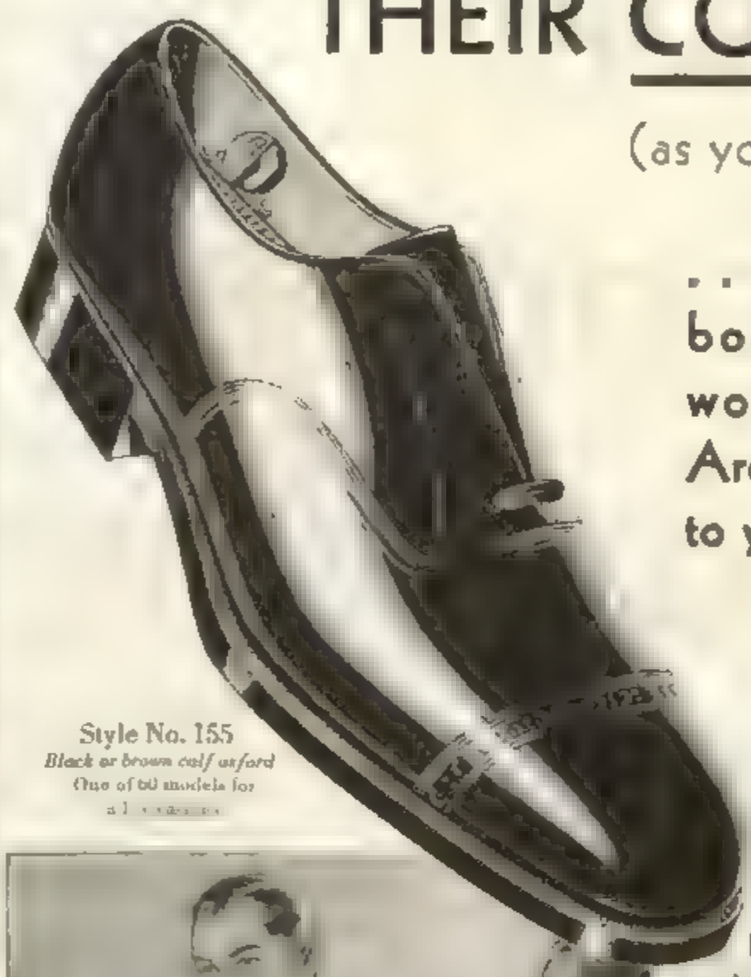
"How about fourteen?" asked Peter mildly. "There's the man on the waiting list ——"

Samuel T. Jadwin blinked at Peter, at Connie, and at the Hurley Furniture notices that were spread before him.

"Come on in, Peter," he said finally. "Make it fourteen."

IF YOU COULD SEE THEIR COMFORT

(as you see their style)



Style No. 155
Black or brown calf oxford
One of 60 models for all occasions

. . . . many a man's boundless activity would recommend Arch Preserver Shoes to you too . . . .

FOR back of the tireless energy—inspiring it—is a new energizing comfort—the super comfort of Arch Preserver Shoes . . . If you could visualize this comfort as men feel it, you would see not merely freedom from foot aches—not merely the passive ease of a good shoe properly fitted—but comfort that enables a man to work more—play more . . . Arch Preserver comfort is so much more than the usual freedom from discomfort because: . . . The arch construction prevents the strain that saps the strength. The metatarsal support removes the cause of fatigue. The flat inner sole enables nerves, muscles and blood vessels to function freely . . . But unfortunately Arch Preserver comfort cannot be seen. It must be experienced. And the experience costs nothing extra . . . $10 to $15 . . . Send for name of nearest dealer and free booklet. Address Dept. S-113.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Rockland, Mass.
Makers of the Just Wright Shoe since 1875

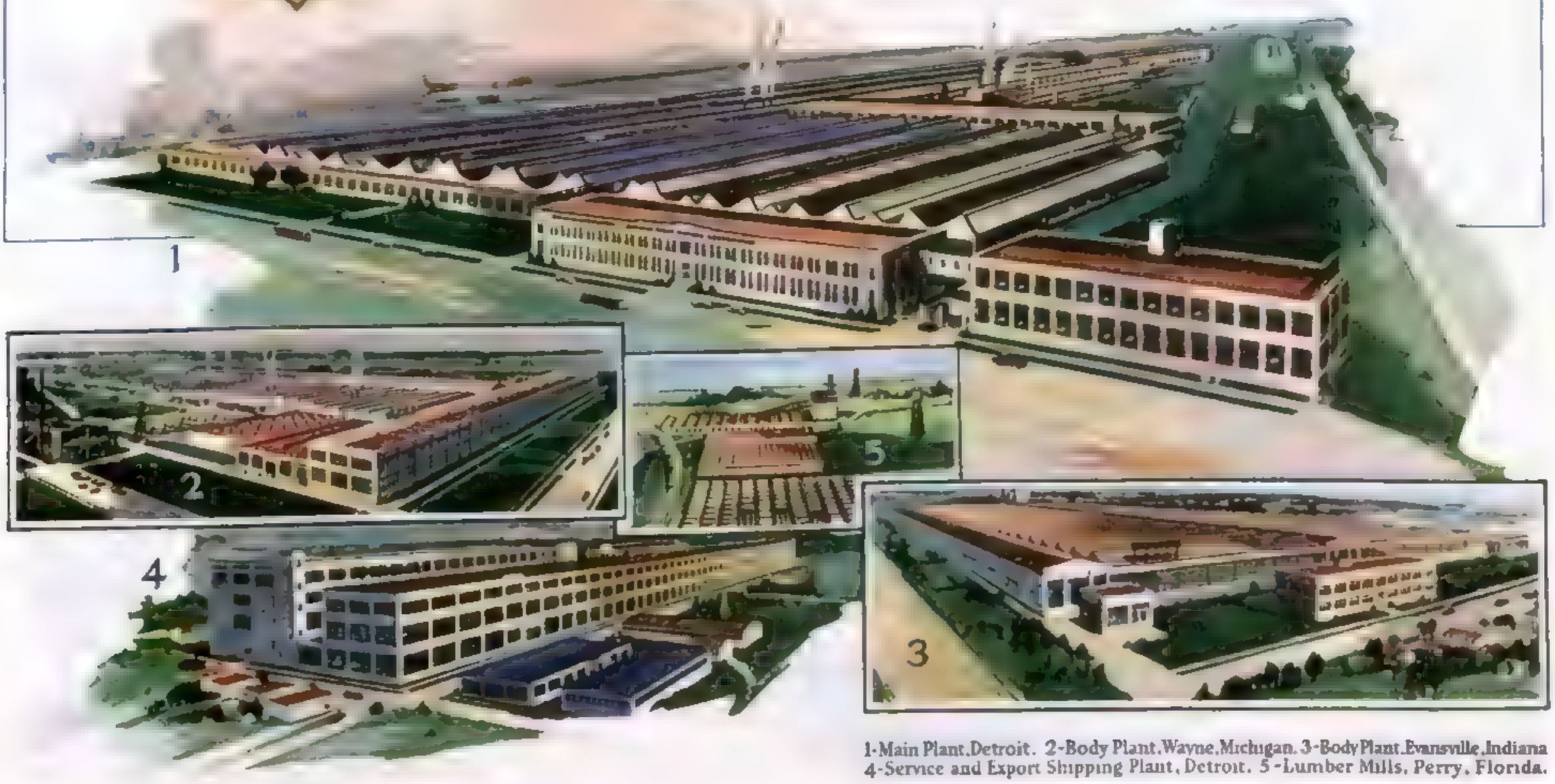
Wright ARCH PRESERVER SHOE FOR MEN

Look for trade mark. Manufactured in Rockland, Mass., and Scott and St. Hale, Ltd., Leicester, London, England, and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

Two Record Years

The introduction of Graham-Paige sixes and eights, two years ago, was followed by a dollar volume of sales that still stands as a new first year record for the industry. Sales for this, our second year, are substantially greater. The dealer organization, now world-wide, has tripled in these two years; manufacturing facilities more than doubled, and daily production capacity increased over four times. We shall continue to build into every motor car that bears our name the quality and value which, we believe, have contributed so much to this progress.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham



1-Main Plant, Detroit. 2-Body Plant, Wayne, Michigan. 3-Body Plant, Evansville, Indiana
4-Service and Export Shipping Plant, Detroit. 5-Lumber Mills, Perry, Florida.

A GIRL OF THE NINETIES

(Continued from Page 51)

This lady was the wife of one of our financial magnates, and I had been in contact with her two or three times, when she came to have a hat fitted. I had myself designed one of her most successful models, and I felt confident that she rather liked me. Her new mansion was an appalling place to storm, and I felt very young and shabby and unimportant when I rang the bell and waited for the filigreed iron gates to be opened by the imposing butler. I had not the faintest notion if Mrs. S was at home, but I had deliberately left this to chance. If she proved to be out, then my panic would subside and, as with a long-postponed visit to the dentist, I would feel reprieved. But Mrs. S was in. I sent word that I was from her milliner's and she at once received me.

I found her in an elaborate boudoir which was crammed with gilt furniture, meaningless ornaments and small knick-knacks. Numberless framed photographs crowded every available inch of flat surface, and the little sofa to which she motioned me was so choked with expensively embroidered pillows that there was scarcely place for me to sit down.

Mrs. S herself was less formidable in her wadded pink satin dressing gown than in the elaborate harness which she wore when shopping, and by her kindly manner and directness she at once put me at ease. Though of so different a tradition, Mrs. S immediately struck me as being one of the sweetest women I had ever met.

"And what can I do for you, my dear?" she asked with a slight German accent.

"Mrs. S, it is awfully forward of me, I know," I began, keenly conscious of her sympathetic attitude, "but I've come to see if I can do some especial work for you. I have an original idea, and I thought perhaps you would like to be the first of our customers to try it. My idea is this: I want you to show me your favorite new dress, and then allow me to make you a hat, parasol and hand bag especially designed to go with it. If you are not satisfied that the result is the swellest thing you have seen this season, you need not pay for it."

"But certainly, I'd love that!" said she, her eyes wide with interest. "Is that the latest from Paris?"

"It is," I assured her. And indeed I spoke the truth. The idea was so lately from Paris that it had not even reached there yet, for it was my own invention. However, I breathed an inward sigh of relief. I had caught her interest. I went on in as good an imitation of Miss A's seal-like manner as I could muster.

"From now on," said I, "I will accept only a very few clients, and make hats exclusively for them. I would be glad to take care of one or two of your especial friends, but not more, as I intend to do really exclusive work and will never repeat a model for anyone."

"Come on in the bedroom and I'll show you all my dresses!" said Mrs. S enthusiastically.

And trembling with joy at the ease with which I was putting it over, I followed my new client—my very own! We selected two costumes with which to try out my daring innovation, and then came the question of price. For an instant I hesitated, for the sum I had fixed in my mind was high. Then I looked about me at the gorgeous luxury of the room and doubled what I had originally intended.

"The price will be eighty dollars for each set of three pieces," I said in a loud firm voice that surprised me. Mrs. S looked astonished, but I determined not to weaken. "You see," I said, "you will be getting something no other woman in New York will have. Remember, Mrs. S, although I am leaving the house where you've been buying your hats, I am the best designer they have. And of course you need not take the things when they are finished unless you like them."

Exactly what would happen to me if she actually rejected them I decided not to consider just then.

"Oh, I'll take them, all right," she replied. "I'll give you a check in advance if you like. But don't go to anyone else until after my things are done."

I allowed her to give me a substantial deposit, and went home greatly elated. And that was the beginning of a really delightful period. I at once resigned from my job, and mamma was so pleased at my leaving that she willingly consented to help me with the work at home and soon proved herself an efficient aid. The work I had undertaken was, as a matter of fact, rather a bluff. I selected the material for the hat and bought enough of it to cover a parasol and make a hand bag or purse. Then I took the umbrella to a little umbrella maker on Sixth Avenue, who furnished the frame, and had him make up the parasol at a very small cost. I bought a bag frame and mamma made the bag to go on it. The hat was the only real bit of hard work about the entire operation, and since I now had a card as a professional milliner, and could therefore buy my materials wholesale, the cost was small.

The total outlay for one of those eighty-dollar combinations was twenty-seven dollars and eighty cents, leaving me a profit of fifty-two dollars and twenty cents, which I erroneously regarded as net, for I forgot to count in either my own time or my mother's, or to charge off any corner of the living room in which we worked as overhead. Still, considering that the actual time we put in on the hats and bags was rather less than four days, and that formerly I had been earning only twenty-five dollars a week, the future looked bright. Two sets at eighty dollars apiece left me one hundred and four dollars and forty cents as four days' wages. I hadn't thought there was that much money in the world, and felt simply aghast at the possibilities of the plan which I had so fearfully put into action. I think the most courageous thing I have ever done was holding back the delivery of those first articles for five full days after they were completed. Mamma wanted me to run right up with them the minute they were ready, but some instinct told me that was an unsound policy.

"No, mamma dear," I told her; "if she thinks they are too easily done, she won't want to pay so much."

I delivered my masterpieces on the day and hour for which they had been promised, and Mrs. S was enchanted with my efforts. I stood in a heady daze in her stuffy, perfumed boudoir while she and a woman friend who was having afternoon coffee with her exclaimed rapturously over the charming frivolities I had created. Mrs. S drew me a check forthwith, and gave me another order, and in the hysteria of the prevailing enthusiasm the friend made an appointment for me to come to her house next day and look over her own wardrobe with a view to getting as much of my time as possible. And from that day on I was established.

I am so glad to remember that it was not charity which got me my clientele. My patrons were generous, and I frequently had to refuse gifts in addition to my regular pay, sometimes after a good deal of embarrassed argument. But I succeeded in keeping my work professional in every detail. Often since that time I have hankered after my hat-making. And when editors have proved a trifle refractory, it has always been a comfort to feel that the practical knowledge of a trade is behind me.

For several months Mrs. S and her friends kept me gloriously busy. My accessories became all the rage in their set, and in a very short time I had what one might almost call a business of my own. I'd no notion of bookkeeping, nor had mamma, although she bought a little limp morocco notebook into which she entered each check as it was paid. We never kept any but the crudest sort of record about what the materials we bought cost us. We knew vaguely that there existed a wide margin of profit between what we had to pay out and what we could charge, so we let it go at that. But we never did learn to count our time as money, and the word "overhead" remained, to the very end of the venture, conspicuous by its absence from our vocabulary.

One happy result of my project was the transformation of the dreary, hunger-haunted flat into a cheerful, busy workshop. Success will illuminate the gloomiest rooms and ours were no exception. Nor will I ever forget the pride with which I, for the first time, paid the rent out of my own earnings.

One curious thing about this whole business experience is the wonder of how little it taught me of worldly thought, and how unsophisticated it left me. I suppose mamma's powerful personality was greatly responsible for this. My mind usually closed obediently to most of the things she forbade me thinking about, and besides, I had enormous resources within myself which occupied what little spare time I had. I dreamed of some day being a writer, but I never tried to write. I composed glorious orchestral music in my head, and lay quietly on my bed listening to it, or heard it in the wind when I went for a solitary walk. To this day I am never without a tune going on in my head, no matter what else I am doing.

I had no friends of my own age, and precious few acquaintances visited us, for mamma persisted in trying to keep our work a secret; "for your own future protection, daughter," as she put it. She discouraged callers, and only a few of our more bohemian friends knew what we were up to. To these I was indebted for what little I got in the way of recreation. During the period at the shop I had seen practically no plays, heard no music, and been included in no parties. But with the greater liberty which came of working at home on my own time, I began occasionally to accept such invitations as came my way.

Occasionally I participated in one form of diversion which mamma shared enthusiastically. Though but few friends rang at our door, the postman still brought cards for at homes, and once in a great while, invitations to a ball when one of mamma's old friends undertook the burden of what was considered a necessary annual function. On such occasions, held purely as a matter of duty, even the humblest outskirters, such ar ourselves, were bidden to the sacred environs of some great house. Of course my name did not yet appear on the heavy vellum envelopes of these invitations, and mamma felt too poor to go; the refurbishing of an old ball gown and the expense of a cab for the evening were beyond our means. Also, she hesitated to attend without my father's escort. But the at homes were a different matter. To these it was permissible to take me, even though I had not as yet been introduced. And mamma felt that unless she occasionally put in an appearance at them, we might eventually be dropped from the lists. To her this spelled disaster. In such an event there would never be any use for the day when things would be "going right" and I "came out."

She was set as much as ever on the idea that rich-husband hunting was a woman's only legitimate career, and so mamma and I fastened ourselves trigly into hats and veils and tight gloves, and presented ourselves at those houses where in the future an intimacy of standing would presage inclusion in the more important functions of the social season, and the open road to successful matrimony.

These teas and at homes were held in the afternoon, generally from four to six, and

(Continued on Page 174)

What if your wife should see this advertisement?

Do you suppose she'd get the idea? Do you suppose she'd see the good sense of investing a little of that Christmas money in a pound package of Sir Walter Raleigh?

The pre-Christmas hinting season is on, men. Just clip this advertisement and drop it accidentally on her sewing table. Make part of your Merry Christmas a sure thing. A full pound, enough to keep your favorite briar burning sweetly, well into the New Year. The tobacco, as you know, is the best your pipe ever met. And the heavy gold foil wrapping protects its flavor. Sir Walter comes to you *fresh*.

P. S. Don't forget the garage man, the janitor and the cop. They all agree about Sir Walter—*it's milder*.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

FOR EVERY MAN ON

Belt of Hickok "Lion Leather" Java Lizard Grain. (Belt of Genuine Calfskin may be had if preferred.) Buckle and Beltogram of Master Silver Plate. Set Complete $5.00.
Belt and Buckle $3.50

HICKOK

YOUR LIST

For years the name Hickok has been synonymous with "distinctive gifts for men." This Christmas, Hickok offers an even smarter, wider selection. The new Belt Sets are the finest that have ever been sponsored by Hickok. A few are shown on this page. There are scores of others. The Buckles and Beltograms of gold and silver are beautiful examples of modern design in jewelry. The Belts include Pigskin, Pin Seal, Calfskin—and the famous "Live Leather" Belt that S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S with every movement of the body.

. . . .

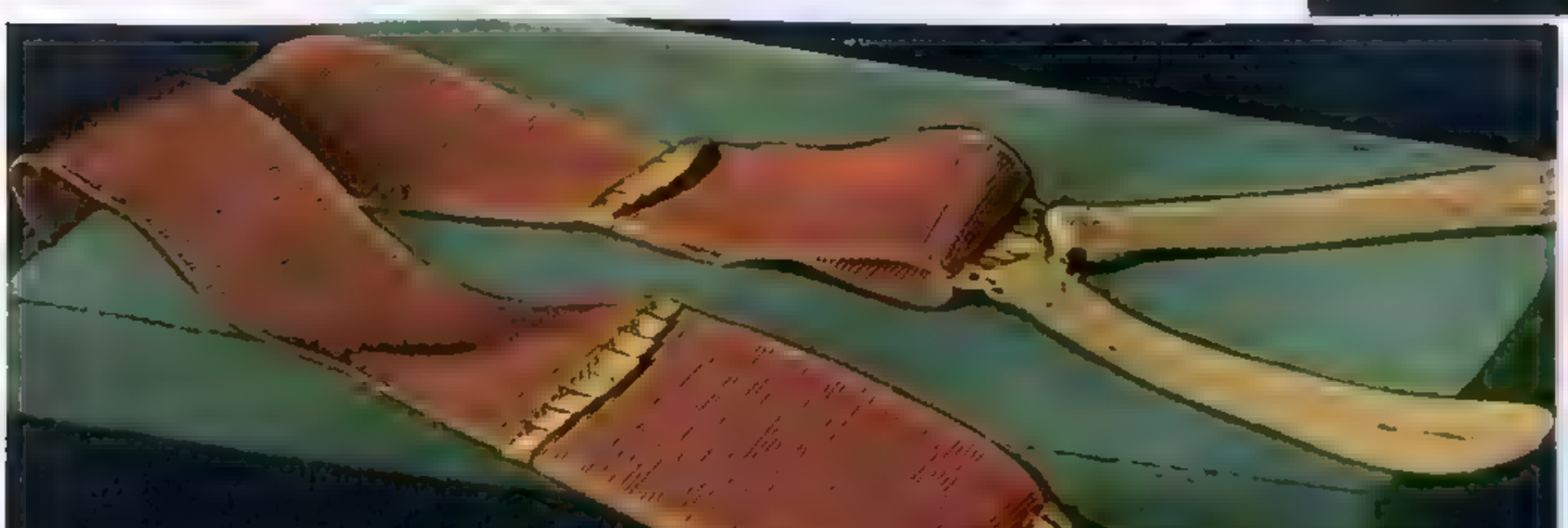
Hickok also offers Braces and Garters styled by designers whose unerring taste has played so prominent a part in making Hickok Belts and Buckles famous. The Brace Buckles and the new crescent-shaped Oxford Links to match are exclusively Hickok—beautiful examples of craftsmanship. You can choose Brace Buckles with his initial—a personal touch he will appreciate. Belt Sets, Braces and Garters, may be had in handsome Gift Boxes—at no extra cost.

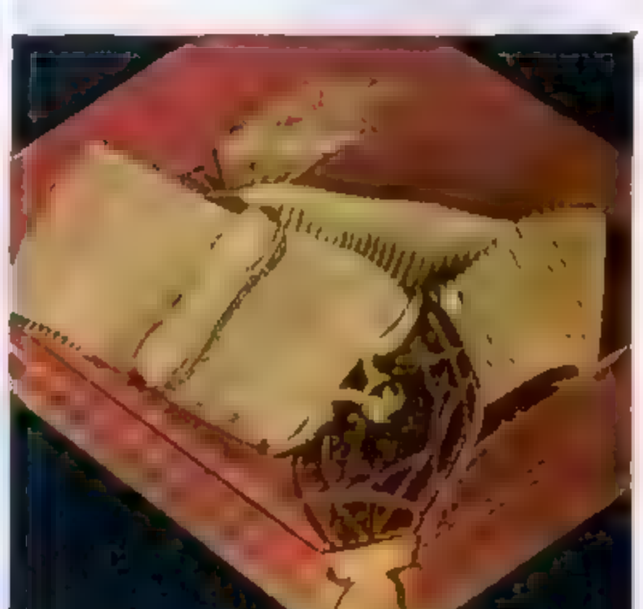
. . . .

Get out your list—after the name of every man and boy mark "Hickok." You will find complete assortments at all good stores—at the prices you want to pay.

Belt of Genuine Full Grain English Bridle. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate, Set Complete $3.00. Belt and Buckle $2.00

Belt of Genuine Calfskin, Cowhide Lining, Heavy Stitched. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Set Complete $8.00. Belt and Buckle $5.00





BELTS · GARTERS · BRACES

Happy holiday hours *were meant to be enjoyed—so let Blue Goose help you do your fruit and vegetable marketing*

Real HOLIDAYS

when Blue Goose does your marketing

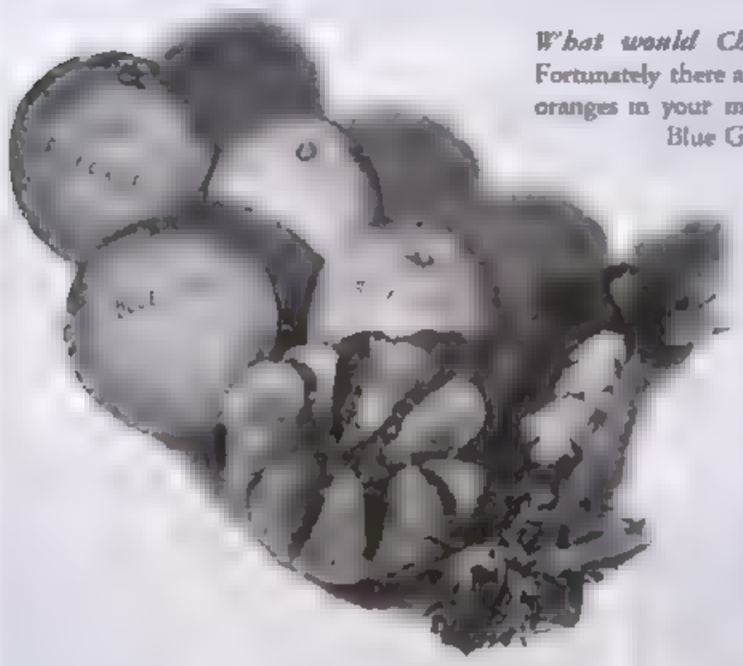
HERE'S a Christmas hint that should gladden your heart, a little shopping secret that really isn't a secret at all, because millions of women will use it to save time and money this busy holiday season.

You don't have to spend a single one of these happy hours shopping for fruits and vegetables. Two words to your merchant will bring the cream of any crop right to your table. Just say Blue Goose. Use the 'phone if you like, for there's no need of picking and choosing when you order Blue Goose products.

Trained eyes select these products for you, careful fingers pick them, skilled hands pack them, and the speediest of modern shipping methods rush them direct to your market. Blue Goose quality at very reasonable prices helps you serve a table of which you can be proud, and still save money.

Try this easy way of shopping during the busy Christmas season. Continue it in the new year. Keep accounts of quality and cost. You'll be delighted to discover what a saving there is in serving the best.

The finest eating and cooking apples are in your market right now. Rome Beauties for baking. Yellow Newtowns and Winesaps (red), excellent all-purpose apples. And for eating raw try a rosy red Delicious. Other fine varieties on sale also.



What would Christmas be without oranges? Fortunately there are plenty of fresh juicy Blue Goose oranges in your market, and still more on the way. Blue Goose right on the skin.

Saves time, saves money! The "Blue Goose Buying Guide" will give you all the secrets our own experts use in selecting the best of every crop. All the important fruits and vegetables are described, and several interesting new ones you may not have tried. Free. Just address American Fruit Growers Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLUE GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

(Continued from Page 171)

although at the commencement of the festivities it was broad daylight, the curtains were drawn, the lamps and candles lit, and the hostess and her helpers appeared in full evening costume—low neck, long gloves, and all. The mob which packed the room was composed mostly of women, of course, all in ordinary street costume, but occasionally a pair of trousers was distinguishable in the jam of femininity, and their occupant usually turned out to be the minister, or the wretched husband of the hostess, or perhaps merely one of the footmen.

In the dining room, toward which everyone promptly headed, was an enormous table groaning with indigestible frivolities, and at it sat the ladies upon whom had been thrust the somewhat dubious pleasure of pouring. At one end a feminine victim, clad in ball-room array, presided at the tea urn. Opposite her another dispensed coffee, while somewhere about midway a third wielded a huge ladle with which she captured enfeebled bits of banana from the punch bowl before her. For some reason I have never been able to divine, the greatest of these three honors went to the one who handed out tea. That was the coveted position—why, heaven alone knows! One always ruined one's frock at it, and the tea itself was usually beastly stuff, poisonously strong. But she who poured was queen of the occasion none the less, and perhaps the post was considered desirable because it at least assured its holder of speaking a few words to practically everybody who came to the crush.

I hated these functions, except for the elaborate iced cakes, of which I was inordinately fond, but I submitted to attending a good many of them because of the happiness and excitement which they afforded mamma. She had an extraordinary social gift, never forgot a face or a name, and could make herself charming to a graven statue. People who once met her never forgot her, and she was, even in obscurity, constantly adding to her list of what she termed valuable acquaintances. All this, as she frequently reminded me, was done for the sake of my social future. I was her one hope, and her struggle to pave the way for me was as heroic as it was pitiful. A less intent parent might have seen that I was already hopelessly spoiled for the career she had mapped out for me, but even though I knew in my heart that this was so, I honestly tried to coöperate with her and learn to regard myself as an object of willing sacrifice. And I was not without some natural assets for the career she had determined on.

To begin with, I was tall and slender, with an immense quantity of blue-black hair; my eyes were gray-green, very large and far apart; I had a clear complexion, good teeth, a nice mouth, and my other features were, at worst, negligible. Men had already discovered that I possessed what has come to be known as It. I was sufficiently well equipped to offer hopeful material for mamma's proposed campaign in that dim distant future when we should be in a position to pursue it. But since this time appeared agreeably remote, I did not worry my head about it very seriously until one day when, upon our return home from such an afternoon reception as I have described, we found the front hall full of battered luggage and strange bundles.

Without a word of warning, and as abruptly as he had vanished, my father had returned to us.

VII

MY FATHER'S unheralded return completely shattered the orderly little world which mamma and I had built up with so much pain and effort.

His first reaction was fury because we were not at home when he arrived; his second, shocked indignation at the discovery that I was working for a living. He immediately forbade me doing any such thing, and it was only after the greatest difficulty that I gained his consent to my completing the unfinished orders I had in hand. It then developed that he had sent us a considerable sum of money just before his final plunge into the wilderness, but this money had never reached us.

But the fact that we never received this remittance in no way mollified my father's wrath about what he called my disgraceful behavior in creating an occupation for myself. In his opinion our proper course would have been a continuous appeal to his family and our living upon their charity until he reappeared. Poor soul, he was greatly changed and unnerved by the experiences he had been through, and it was perhaps not unnatural that he should vent his irritation upon our meek heads. For nearly eighteen months, so he told us, he had been lost near the source of the Amazon River, deserted by his bearers, his white companions drowned or dead of the fever, and he himself had been laid up with an infected wound.

It was only after the greatest hardships that he managed to reach the coast and make his way back to civilization. He was yellow and thin, and yet, with all my pity for him, I could not help but feel indignant at the way in which he brushed our sufferings aside as of no importance, and criticized the steps which I had taken to protect the helpless little group which had fallen to my care.

I locked myself in my bedroom and cried bitterly for hours over my lost standing and the injustice of my father's words. Then I pulled myself together, finished up the work I was doing for dear old Mrs. S, and went to bid her good-by. I was so moved by her insistence that something was very wrong with me that I broke down and told her my whole story, wetting her kindly, copious shoulder with my salt tears, and accepting her comfort and understanding with unbounded gratitude. She showed her friendship in a substantial manner, too, when she made out my check, and for the first and last time I accepted more money than was due me. Then she kissed me good-by and assured me that if I ever needed a friend I had only to come to her, and I left her, greatly fortified. I think she was one of the best women who ever lived.

On my return to our flat my father took possession of the check, saying it was improper for a young girl to be in possession of so much money, and that he would take care of it for me. Such is the force of early training that I meekly accepted this affront to my hard-won maturity without a word of protest, and allowed my father to resume his customary position as head of the household, even though I knew how undependable his management would be.

I never knew, however, the exact nature of the difficulties which arose almost immediately between my father and Mr. Archer Huntington. During the first three months after my father's return, Mr. Huntington was away somewhere, occupied with other of his many interests, and my father went daily to the half-completed Hispanic Society buildings, where he worked on a lengthy report of his expedition and drew a regular salary while so doing. Even after his patron's return he managed to stretch out this work for six full months before the show-down which resulted in his leaving the Hispanic Society.

And in the meanwhile I suddenly found myself with a great deal of leisure on my hands, and I didn't quite know what to do with it. My father had kept the hired girl whom I had engaged in the midst of my success, and I put in a bit of my time marketing for her, and before I knew it I was again scraping pennies together out of my marketing allowance and spending these ill-gotten gains on gallery seats at Wednesday matinées. Such seats were only fifty cents on Wednesdays, and in some cases as little as twenty-five cents, in the last rows of the best theaters, and from this height I saw all the galaxy of American stardom—Ada Rehan, Chauncey Olcott, John Drew, Julia Arthur, Mrs. Gilbert, the elder Barrymore, the Sotherns, Annie Russell, and the rest.

(Continued on Page 176

This Gift
will benefit every member of the family every day of the year. May it help you enjoy, for many years to come, the good appetite and sound health which ICE-freshened food can give.
To the whole family
from Dad

Why not pin this to your Christmas Tree?

CHRISTMAS giving that looks beyond the pleasure of the moment is finding increasing favor. What can be of greater service or more lasting benefit than a good ICE refrigerator?

There is nothing romantic about it. But a gift that, for years and years to come, brings daily blessings to the family circle has a great deal to recommend it in this modern age—especially when the home has so much competition for the time and attention of the young folk.

ICE *Makes the Home More Attractive*

The holiday season is an appropriate time to see what a difference the use of ICE can make in the home. Not only is food more delicious in households that have good ICE refrigeration, but table service can be made much more attractive. A refrigerator with ample ice capacity provides plenty of ICE for the various table uses that are becoming so popular in better homes everywhere. It is a wise parent who sees that meals are served at home in the same inviting way they are served in the finest hotels and most fashionable restaurants.

It costs so little to have generous pieces of ICE tinkling merrily in the glasses—cracked ICE making butter, olives, and celery enticing—crushed ICE giving a tempting chill to the fruit and sea food cocktails, salads, and desserts.

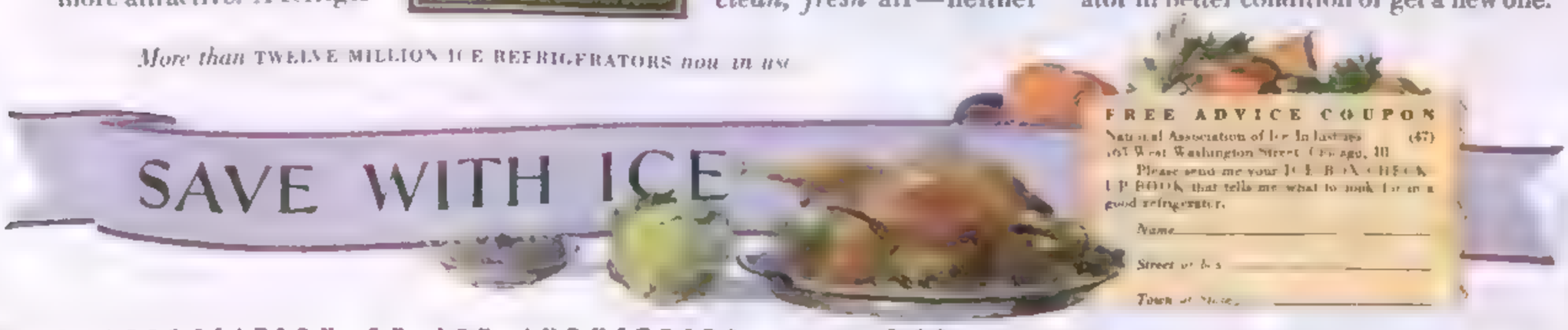
Why ICE *Refrigeration Is Ideal*

Cold alone will not keep food at its best. But ICE in a good refrigerator does. It provides a constant, automatic circulation of *cold, clean, fresh* air—neither too dry nor too moist, but just as nature requires for *safely* keeping the healthful juices and delicious flavors of meat, fruit, and vegetables. Food odors are absorbed by the film of meltage on the ice cake and are *constantly* eliminated through the outlet. There is no interchange of food flavors in a well-designed, properly used, well-iced refrigerator. Even foods that are cooked taste better after having been kept in an ICE box right up to the time of preparing them.

Choose Refrigerator Wisely

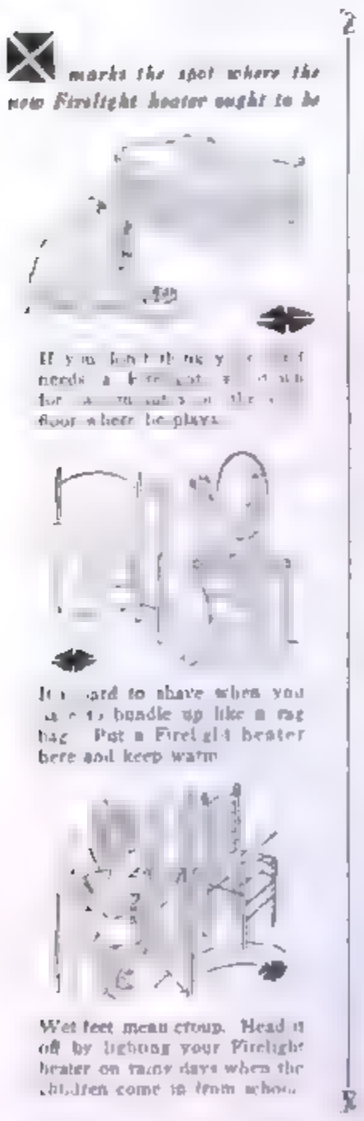
There's a big difference in refrigerators. Be sure yours is well insulated, tightly fitted together, and designed to permit free circulation of air over the ice and throughout the food chambers. Your own ice company can help you select a good refrigerator that need not be an expensive one. And the folder offered in the coupon below should prove helpful, whether you want to put your old refrigerator in better condition or get a new one.

More than TWELVE MILLION ICE REFRIGERATORS *now in use*



NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES • • • 163 WEST WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO

Now the room begins to glow with ruddy warmth


marks the spot where the new Firelight heater ought to be
It's hard to shave when you want to bundle up like a rag bag. Put a Firelight heater here and keep warm
Wet feet mean croup. Head it off by lighting your Firelight heater on rainy days when the children come in from school

There's magic in the cheery comfort of this new FIRELIGHT HEATER

EVEN you, accustomed to entertaining and being entertained, will be surprised at the magic in this new Firelight heater. It looks so simple . . costs so little to use. But it holds the big secret of hospitality . . it makes people comfortable and cheerful.

Light it and set it down in a group of your guests. Turn out the other lights. Watch the instant, cheering influence of its mellow glow. In a few minutes, as warmth spreads all over the room, notice the friendliness, the relaxation it brings.

If you have a guest staying the night, carry the heater to his bedroom to send him to bed comfortable.

This new oil-burning heater has a transparent firebowl of durable Pyrex. It is finished in apple green enamel, golden-sand enamel, or in satin black. There are beautiful all-enamel models in snow-white, sea blue or brown. Other models in satin black. All have new features that make them easy to fill, to keep clean, to re-wick. Prices, $6.25 to $17.75. See them at any dealer's.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY · *Cleveland, Ohio*
Sold in Canada by General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

PERFECTION
Oil Burning Room Heaters

(Continued from Page 174)

Mamma and her friends had a curious code about the attendance of such performances—a young girl was not permitted to accompany a young man to a matinée unchaperoned. The unfortunate youth who desired her company must, as a matter of course, buy three seats and drag along a mother or an aunt or some equally depressing gooseberry. But if the girl's allowance sufficed, she might attend a matinée alone, unquestioned!

The opportunities for danger involved in this solitary jaunt were considered by our parents as nonexistent, and I must say their trust was generally well placed. It never even occurred to most of us even to think of speaking to a strange male. And anyway, a girl who did such a thing was sure to be found out almost instantly, owing to the manner in which we lived, and her act, however innocent its results, would have put her irreparably beyond the pale. We understood and respected our conventions, and had no ambition to destroy them. Moreover, the men themselves, even the rankest mashers, understood this and seldom molested us. There was a marked distinction between the personal appearance of a respectable girl and one who was not, and men seldom blundered in a community where nonresistant prey was so clearly labeled by dress and manner.

As a matter of fact, I went about alone a good deal. I was not supposed to come out officially until I was eighteen, and technically I was still a little girl in the eyes of my family. I looked far older than I was, for I had stubbornly refused to let down my hair at my father's demand, nor would I shorten my gowns again. In these two particulars I absolutely refused to obey him, and he had to accept my ultimatum. And so I was rather a lost soul, too mature inwardly and outwardly for childish companionship, and too young for the world of grown-ups. I was continuously smarting under the check rein which my family held on me, and driven to find all my real living in plays, books, music and the intermittent company of my parents' friends. I began to think about writing again as a source of amusement, and in this connection a curious, unacknowledged battle arose between mamma and myself.

Mamma had a horror of what was popularly called a "bluestocking"—in other words, an intellectual female who had so far forgotten her sex as to dive into the field of science, literature or the arts. I showed a strong tendency to become one of these, and instantaneously mamma developed a determination to thwart me. She was far too clever to combat me openly, so she resorted to indirect means. She hid my writing materials and pretended they had been lost. She kept me without any allowance in order to make it difficult for me to procure others, and interrupted my writing whenever she could catch me at it, usually on the plea of doing an errand for her. She would send me out to the notion shop for thread or to buy her the candy of which she was inordinately fond. There was no use trying to write at night, for unless mamma was out, she would enter my bedroom and turn off the gas, saying I must not strain my eyes, and reminding me of the importance of beauty sleep. It was a delicate persecution, but a deliberate one, always pursued on the grounds that it was for my own good.

"Look at your father!" she would say when the silent struggle had flamed into words, as it sometimes did. "Look at him! What has literature done for him, I'd like to know? Made a failure of him, my daughter, and brought us nothing but poverty! And how do you, a mere girl, expect to succeed where a man has failed?"

"There was Jane Austen," I submitted, "and George Sand"

"Dreadful women, whom nobody knew socially!" retorted mamma. "And besides, that's all in the past. There is no greater happiness, my dear, than you will find in a home and a good husband. Don't deliberately throw away the chances your good looks will offer you!"

I shook with irresolution. At best my ambition to be a writer was not very strong I wasn't a bit interested in becoming famous. I merely wanted to write. To do so gave me a great deal of private pleasure, and besides, I knew that occasionally people got paid for what they wrote—take Mr. Howells, for example. Literature appeared a harmless, refined way of making a bit of pocket money which should offend no one, especially as I could always use a nom de plume.

However, I did not want to hurt mamma. She was still the center of my emotional life, and if I was making her unhappy by writing, then I must not write, except in secret. And writing in secret was no easy job in that apartment of ours where my every move was watched. I thought of appealing to my father for sympathy and help, but I saw that if he championed my cause—which he most assuredly would have done—it would widen the already perceptible breach between my parents, which had been apparent from the moment of my father's return. The dread word "divorce" loomed like a monstrous shadow in the back of my consciousness, and I was wise enough to realize that the slightest crisis would be sufficient to bring about an open quarrel. For all of our sakes I wanted to avoid this, and could not bring myself to do anything which might force the issue.

I never had any real beaus at this time, and such few young men as came to the house always directed their conversations to mamma rather than to me. I was terribly shy with my contemporaries of the opposite sex, although I was far from being without interest in them, and I was always in love. But the objects of my adoration were safe enough. The first was James K. Hackett. I worshiped him at forty-five matinees, preserving the stub of each seat check and the gallery program which bore his sacred name as religiously as if they had been personal relics of him. My top bureau drawer was literally crammed with cabinet photos of him in various costumes, well mixed with second-best hair ribbons, odd gloves and crumpled handkerchiefs.

I often dreamed of him at night, and he occupied a good part of my waking thoughts, but if anyone had discovered this passion I would have died of shame. That the object of it should himself ever remotely suspect its existence was unthinkable, and in order to avoid even the outward semblance of my interest, my bedroom walls were plastered with photographs of Julia Arthur, another favorite. I would take out my idol's pictures and kiss them violently when sure that I was alone, but my most daring move in the direction of his person was the sending of an anonymous note which assured him of the merits of his performance and was signed, "An admirer." When I posted this I was careful to make sure I was unobserved, so fearful was I of disclosing my glorious secret. It was a hopeless love, and I quite enjoyed the tragedy of it.

When children are young they commonly progress through a series of more or less inevitable and harmless diseases, and so it was with my literary youth. I began my years of consecutive writing with the measles of poetry, of which, in due time, I was permanently cured. And much of this early verse, which has fortunately been lost, was directed at Mr. Hackett's unconscious head. As I recall, some of it was pretty hot stuff, too, and I am quite sure that had any of it fallen into mamma's hands she would have felt it ample proof of the undesirability of literary ambitions where I was concerned.

Mr. Hackett was in time succeeded in my affections by Mr. Cyril Scott, who sang plaintively of In the Shade of the Palm, in Florodora. But he never inspired the same sort of inflammable tributes as those which I consigned to our kitchen stove when my passion for Mr. Hackett had preceded them to the ashes of a burned-out fire. *(Continued on Page 179)*

"1930 Steering"

There is only one ROSS Cam and Lever Steering Gear

One of America's greatest automobile manufacturers, discussing his 1930 models in a recent double-page advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post, refers to the Ross Cam and Lever Steering in these cars, as follows:

"1930 Steering: cam-and-lever steering gear, admitted to be the safest and the most responsive of all steering controls"

More cars were equipped with Ross Cam and Lever Steering this year than in any previous year...

...and contracts already made with car manufacturers show that more cars than ever before will be Ross-equipped in 1930.

You buy *steering*, among many other things, when you buy a new car. Why not have the *best* steering? Ross gives you new ease, greater safety and greater comfort in steering. There is only one cam-and-lever steering gear, *Ross*. See that your 1930 car is Ross-equipped.—*Ross Gear and Tool Company, Lafayette, Indiana*

THESE CARS ARE ROSS-EQUIPPED

The manufacturers of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering, and want you to have what they believe to be the *best*. Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear as standard equipment (as do also 76 manufacturers of trucks, 30 makers of buses and 11 makers of taxicabs):

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PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda Street. Buffalo, N. Y.
In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT
VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 176

My first introduction to the world of real young men came entirely unexpectedly. It happened on the heels of the debacle at the Hispanic Society, and my father was out of a job again. No time, one would think, for me to be considering frivolities, but the consideration, as a matter of fact, emanated from my parents. My father received a letter from an old friend and this letter explained a social predicament. The friend's son, named Bill, had made plans to escort a young lady to the Junior Promenade at Yale, and at the last minute she had been taken ill. The father wanted to know if daddy would permit me to take her place. All tickets had been bought and arrangements made at hotels, and so on; there would be no expense to my father, and it would save the family a good deal of embarrassment if I could go.

I had not seen Bill since we had played together when he was a red-cheeked cherub of seven. I did not want to accept his father's invitation, because I felt it dreadfully unfair that the poor young man should have an unknown girl foisted upon him in this fashion, and besides, I did not wholly relish the fact of substituting. However, mamma overruled my objections with her slogan about my meeting the right people and the possible advantages for my future. Although she did not say so, I knew that she regarded me as already marriageable. She herself had been married when she was sixteen, and she was impatient of the modern custom of delay. Bill's family were rich and important, and the boys I was bound to meet in their company were likely to be rich and important too. It was an understood, though unspoken, thing between us that here was my chance. If I came back engaged, all our financial difficulties would be ended.

I saw my duty clearly defined in every word mamma spoke concerning the impending festivity, in each arrangement she made for my costumes, in every article that she loaned me for the trip, from her plush evening wrap to her bottle of scent. She was deliberately laying snares and I assisted her. I felt utterly helpless against her strong will, and only prayed that I might please her by succeeding. So the invitation was accepted by telegram, and I girded my eighteen-inch waist for my first matrimonial fray.

I have written elsewhere at length of this Yale Promenade, and the mixture of joy and uneasiness it occasioned me. In my preparations for the festivities I was thoroughly happy, for I had a ball gown to create on short notice, a traveling hat to manufacture out of little or nothing, and here I was on familiar ground. But the week of actual gayety itself filled me more with terror than with delight. The crowd of carefree, gay young folks whom I met at New Haven were as alarming to me as a pack of hyenas; they were strange beings who spoke an utterly different tongue, whose interests were so remote from mine as to be almost unintelligible, and their world a maze in which every step I took contained a pitfall. Practically all their jokes were personal, and referred to past events in which I had had no part, and the things which really interested me about the college I soon discovered bored my companions. My innocent inquiry as to which studies they liked best brought forth a roar of disconcerting laughter which instantly set me apart from them. I wanted terribly to go over to York Square and look at my grandmother's house, where I had been born, but I dared not suggest this jaunt for fear of further ridicule.

In short, I was completely out of it and my only consolation was that my escort was as miserable as I was. Bill was a gifted young man, shy and melancholy, who I soon discovered was attending his Junior Prom in as bleak a spirit of duty as my own. It had been expected of him that he take a girl, and he was doing so because everybody did. But he hated the whole performance, and steered me through the successive festivities in grim obedience to his father's wishes. I felt terribly sorry that he had to take me about, and we sat beside each other in silence through the glee-club concert, the Sunday chapel service and the compulsory frat teas. We were both miserable, but not together! Once Bill remarked that he loathed society. Secretly I agreed with him, but such a declaration was forbidden by all my tenets; so, instead of cleverly working this for an opening, I valiantly defended the institution in the most conventional manner, after which we lapsed into our gloomy silence once more.

I concentrated on my hopeless love for James K. Hackett, and tried to look loftily down from the heights of my secret sorrow upon the frivolous, untried crowd of silly young things about me; but it was no good. I wanted most horribly to be one of them, and I hadn't the faintest notion of how to go about it.

The promenade itself, held in the great armory, was a real delight. I was a natural-born dancer, and the doubting partners who came in obedience to the fact that my name appeared on their cards were satisfactorily reluctant about giving me up to the next claimant. The ball was such a huge affair that I was able to lose some of my self-consciousness in the crowd and give myself up utterly to dancing. But even at the end of the long evening I was not conscious of having made even the ghost of a conquest, and on the morrow was obliged to face the fact of turning homeward without a single thing to report to mamma. Only one young man, an insignificant pale boy, had asked permission to call on me in New York, and I had in all probability been far too eager in granting him permission, and would, in consequence, very likely never set eyes on him again.

Bill saw me off with frank relief. He, at least, would be obliged to account to no one, I thought enviously, while I had mamma and her unspoken reproaches to face. All the way down in the train, while the chaperon and the other girls whom she had under her formal wing chattered of their triumphs, I was evolving what I should say to my mother. And in the end I decided against the truth. It was my first deliberate lie to her, but I had neither the courage to confess my own lack of success, nor the heart to dash her hopes completely. I decided greatly to exaggerate the attentions which the pale youth had paid me. I would attribute practically every German favor in my carefully preserved collection to his choice of me.

If necessary, I would invent conversations of a semisentimental nature, and in every way strive to offer mamma a hope which she might nourish until the prom was safely in the past and we had moved on to newer pastures. Meanwhile I need have little fear of his ever turning up to refute my claims.

As I might have anticipated, the first thing mamma wanted to know was exactly which family of —— the young man belonged to. I had not the remotest notion, having asked him no personal questions at all, nor, indeed, had I actually exchanged more than a dozen sentences with him. But his name, staring up at us from my dance program, was enough for my mother. She flew to her copy of the Social Register and presently had identified him as the second son of an enormously wealthy family. My consternation and her enthusiasm upon making this discovery can well be imagined. Now I was in for it! Mamma would await the unfortunate youth's appearance with the persistence of a cat at a mouse hole—I could see that—and if he failed to appear I would never hear the last of the subject.

Weeks went by without any word from him. And then, just as mamma had apparently forgotten all about him, and I had come devoutly to hope she had, he actually appeared at our doorsill.

He was a shy young chap, inconspicuous in appearance and much shorter in stature than I was. And hardly had we seated ourselves in the parlor than I began wondering if I could ever learn to love him? Would I be obliged to try and do so? He could scarcely have remembered his promise to call all this time unless he regarded me seriously -that much was plain! And when, after a brief, desultory conversation he suddenly produced a small box from his waistcoat pocket, my heart leaped to my throat in a pang of excitement which left me physically giddy.

"I—I have brought you something," he stammered embarrassedly. "I hope you won't think me terribly forward, doing this on such slight acquaintance, but I I couldn't help myself."

What sort of a ring was it? A large solitaire? I could scarcely breathe. How quickly and easily this sort of thing was done, after all! I had great difficulty in replying.

"Oh," I cried, "I don't know what to say, I'm sure!"

"I I hope you'll accept," he stuttered on, "and won't think me too silly!" He had thrust the little box into the palm of my hand, and with trembling fingers I opened it to disclose—a doll's telephone no bigger than a thimble! For a hurt instant I stared at him, wondering why he had played me this cruel joke. But his face betrayed no intention of being funny.

"It's for that doll's house of yours!" he explained, red about the ears. "The one you told me about at the prom. I thought it was so sweet, your keeping it intact after you were grown up and all. Would you show it to me?"

It was true! I had, for lack of other conversation material, told him about the Miles family and their house, which still occupied its closet in the dining room, where it had remained all this time, unused, but carefully dusted and kept safe from the covetous little hands of my younger sister. At once relieved and mortified, I showed him my monumental doll house, and his sympathetic interest in it robbed him of much of his terror for me. And when we installed the tiny telephone in its proper place, we at the same time established a pleasant relationship, closer than any I had as yet experienced with a boy of my own age. He seemed immensely amused with my innocence, which he considered established by the fact that I had preserved my toys. He did not quite regard me as a child, of course, but yet his attitude was scarcely that of a suitor. I did not know what to think. But I kept up a fiction to mamma about my subsequent interviews with him, which she took precious good care should be tête-à-têtes, and I prayed that my fabrications would not lead daddy into asking the young man's intentions.

These fears had some foundation in the fact that the old dreary grind of financial difficulties was pressing upon us heavily. The money which Mr. Huntington had paid daddy was soon spent, and my father was now occupied in writing special articles on South America, a meager and uncertain source of income.

We had really been far better off while I was making hats, and I would gladly have returned to this employment, but mamma would not permit it while my highly eligible beau remained in the offing. Since his family was one of the wealthiest and best known in America, mamma would, I think, have cheerfully murdered me in my sleep rather than have me deliberately risk losing this marvelous catch.

Then suddenly, my beau's always rather infrequent visits ceased entirely. We read in the society columns of The Times that he had gone to Europe with his parents, and he had never even come to say good-by! Mamma was furious with me about this, and would not believe that I had not said or done something to offend him. I could not very well disclose the fact that I had invented all his more ardent speeches, and in consequence had to suffer her reproaches in silence, while mamma looked about her wildly for another male to save us from the brink of financial ruin.

(Continued on Page 182)

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WKRC	Cincinnati	WCAU	Philadelphia
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KLZ	Denver	WDBJ	Roanoke
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KMJ	Fresno	KGO	San Francisco
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This dainty baby grand, the most extraordinary value in the piano world today, can be had with the Ampico, at $945. Without the Ampico, $845. The model is early American in character. The case is Mahogany. The convenient terms upon which this new Ampico Grand can be bought are equivalent to no more than the weekly rentals of an ordinary piano without the advantages of an Ampico.

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Now still another new and extraordinary development, this same new Ampico in a mahogany baby grand at $995—the answer to thousands of music lovers who have longed for the joys of Ampico ownership, but have thought it beyond their means

Only by the collaboration of three of the world's foremost groups of piano craftsmen—Chickering, Marshall & Wendell, Ampico—is it possible to offer a handsome, sonorous, full-toned Ampico Grand at $300 less than ever before.

The influence of Chickering—America's oldest builder of pianos, and world famous for the glorious Chickering tone—is clearly evidenced in the golden voice of this new Ampico Grand. Marshall & Wendell—founded in 1836, today achieving new fame in the designing of pianos for small rooms and the creating of beautiful period models—have contributed the early American case design which makes this new Ampico so distinguished a furniture-piece.

And from the makers of the Ampico comes that wonderful invention which preserves for all time the playing of great pianists, exactly recreating even the most delicate bits of their pianistic shading.

Indeed, this new Ampico offers you immeasurably greater value, immeasurably greater enjoyment than any other equivalent purchase might bring.

Can you think of a finer Christmas gift for your family and yourself? There isn't any!

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By playing a delightful program or throughout dinner without changing a roll, the new Ampico allows you to enjoy selection after selection without stirring from your chair.

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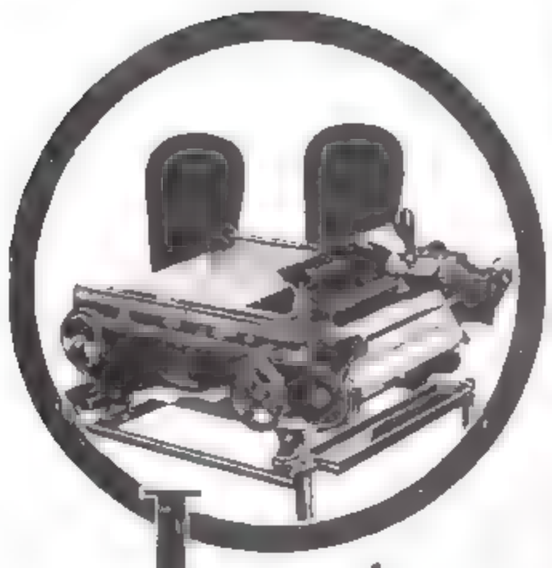

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(Continued from Page 179

No one appeared upon our limited horizon, and so when an uncle in Buffalo invited me to spend a month in his house, mamma at once accepted, and I was bundled off, a trembling, gentle warrior, committed to conquest or death. I must, I felt, bring back a captive pledged to support me for the rest of my natural life in the manner to which I would have been accustomed except for the cruel whimsey of an unkind fortune.

But from a matrimonial point of view the visit was no more successful than the Yale Prom. In Buffalo I was handed about from family to family among the vast hoard of aunts and uncles. I was taken to numerous afternoon teas where I stood bewildered among a crowd of strangers, to whom I was introduced, if at all, as poor Eleanor's girl.

I furiously resented this. I could have cheerfully annihilated my father's relatives for their attitude of patronage and superiority.

Their entertainments seemed to me dull and provincial. My intermittent glimpses of the way my mother's friends in New York did the same sort of thing had taught me a different standard, and I had a lively consciousness that chicken salad, even when the white meat only had been used, did not constitute the last word in social success.

I don't mean that they were not kind to me, for they were—terribly kind! But their ways were not my ways. Their little world was the narrow stronghold of respectable prosperity; mine was the unbounded outer country where one must hunt and struggle to exist at all, but where the width of the horizon increased with every forward step.

My way was perilous and dangerous, but filled with high adventure; theirs a trim garden path, with the protecting wall always in plain sight. These people didn't want me and I didn't want them; they hadn't caught me young enough. They were good souls, all of them; the backbone of the country, but not its cerebral cavity. At the end of six weeks we gave each other up in despair.

Beaus with serious intentions and suitable incomes had been as rare a commodity in Buffalo as in New York, as the single state of several placid, handsome and well-endowed girl cousins testified. So my conscience in that respect was clear. I had looked the upstate matrimonial market over carefully and found it barren. And although I wept on mamma's shoulder and begged her forgiveness for not having returned engaged to be married, I could honestly say that the fault was not altogether mine. You can't raise chickens unless you have eggs.

Only two members of the Clan Wilcox were truly sorry to see me leave. One was my Aunt Ida's husband; the other was my dear, saintly grandmother, who, shorn of her dignified background, was still a grand monument to the pioneer womanhood of America, poised, capable and beautifully just.

With her gentle farewells in my ears, I took the little Bible she gave me as a parting gift, feeling momentarily compensated for all the humiliations of that awful visit, and set my face homeward. I have never parted from that gift of my grandmother's, and shortly after I received it I read it straight through from cover to cover, experiencing the unparalleled delight of discovering the Bible as literature. I began this reading on the train going back to New York, and what strength I got from its perusal I bitterly needed on my arrival, for the home to which I returned was no longer a home.

The nervous strain of endless financial worry had been too much for mamma. Her efforts to goad my father into practical work of some kind had proved fruitless. Bewildered, untrained, he simply was incapable of doing as she asked. The burden of carrying us was too much for him, even as the task of bearing with his futility had become too great for her. In my absence things had gone from bad to worse. The tradesmen were again owed impossible sums; the landlord was threatening. With a gesture of furious despair, mamma took a step so radical that her times shuddered at it. She left her husband. This heroic act on her part could have only one effect on me. I was with my mother, heart and soul. Where mamma went, I, of course, must go, to wait on her and protect her as best I could

And so, one awful evening we left my father, betook ourselves to a near-by hotel and huddled into one inexpensive room, where my little sister fell asleep on her cot, while mamma and I sat late and tried to plan for the future, which suddenly looked appallingly empty, now that the excitement of our violent step was beginning to die away.

But now that I look back on that night, how trivial the imagined tragedy of it appears! If I could only have known that what then seemed to me to be the end of life was in reality the beginning, how easily I might have consoled my mother for present drabness with prophecies of a brighter future.

In all probability, if we had not taken this difficult step I would never have become a professional writer. Perhaps I would have been swamped by the personality of a writing father and hampered by the dominating qualities with which I myself had endowed him. As a matter of fact, this separation from the paternal wing set me solidly on my feet. Because of it I soon wrote professionally and without further hindrance, and I succeeded because I had to in order that we might live. And had my father been better able to provide for us, I would have been less able to provide for myself.

Many years passed before I saw my father again. In the meanwhile I had married and established a reputation as a writer. And when at length my father and I met, it was to become fast friends. I looked him up voluntarily, and found in him all the charm and goodness which had always so endeared him to strangers. The years of separation had cleared both his vision and mine, and to us eventually there came that rare and beautiful relationship, a friendship between blood kin. We were, for the last fifteen years of his life, able to recapture all the charm of our earliest relationship, when we had wandered about the great cathedrals of Europe together; only now, in later years, I was his pupil in intellectual matters just as I had once learned from him to see beauty in just proportions.

The breaking up of her home proved in many ways of great benefit to my mother, too, instead of the calamity which it seemed to us at the time. For mamma was at last forced into the sort of responsibilities from which she had always shrunk, and her really fine qualities of courage, cheerfulness, and her excellent taste and lively imagination found a practical application. During a period of less than five years after leaving my father, mamma developed into a successful art dealer. Her natural taste for beautiful and luxurious things became an asset, and at the time of her death she was the proprietress of an art gallery in New York that catered to many famous collectors of rare and valuable paintings. My mother, with her characteristic preference for the best in everything, handled only the great painters—Goya, Rubens, Rembrandt, and the eighteenth-century English and Americans. A famous full-length portrait of Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, was unearthed due to her efforts, and during the latter part of her life mamma specialized in early American paintings exclusively. It was not uncommon for her, during this period, to sell pictures for sums amounting to fifty thousand dollars each and upward.

To the end she acted as intermediary for the disposal of valuable Spanish antique furniture which was sent to her by her impoverished relatives in Spain, and she was uniformly generous in her financial dealings with them.

The rebellion which led to her leaving her home was never an emotional one, but purely a financial necessity, and she never did divorce my father. After a separation of several years, during which they both learned to visualize each other with greater clarity and justice, they became reconciled, although they never actually lived under the same roof again. But my father was with my mother when she died, a victim of the great influenza epidemic of 1919, and from the haste in which she sent for him in her last illness and the quick tenderness with which he responded, I feel sure that, had she recovered, the separation would have ended and they would have come together again; for emotionally they were never really very far apart.

At any rate, such is the thought which I prefer to cherish about these two people who gave me life, and who gave me, through their mistakes as much as through their right-doing, the career for which I am so gratefully indebted to them.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Miss Putnam

Song Writer's Wife: "You Ask What's the Matter? Why, Bennie Is Under Contract to Compose a New Song Hit Today, and the Maid Has Burned His Collection of Victor Herbert's Works!"

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YOUR own living room is the most agreeable setting for the calm and deliberate selection of many of your gifts.

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There are many Fuller items, available only through your Fuller Man, that have always been especially popular at Christmas time—with men as well as women. You are familiar with many of them. Some are offered for the first time this holiday season. All make unusually acceptable gifts, as hundreds of thousands of women throughout the country can testify.

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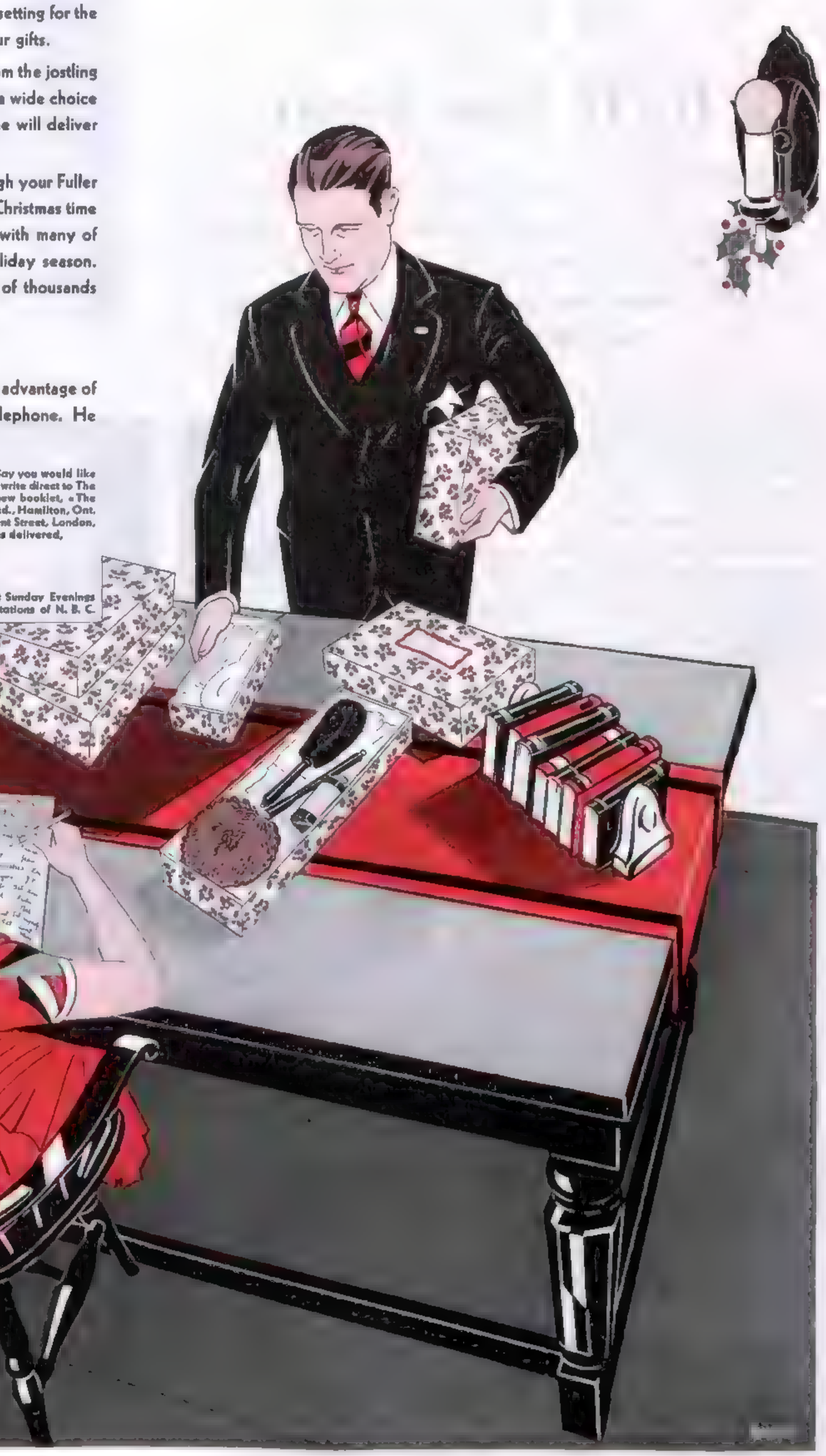
You need not wait for his next regular call to take advantage of this service. Your Fuller Man is as near as your telephone. He will come to you promptly any time you wish.

Just telephone the Fuller Brush Company Branch Office in your city. Say you would like to look over the Fuller Christmas assortment right away. If you prefer, write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3558 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. Ask for new booklet, «The Cleaning Problems of the Home». (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. In Great Britain, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Morley House, 322 Regent Street, London, W. 1.) Be sure to allow plenty of time to have your gift selections delivered, in holly boxes, before Yuletide trees are lighted.

Be Our Radio Guest

Your Fuller Man invites you to listen to his program of entertainment Sunday Evenings 9:45 to 10:15 (Eastern Standard Time) WJZ and associated stations of N. B. C.



608

From basket to line in half the time

EASY'S ***famous no-wringer method of damp-drying cuts washing time in half . . . removes all worry in washing . . . and saves sewing . . . No broken buttons . . . No torn clothes . . .***

See* FREE *offer below—

Two operations at one time! Washing compartment and Damp-Dryer operate independently of each other. You can be washing a second load while first is damp-drying. Clothes equal to 6 full size sheets at one time!

The day of slowly hand-feeding clothes into a wringer is swiftly passing. With the new EASY Washer, an enclosed compartment replaces the wringer. It takes a whole tubful of clothes at one time and whirls out the water in less than two minutes. All you do is move a lever.

8 years ahead

EASY announced the centrifugal method of damp-drying three years ago—after five years of research and experiment. We believe that eventually all the better washing machines will be offered with some type of damp-dryer. *But it will not be the EASY Damp-Dryer.* For no other damp-dryer can incorporate all of EASY'S features

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Speed is gained by doing two things at one time. Six full-size sheets or their equivalent can be damp-dried ready for the line in the Damp-Dryer while six more full-size sheets are being washed in the washing compartment.

Rinsing time also can be saved. Clothes can be rinsed in the Damp-Dryer if you wish—without handling until ready for the line.

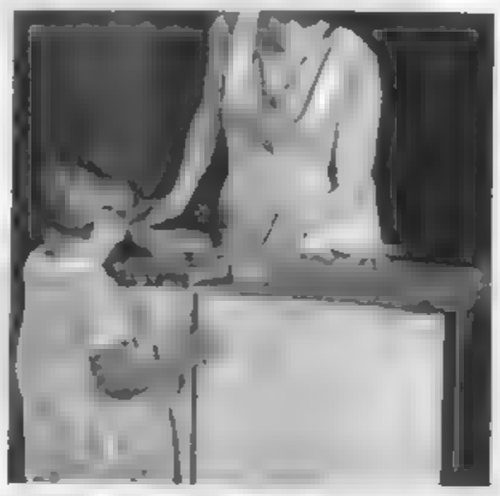
The EASY Damp-Dryer takes out more water than wringing does. It leaves clothes evenly damp. The hems do not drip. In bad weather, clothes can be line-dried quickly indoors for ironing the same day.

Now you can have the famous Damp-Dryer on either suction type or agitator type washer. Both are wonderfully efficient—gently but positively cleansing clothes to snowy whiteness. Both washers sell at the same low price—the lowest at which any no-wringer EASY ever sold.

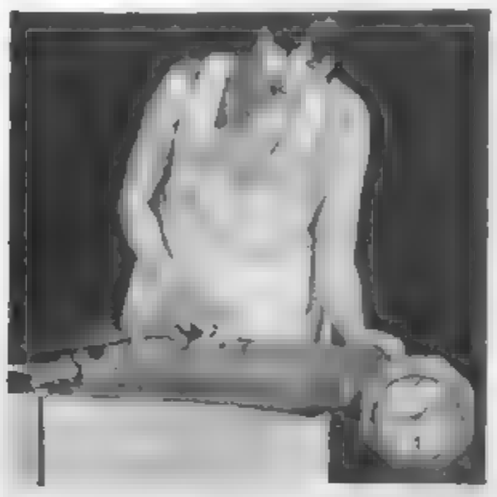
Free trial offer

Try the magic new no-wringer EASY Washer in your own home—free. See how it cuts washing time in half. Call your EASY dealer today—he is listed in your telephone directory. He will bring a new EASY to your home and show you a miracle in washing clothes.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



Absolutely safe. A child could not hurt herself, because moving parts are all enclosed Clothes damp-dried automatically without effort on your part. All you do is turn a lever. No hand-feeding into a wringer

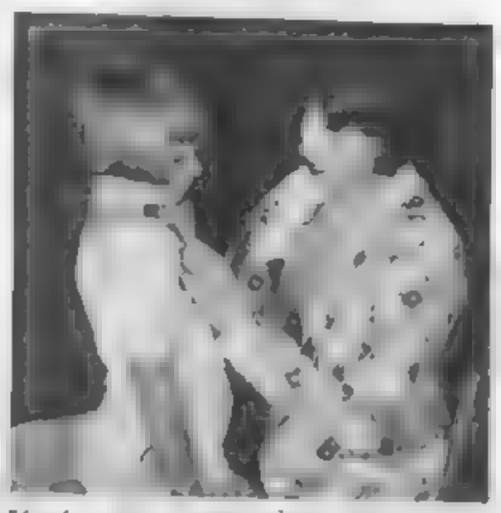


In less than 2 minutes the Damp-Dryer automatically whirls the water out of a tub-ful of clothes—ready for sun-drying on the line. Absolutely no strain is placed on fabrics. No friction. No squeezing or pulling

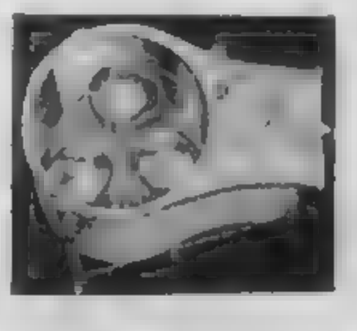
Rinse clothes in the Dryer if you wish—without handling, until ready for line, by running rinse water into Dryer and whirling it out. Saves back-bending rinsing in another tub and again "feeding" clothes into wringer

Damp dries blankets and pillows which will not go through a wringer. Takes out more water than wringing does. Leaves clothes evenly damp. In bad weather clothes can be line-dried quickly indoors for ironing that day.

You save sewing, because buttons don't come off. Metal fasteners don't flatten, fabrics don't tear, silk and rayon garments don't crack. Sheerest silks can be washed and damp-dried with absolute safety



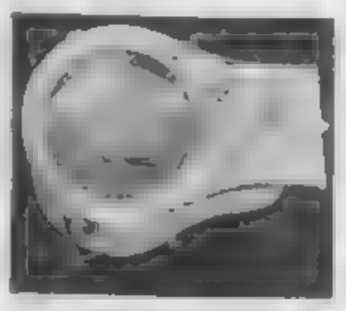
You know your clothes are washed alone and under sanitary conditions. They are under your personal supervision in your own home Only clean water and pure soap will be used in washing them. Nothing will be lost



Choice of Suction Type or Agitator Type Washer

This new, improved model is more compact—shorter and lower. 8-pound washing capacity—2 pounds more than the average. Three suction cups move up, down and around, flushing suday water back and forth through clothes.

The new EASY single vane agitator produces unobstructed action of water and clothes. This EASY feature secures the ideal, "roll over" action—that tremendously fast, efficient, yet gentle washing principle 8-pound capacity.



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MEN WANTED!

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We also need men to demonstrate and sell EASY Washers to hundreds of thousands of interested women. Write, wire or phone NOW

SANITY

(Continued from Page 15)

"I should think," said Ailanthus, "you could get yourself shaved without cuttin' your face, by this time."

"Didn't," Toby grunted, shifting the newspaper on his lap.

"Horse kick you?"

"No."

Toby lifted the newspaper so that it hid his face. His boots twitched rhythmically for five minutes by the colonial maple clock. Mrs. Westlund could be heard getting out of her colonial maple bed above her son and nephew, and then getting back into it. The gray flint farmhouse dated from 1814, but, under Mrs. Westlund's care, most of its furniture was supposed to be of the eighteenth century. The chair supporting Toby squeaked anciently as he shifted his lean self. He was now going to speak. Ailanthus knew that.

"When did you cry last, Crazy?"

"Huh? . . . When dad came home from France with his arm off. . . . Why?"

"Nothin'," said Toby.

But he meant something. He would now circle around a few times and come down on what he wanted to say. One had only to wait a while. Ailanthus smoked a cigarette and waited.

"I cried so hard last night that father stuck my head in the kitchen sink."

"Honest?"

"Honest," said the voice behind the newspaper. "He put a hunk of beef on my eye and sat in my room till I went to sleep. He's an awful good father, if anybody ever asks you. I was 90 per cent insane. Glad mamma's in Philadelphia. If I could ha' found my gun, I'd have d-done some killin'."

"Yeh?"

"Yes," said Toby. "Father's gone downtown to see Judge Ransome. Made me promise I wouldn't go near there until he talked to the judge. If you ever get in a muss with Bud Goodhue, look out for his left. He stung my eye."

"Bud? That—that female? Go on!"

"Female nothin'," Toby growled, rattling the paper. "What if he does like to cook? All he and young Jase and that hired man they call Tige do out there is box and wrestle when they ain't workin'. I bet that Tige's a—a gunman from New York or somewheres. . . . They threw me out last night."

"Out of the Miller place?"

"Where else would they throw me out of, darling?" Toby grunted. "The steps were slippery. You ought to see my back. They're insane, the whole lot of 'em. Honest, they weren't human! You talk about people bein' animals. Animals have some sense about a fight. I tell you they all jumped me. Mr. Goodhue and Jase and Ed and Bud and this Tige. They ——"

Ailanthus felt his feet turn cold on the floor, and stooped to pull up his socks. If Toby wasn't crying behind the newspaper, he was near it. There was a funny bubbling in his voice. But he went on talking:

"Goodhue's insane, or somethin'. Stan Miller told her he was sick of havin' Goodhue on the place. But he liked the Goodhue boys. They're gloomy as turnips. Goodhue hired on the fella, Tige—that gunman—this fall. Tige got fresh to the cook, and she quit, and Bud does the cookin' and all. They run the place like a clock. They don't ever go off it, scarcely. Jase goes down to Philadelphia sometimes, for a couple of days. Dorothy thinks he's married down there. He gets letters that look like it. The boys are awful respectful to her, she says. So's Goodhue. Calls her Mrs. Miller. They all do. . . . They don't eat with her. She's awful dignified for a kid. She's only twenty."

"I'm only twenty," said Ailanthus, "but I don't go 'round playin' a paper comb. . . . When did this start?"

"What?"

"You and Mrs. Miller."

"Aw, last spring. She was out on the front wall, pickin' apple blossoms. I was ridin' a colt by. The damn petals," Toby furiously said, "came down on her dress. It was a black dress. So I stopped."

"I knew you was in love with something," Ailanthus remarked, "'cause you have your hair cut so much. I wouldn't mind marryin' a widow. You wouldn't have to train her. What horrifies me about gettin' married is the time you'd have to spend showin' a girl how to act. Take pajamas. That maid we had last winter was always hanging mine in the closet in my room. If there's one thing I hate, it's runnin' around on a cold night looking for pajamas. Now, widows know not to do all that kind of thing. They ——"

"Aw, bugs," said Toby, throwing away the newspaper. "Look here! This is a grand town. Here's this girl out there with those—those elephants. And Goodhue's cheatin' her out of everything he can lay hands on. She's been gettin' suspicious all summer. He told her, for instance, it cost three thousand dollars to put new roofs on the barns. She signed him over her June div'dend from the gas works. But the men only worked about five days. She's a city kid. Boston. She don't know a thing about farm stuff. But there's sixty-four cows, and the butter goes to the same wholesaler that dad's does. And she's no fool, of course. He's always tellin' her how stuff costs. Feed and nails for a shelf, and all. I saw that happen, back in August. We were sittin' on the wall. Goodhue came flatfooted up and said to write him a check for some wire he needed for a fence. One of the boys—Ed, I think—said, 'Why, there's plenty rolled up down in the shed, dad.' He looked kind of ashamed of his father. Went and brought up a couple of hundred yards of wire. . . . And who are these folks?"

"Yes, that's funny," said Ailanthus. "I was just thinking that."

They were the Goodhues, and that was all, honestly, he could say to himself about them. They had been five or six years out on the Miller place. Bud Goodhue seemed to be proud of his very curly yellow hair and wore it thick on top of his head. He went to high school and put the shot very handily. And this fall it had been a joke that he sent a cake he had baked to the fair in September, and it took first prize in the cake show. He had once told Ailanthus in the drug store that he liked Blandyburg much better than where he came from, out in Illinois. Then Ed, who was a little darker, was the next older, and played pool sometimes at Wilson's on the square. And Jason, the oldest brother, had been in France in an artillery regiment, and had a triangular scar over one eye. But Mr. Goodhue was just a big man with blue eyes, getting bald.

"Well, who are they?"

"I dunno, Tobe. They were there when Stan Miller's grandmother died. Mamma hauled me to the funeral. I remember Jase Goodhue standin' on the steps. That was five years ago, tenth of August."

"All right. She wrote me to get her some kind of digest of the laws of this darn state. In my coat, there. I did, and went there last night. Goodhue let me in. Said she wasn't in. I knew he was lyin'. She can't drive a car, and she hasn't anywhere to go, nights. It's what I was saying. This is a grand town. Here's a girl all alone, out there, and does anybody take any interest in her? She's a human bein', ain't she? Gee! She's as lonesome as a small-town freshman at college his first day! Her uncle she lived with in Boston died about a month after Stan. She—she's alone."

Little Corinne came virtuously from the kitchen with three damp envelopes in her hands. The youngest hired man was stamping snow from his boots near the stove, out there, and called through the door, "Turnin' cold, Crazy!"

"I bet it is. . . . Now, what d'you want?"

"What's the green one, Crazy?" Corinne twittered.

"That? That's dad's dividend from the gas company."

"What's a div'dend?"

"It's money they pay dad for ownin' stock in the company."

"Why do they?"

"Get back in the kitchen!"

Corinne retired. Ailanthus looked at his father's name typed on the bright green envelope and then invited Toby, by smiling at him, to go on with his troubles.

"She wanted these law books. Wanted to find out her rights. Goodhue kind of looked at me last night. I had 'em under my arm. Then he sort of—sort of blazed. He gave a whistle and the boys came. Out of the kitchen. He said, 'Get this fella out of this. He's makin' trouble. Jase, you clear him outa here!' He just went crazy. Then it got pretty bad. The light was no good, and Ed Goodhue socked this Tige an awful one on the ear, tryin' to get at me. Nobody knew who was fighting what for a minute. . . . Well, they threw me out," said Toby.

"I've got an idea about fighting a gang, if ——"

"Go and try it on," Toby suggested. "You're six feet. Go and try it a heap! Trot down there and say you've got a couple of law books for Dorothy. . . . I bet Goodhue wants to marry her off to Ed. Ed's good-lookin'."

"Maybe he wants to marry her himself," said Ailanthus.

"Goodhue! You are crazy! Why, he's fifty-two or three! He must be. Jase is twenty-nine!"

"Monsoreau was a ton older'n his wife, in the book," Ailanthus argued. "But the next time you fight a gang, try to ——"

"You go and fight 'em, you glorious specimen of American boyhood," said Toby. "Fifty dollars to a clean toothbrush, they throw you out. I bet you ten dollars to a clean toothbrush you can't get those books in my coat to Dorothy unless you—unless ——"

Ailanthus watched his cousin's eyes opening.

"'Less what, Tobe?"

"Look," said Toby, moving in his chair. "Look here! I promised dad I wouldn't go near there. You haven't promised anybody nothin'—anything. Her room's right up over the parlor. It's the room next the hall, on the second floor. There's the hall window—a long, door kind of thing—with a balcony, right over the front door. Then there's two windows to the right of that. Take my coat and get the books out of the pockets and whistle or something when you get there, and throw the books up. Understand? That's a way! That's perfectly sane! Try that!"

"What'll you bet me, Tobe, I can't deliver those books to Mrs. Miller before twelve o'clock?"

"Fifty dol—— Wait a minute! Twelve noon or twelve midnight?"

"Noon," said Ailanthus, looking at the clock. "It ain't goin' to take me thirteen hours to get some books to a skinny girl—well, slender, I meant."

"All right," Toby rattled. "I bet you fifty you can't! . . . Only, say, kid, don't do anything foolish. Be sane, I mean!"

"I always am," Ailanthus said, belting on Toby's coat. "Maybe that's part of not seein' jokes. Your car got chains on?"

"Take it," said Toby.

Ailanthus began to be a little sorry that he had left the house so swiftly, as flakes found the distance between his garterless, thin socks and his ankles, and the temperature of the snow spoke itself through his moccasins. He was glad to be inside Toby's small car, and resented the youngest hired man, who came signaling for conversation, which let snow in.

"I got to quit, Crazy."

"Quit? What for?"

"Well, like this: Will sent pop back the money he borrowed to build his g'rage out in Oregon. And pop got kind of excited last night an' bought twelve cows offa Goodhue. I mean, pop gets excited about cows. Anyhow, I got to stay home and help out. Maybe it's just temp'rary. But I got to help pop out. I'm sorry to quit."

"Mr. Rupp bought twelve cows offa Mrs. Miller's place?"

"Uh-huh. Drove 'em home last night. They're good cows."

"Did he pay for 'em?"

"Oh, sure. He gave Goodhue his check."

"But," said Ailanthus, "they're Mrs. Miller's cows, Otto."

"Yeh, but it's all the same thing. He does her business for her. She ain't twenty-one yet, so she can't do her own business. Whenever pop buys somethin' off her place, he does business with Goodhue. He took ten barrels of cider apples off her last fall, now, and Goodhue took his check. I remember walkin' over with it."

Ailanthus passed his palm around the smooth of the wheel.

"Who are these Goodhues, anyhow?"

"I dunno, Crazy. They was bums. Pop was sayin' last night to Goodhue that he remembered Goodhue and the boys walkin' on—this is years back—when he told 'em there wasn't no work to our place, but that old Mrs. Miller might need somebody. They'd bummed down from a place in New York—Saratoga, where they have horse races. They're funny, kinda. Awful contented, sort of like—like cows or somethin'. Jase just goes down to Philadelphia to see his wife Saturday and Sundays, like. He's got three kids. She works in a store."

"What are they so contented about?"

"I dunno. You go by there after milkin', and the boys are all sittin' on the wall in front, or wrastlin', or heavin' stones at a mark. Ed comes to see my sister Tina some. But they ain't sociable. I mean, they're funny—sorta solemn."

"Like me?"

"Well, more like it was a funeral in the family last week," said Otto. "You know—gloomy."

Ailanthus let the car go bumping between frozen raspberry brush and glazed trees down to the highway. He had been thinking from the wrong end of this. He had been thinking about Toby's fight. But suppose Goodhue and his sons were stealing from Mrs. Miller? That had happened around here before. Judge Ransome's widowed sister had an overseer who did that to her. There had been a trial in 1917, and afterward Ailanthus had seen this fellow, with his freckled ears, handcuffed to a man on the platform at the station, waiting for the train which would take him to a prison somewhere. The man leaned back against a baggage truck and looked up at the sky, in a plain blue shirt and a gray suit. . . . All the Goodhues, handcuffed together, would make an imposing row. They would put Bud to work in the kitchen of the penitentiary, making cakes. Or did convicts get cake? On Sundays, maybe.

Yes, he had been thinking from the wrong end about all this. There was the girl in mourning for big Stan Miller down at the huge farm with its foolish, rebuilt house, and here were these solemn, big males all around her, privily selling her apples and getting butter quietly out of the dairy. Mrs. Talcott's overseer had stolen two thousand dollars' worth of butter and fruit from her. He had said in court that he was sick of being anybody's hired man. And people had been sorry for him. Mrs. Talcott asked the judges not to make it a long sentence. It ——

His unconfused thought broke. The car slithered in a pool of melted snow. Ailanthus slowed. Hills were not even shadows in this down-flooding of wet flakes. The scraper wheezed on the pane before his face. A scarecrow in a field on the flat near

Continued on Page 188

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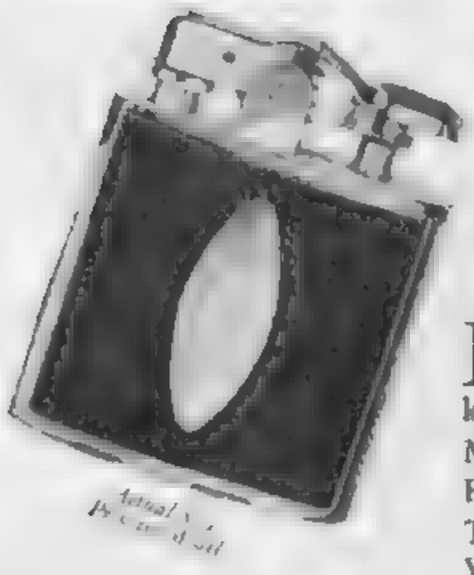

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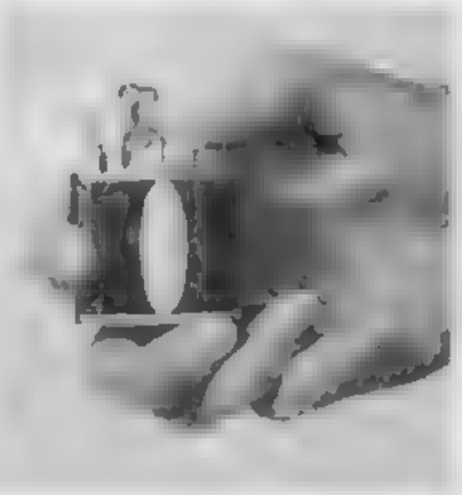

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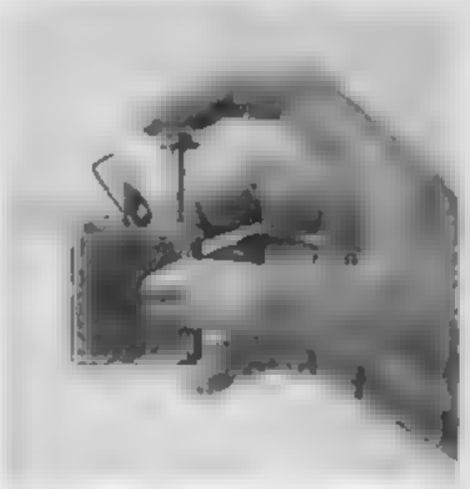

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(Continued from Page 185)

Colonel Warren's wall dropped its head under a cone of snow. All this congealed water might freeze tonight or be dissolved and make a mess on slopes and lanes. Ailanthus did not pretend that he liked winter a lot He was in favor of summer, when his hair dusted yellow and people stopped saying how red his curls were, and it was charming to dawdle in a car under the locusts on the square of Blandyburg, waiting for dad to be done in the office of the Argus, and to hear the news

Barriers came down at the crossing and a hot engine pulled cars in many colors, like blocks of ice cream melting on top, past Ailanthus. Toby's brakes were none too good. The little machine slid almost to the barriers, and Ailanthus could sit reading smaller letters on the freight cars. A man squatting on steps of the red caboose stooped ever so deftly and scooped up a handful of snow from a soft drift at a bush, and slammed it on his face. Ailanthus admired the nimbleness of that—the lithe stoop and the speed of the gesture. He wished he could have seen the man more closely. You put snow on a black eye or a cut lip. Or perhaps it was good for a toothache. Then the barriers rose. He drove across the tracks and so up Market Street into vague Blandyburg, where the clock on the police station announced that he had forty-four minutes to deliver these books to Mrs. Miller. Vexatiously, a man in a fur coat flapped both arms at him in front of the drug store, and Ailanthus had to stop because Uncle Sam Edge's face was a pink apple between the fur and a loaded hat.

"You gave me your word of honor you wouldn't go back to —— Oh, it's you, 'Lanthus. What you doin' downtown in Tobe's machine?"

"Bet me I couldn't get these law books to Mrs. Miller before noon."

Mr. Edge looked at his wife's nephew in his unsurprised fashion. He was not one of the people who squawked when you did something perfectly natural. He had quite a lot of children and raised prize bulls. So he said "Well, well!" and ponderously got into the car beside Ailanthus, after shaking snow from his hat. After Ailanthus had driven a hundred yards, he said again, "Well, well! Tobe's a pretty smart kid, if I do say so."

"Of course he is!"

"You needn't to bite my ear off, bub. How much did he bet you?"

"Fifty," said Ailanthus.

"Well, well. Things are gettin' awful expensive. I got in jail for runnin' around the square stark naked in 1884, and that was just that Stan Miller's dad said he'd set up the beers if I didn't get arrested, which would ha' cost him fifty-five cents for the gang," said Mr. Edge. "Boys are always more sane, sort of, than grown-up men. What harm they do is gen'rally worth about fifty-five cents. It's men that make trouble in this mortal world. Look at politics"

"What do you make of this thing last night, Uncle Sam?"

"I dunno. Goodhue's a smart man. I mean, he's a good farmer and he don't pretend to be more than he is. He's a hired man," Mr. Edge said placidly. "I dunno about all this though. A hired man can't have one of my boys beaten up—not if he was ordered so to do."

"Maybe he's sick of bein' a hired man, Uncle Sam."

"Then let him quit bein' one. I ain't any patience with folks that get sick of their job and ain't gumption enough to pull out of it. Daddy was a hired boy until he set himself up for a carpenter and was good at it. . . . The worst I know against this Goodhue is just a suspicion. I dunno it's just to speak of it. It was him fetched that cake his Bud baked to the fair in September. He hung 'round when it took a prize, and they gave him the money to take home to Bud. It was a first prize—twenty dollars. It's not natural for any kid with a bass voice to send a cake to a county fair, although more men can cook than you know of, 'Lanthus I've known men to be good cooks and hide it, like it was they took dope. I dunno why It's a lot more difficult to be a cook that can cook than a farmer," said Mr Edge, bouncing with dignity as the car jounced into Quaker Road. "I'd like to know, though, if Bud ever got that twenty"

The small houses on Quaker Road gave out soon, and the trees interlocked branches gloomily above the car's movement. Nine or ten small farms lay between Blandyburg and the Miller place, unimportant patches on which no hired men were likely and the wives lived mostly in kitchens. A young Bohemian stopped, taking something from his mail box at the roadway, and touched a hand to his bare head at sight of the yellow car

"That's the Henry worked for me three years back," said Mr. Edge. "He aimed to be more than a hired man, and is. And he never took an egg off me. Handy with horses. Got him a wife over from Bohemia"

"Had he ever seen her? I wouldn't like to just import a wife," Ailanthus said. "I mean, if it's so that exports are always excess products. They might "

"Well, well," said Mr. Edge; his hat going off as the brakes worked

A freshet of cows boiled into the roadway, filling it from side to side. The steaming beasts jogged in the slush southward, turning tranquilly from the gates of the Rupp place. Ailanthus managed to count them, although he wanted to listen to some yelling on the left. There were ten. Here came another. No, one was lumbering well ahead down the road. Twelve.

"Dozen of 'em," he said

"It's no weather for stock to be out in," Mr. Edge remarked. "Well, well! Look at that fool, now. Has somebody bet him a pint of gin?"

A male dressed in some trousers walked backward into the road. The snow landed on his pink back and wet head. His hair had flattened down brown on his face. He shook one arm at the man in the gateway and kept bawling. Ailanthus shot down the window by his elbow and the words came in:

"Get all the lawyers you please! You got your check back! It wasn't legal and ——"

"For them gows I gafe your poppa my check ant ——"

"It wasn't legal! They're her cows! They ain't none of his to sell! You got your check back an' you can shut your face!" Bud Goodhue roared.

"For them gows I gafe ——"

"Aw, bugs!" Bud howled. "You got your money back! Go an' get a lawyer!"

He trotted after the cows. As his bare feet went up and down, Ailanthus saw that the soles were brightly pink with cold. A sympathizing sneeze shook him Bud huddled his arms around himself, a fist showing on either side of his heavy back, and lightly ran, bawling.

"For them gows," said Mr. Anton Rupp, appealing to this new audience, "I gafe Goodhue my check. It was last night. Now this fool boy comes an' takes them outa me!"

"You didn't do business with Mrs. Miller, Rupp?" Uncle Sam asked

"Her? Naw! She wouldn't be twenty one yet, and a girl she is."

"That's nothin' to do with it It's her property and her cows."

"Crazy," Mr. Rupp declared, "they all are! They got Goodhue locked down by a cellar!"

"You better not stand 'round in those slippers," said Mr. Edge, "or they'll have you in bed with pneumonia"

The cows were now vaguely turning into the wooden arch of the Miller farmyard, and Bud was a phantom among the flakes, thrashing his long arms. It would have been easy to drive a dozen cows quietly around last night from the barns into Rupp's place. Oh, ho! How easy this road would be for all kinds of things! A barrel of apples, a calf, a small pig or so, a load of hay could slide out of the barnyard into the road after dark. A grove of elms masked the barns away from the absurd house, towering among apple trees.

"She's a city girl too."

"I was just thinkin' that, 'Lanthus. Drive along."

Old Mrs. Miller had given herself a noble gateway when she adorned the dwelling house in 1920, after going to look at the battlefields of France. Round granite posts supported balls of marble engraved with florid M's. Ailanthus wished she had given herself a nice driveway instead of the wooden tower with its round roof of tar shingles and all those latticed windows. But he was now just a bowl into which facts poured themselves. Everything lucidly entered his head and was stamped on his brain. A red counterpane flapped in the commencing wind from a window to the right of the long windows in the upper hall. It hung and swayed, and Mr. Edge stopped tramping up the path to regard it.

"That's gettin' wet," he said.

"So am I," Ailanthus reported, hopping in the slush behind his uncle.

"That's pretty near a funny sayin', for you, bub. Well, well!"

The counterpane fell and soggily lumped itself over a little bush beside the steps. Ailanthus looked up at the fair head in the opened window. His feet stopped being cold in the slush. Of course, he generally did not like women with yellow hair, but Mrs. Miller was something special. She seemed to have improved since April.

"I've barricaded the door. I mean the door of this room," she said. "Everybody's gone mad."

"That ain't fair to us," Uncle Sam told her. "They call 'Lanthus here Crazy, but that's because the boy can't see a joke. Who's everybody, sister?"

"Oh, everybody," she said. "They keep coming and trying to tell me they have Mr. Goodhue locked up down in the furnace room. I expect they've really killed him. Jase pulled him all down the stairs this morning. By one leg. I heard them swearing. I may be just old-fashioned. I'm from Boston. It's all very disturbing."

Her voice primly descended through the flakes. Ailanthus found his tongue getting cold and closed his mouth. Mrs. Miller rested her elbows on the window sill and examined the world with blue eyes.

"The snow's covered it, but Bud and that hired man had a fight just back of the mail box, and Tige—his name was Mallow, but that sounds much too civilized for him. Anyhow, they had a fight and dug each other into the ground, and he ate Bud's jersey, I think. It looked that way, at least. Bud got the check from the gas works away from him and threw it up in a snowball. It's completely spoiled. I suppose they'll give me another one. All this started very early this morning. I haven't had breakfast yet."

"Well, well," said Mr. Edge. "Last night they was throwing out my kid, and now they're fightin' each other."

"It does seem insane," she drawled. "But I do think the boys have good intentions. They said that if they didn't throw him out, you see, their father and Mallow would have hurt him worse. So they threw him out as fast as they could. They apologized this morning through the keyhole. It seems logical. I'd locked myself in just after supper and the floors here are really very thick. There must have been quite a scene, but I didn't hear it."

"This is a good solid piece of buildin'," said Mr. Edge.

"Oh, very! I hear that Mr. Goodhue sold most of the cows to Rupp last night."

"Bud was just drivin' 'em back in, sister. You needn't to worry."

"I think that's what started the fight this morning. Ed and Jase went down to milk and found the cows gone. They came up and started this murder. I don't suppose there's anything left downstairs. They're all so strong."

"And you ain't had your breakfast?"

"No. But your son brought me some caramels on Thursday, and I had a few left. They're very nourishing."

"Young woman," said Uncle Sam, "you're all right."

Bud Goodhue now came prancing across the snow with a potato sack draped around his shoulders and his feet scarlet.

"I got the cows back an' rubbed 'em down some, Mrs. Miller. They're all right. Only Rupp's got the mornin' milk outa 'em."

"Out of them, Robert!"

"Yes'm."

"Then go and get in bed at once, and have Ed or Jase fill a hot-water bag. And do dry your head well."

"Yes'm. But you ain't had your breakfast yet an' ——"

"Please do as I say, Robert!"

"Yes'm. If Ed makes you some coffee and toast, would you eat it?"

"Up here, yes."

"But dad's locked up down in the cellar and ——"

"Robert, go to bed!"

"Yes'm," said Bud, and kicked open the front door.

He had not looked at Mr. Edge or at Ailanthus. His round and very blue eyes were all for the girl in the window. He went trotting down a passage, hopped a broken gold chair on the floor and snapped through a swinging screen of glass and painted laths.

"That seems a good kid enough," said Mr. Edge.

"He's sweet," the young widow stated. "I think he mashed Tige's nose this morning. He—I mean Tige—went off up the road holding snow on his face."

"Well, well," said Mr. Edge. "There's all kinds of sweetness. Now, could you make some sense of all this, sister?"

"That's rather difficult. But everything got very—very tense yesterday. They were all watching their father and Tige. They watch them all the time. It was this check from the gas company—the dividend—I expect. When the postman came by, Ed was standing with me on the step, telling me about his girl's new shoes. He's in love with a Rupp. He nudged me. And I went down to get the mail, and that was what he meant. But the check didn't come till this morning. And then it all got tenser. Mr. Goodhue came in while I was having dinner, and stood in the doorway and began some awful rubbish about how there had to be new concrete floors in the milk place and the garage. But I said, 'I suppose it will cost me the whole gas-company dividend again.' Then he went out. I went up and locked myself in my room. The boys were pounding the punching bag in their room. That meant they were disturbed about something. You can hear it all through the house."

"I gather they're on your side of this rumpus, young woman."

"Well, you know, I rather thought they were, and they are. I'm used to boys. Father taught at a college. They're such dumb brutes. I don't mean these boys. I mean all kinds. They never tell you things at the right time. They just hint. And this morning ——"

A man said out of the earth near by, "Don't move, redhead. You're covered. Come here and open this winda. You're covered. Don't move."

"That's Mr. Goodhue," Mrs. Miller drawled.

Ailanthus looked sideways from his place on the steps. It was like an advertisement in a magazine—a dramatic fist aiming a smart, flat pistol with a blue barrel at him from the barred slit below the wall to the right of the steps. The dirty hand came through bars into a light just beyond the red silk counterpane turning purple on the bush. Ailanthus remembered to notice that the snow had changed to rain. Then he looked at the pistol and the arm in a ripped woolen sleeve extruded from the deep slit in the flint wall of the cellar.

"Hey, Goodhue! Behave yourself!" said Mr. Edge.

"You can go and sit on the hottest piece of coal you can find in hell, Edge," the voice said. "Come here, pup, or I'll blow a hole in your belly you could stick a pillow into."

"That's no way to talk in front of a woman!"

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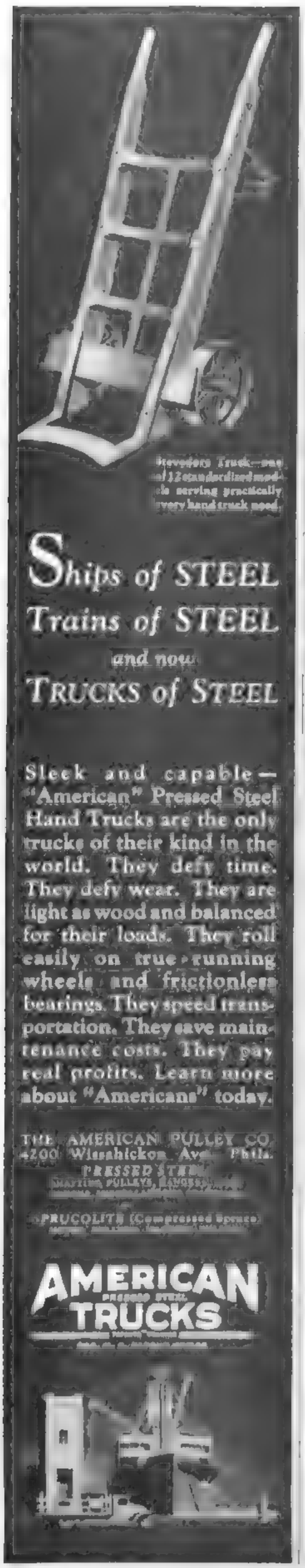
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"Yes? I quit bein' a hired man this morning. She's made my own kids turn on me. Even Tige was slobberin' about my treatin' the little girl wrong. I hope he lost a leg hoppin' a freight! . . . Come here, you ten-cent small-town 'ristocrat, and undo this bolt. It's got to be pulled from 'bove. I can't reach up."

A heavy bolt fixed this iron window upright in the wall. Ailanthus wondered if it was rusted in the socket

"I can undo the inside easy," Goodhue explained, "but I can't reach up to that. Come along, sweetness, and haul her up. You're the Westlund boy all the girls are so crazy for. I'll spoil your fatal beauty for you if you ain't here when I've counted ten. Here goes, handsome. One ——"

A blue pitcher with Chinese designs smacked Mr. Goodhue's wrist as it fell from the girl's hands. The man yapped and his noise mingled with the smash of china and a barking of the pistol. Something touched the skirt of Toby's coat. Ailanthus looked down at a white scar in the leather. Then he was horribly hot inside, as if coals were burning his stomach. He went striding at the pistol and took it by the barrel. Mrs. Miller now screamed.

"Leggo," said Ailanthus. "Leggo, or I'll stamp on your arm! Say, leggo of that! Let go, will you? Leggo."

Mr. Goodhue let go. Uncle Sam cried out, and Ailanthus could not think that it was Uncle Sam shouting that way. The sensation of coals went on inside him. He squatted with the pistol in his hand and scowled at Mr. Goodhue inside the cellar. He would go down and thrash this man. He would bang his head on the neat furnace of glazed metal or tile or whatever it was. He had to sneeze just now. He sneezed.

"What do you think you're doin'?"

"Don't you worry," said the dim man. "I can think of somethin' else. Those fool kids didn't know where my gun was packed. They dunno a lot more. They want to stay here and be hired men for that Boston blonde. Well, let 'em! But who's goin' to speak to 'em if I'm in prison? They won't stand deuce high in this community. Go and do business with Jase. He's some brains. Tell him the best way outa this is to turn me loose. Ask him if he thinks Rupp'll let Ed have his Tina if "

"Aw, bugs! Quit talkin'," said Ailanthus. "I think I'll come down there and talk to you some, anyhow. Or I will when I get my feet warm. Dad said to put some shoes on if I went out. . . . I bet I can thrash you."

"Mr. Westlund!"

"Yes'm?"

"Pull up that bolt, please, and let that man go!"

"Yes, but "

"Please!" the girl said

"Yes, but "

"Oh, will you do what I say?"

"Well, all right," said Ailanthus. "Here, Uncle Sam, you hold this. I hate guns! And this fella's as good as a criminal. . . . It's rusted. I knew it would be. Is there any machine oil on the place?"

"You mustn't tell the boys about this. Just let him go!"

"Young woman," said Uncle Sam, "are you sure you know what you're doin'?"

"Do I look as though I'd gone insane? The boys have to run this place for me, and I know it's deadly hard work. They don't want him tried and sent to jail. They'd be disgraced. It'd be horribly mean to them. It—oh, he's done it! I'm so clumsy with my hands."

She smiled at Ailanthus. The bolt had come up, and the iron plate with its three bars swung down on its hinges. He stepped back twice and looked at Mr. Goodhue's bald forehead emerging. For a grandly built person, the man came up out of the slit easily, although he puffed a little. He was very soiled

"Good-by," said Mrs. Miller. "And don't make any speeches about anything. I just don't want to hear anything you have to say. I suppose you've got some of my money stored away in a bank some place"

"Yeh, some. And if that Coffee Lines Consolidated goes up any more, I'll have plenty. Thank you for bein' sweet and easy, and your husband was the same. Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, honey. And as for you," Mr. Goodhue remarked to the open door of the house, "you're a lot of muttonheaded sheep and I hope her next husband fires you"

Jase Goodhue came one step down from the doorway, his hands all doubled up. Only Ed Goodhue took hold of his brother's arm in its red jersey. Ed's left eye was swollen shut and he had a strip of black plaster on his jaw

"You get outa here, dad."

"I'm certainly goin'! You're insane," Mr. Goodhue said, buttoning his coat. "You're a lot of big sheep. You go where you're drove and "

"Outa here, dad!"

"I'm goin'. And now, Jase, you can have your wife come up from Philadelphia to do the cookin', and the babies'll bawl and keep Mrs. Miller awake nights, and she'll fire the lot of you, and that's what you'll get for bein' good boys. You're insane," said Mr. Goodhue.

"You'll be back in Joliet pretty quick, dad," said Ed Goodhue. "So long!"

Mr. Goodhue did not reply. He buttoned his coat and walked down the path to the gates. His elder sons looked at his back stolidly, their faces stooped a little forward. When Goodhue paused to spit ostentatiously on Toby's yellow car, Jase said to Ed, "Ain't that like him? When it's rainin' too!"

"Jason!"

"Yes'm?"

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes'm"

"Why," the lady upstairs asked, "haven't I been told that?"

"'Cause I'd ha' have to told you "

"What a sentence, Jason!"

"Yes'm. But it's like this: It was Maud's father that dad swindled up to Saratoga. I'd of had to tell you she wouldn't live near to dad, if I'd told you nothin', and you'd of wondered why. And I'm an awful poor liar."

"Telegraph her to come here. Bud'll probably have a dreadful cold. And he's so tired of cooking, poor lamb. Or telephone her And you can store the babies in the big blue room."

"Then you ain't firin' us?"

"Don't be so silly! And go in out of the wet. You'll all have colds. . . . Wait a minute! . . . Just what was your father doing when I heard you hauling him downstairs?"

"He was goin' to thrash you and make you indorse that gas-company check to him, after the kid threw it in your window. . . . I'm sorry, but there's two chairs smashed and ——"

"Go upstairs"

"Yes'm Hadn't Bud better get you some lunch, first, before he goes to bed?"

"No. He's to stay in bed, with a hot-water bag. And take Mr. Westlund in and let him dry his feet. I'll try to cook lunch myself. . . . Please go in and get warm, Mr. Westlund."

"Yes'm," said Ailanthus mechanically.

Uncle Sam pulled his fur coat together and said, "If you'll excuse me, I'll see that feller outa town, young woman. Not but what you're perfectly sensible and reasonable. . . . Crazy, you get your hoofs dry and I'll be back. I'm awful proud of you, bud. So'll your dad be."

"Why?"

"For what you did."

"I haven't done nothin'."

"Is it nothin' to walk up on a gun with a crazy man behind it and ——"

"Oh, that!" said Ailanthus.

He had something very important to remember. Everybody was staring at him. He was worried because he had forgotten something. It had to do with an hour. He noted Bud Goodhue in some sort of shirt peering past his brothers at him. Joliet—that was the prison out in Illinois. It wasn't that he must remember. But this was important. It was something about twelve o'clock. His watch told him that twelve o'clock was three minutes off. It was—ho!

"I must be goin' insane. . . . Twelve o'clock. Oh, yeh! . . . Mrs. Miller, Tobe wanted you to have these books before noon. . . . Can you catch?"

"Of course. But I'll come down."

"Naw! It's three minutes of twelve! You might—here, catch this one! . . . And that one. . . . And Tobe owes me fifty dollars. . . . I got to take my shoes off too. Can I go in the kitchen?"

"Of course. Are you crazy?"

"No," said Ailanthus comfortably, "I'm real sane."

Give Him the Williams Holiday Package

Contents

FOR a Man's Christmas! For any man . . . anywhere . . . The Williams Holiday Package.

No useless fol-de-rol is this Christmas Package. Far from it. Sensible in price . . . *One Dollar.* Beautiful in its holiday red, green and gold. Useful in the highly necessary articles it contains—Shaving Cream; Aqua Velva for *after-shaving;* Men's Talc; Toilet Soap; and an attractive metal box for old razor blades, always hard to dispose of. Your gift problem solved . . . . for *him!*

This Holiday Package fulfills every requirement of usefulness, good sense and beauty. An ideal gift for executives to give their associates, or their business friends.

Williams Shaving Cream is remarkable for its uncolored purity, its coolness, mildness; its fine effect upon the skin. The Williams lather has been Standard for close to a century.

Aqua Velva, made just for *after-shaving*, completes the shave. It healthfully stimulates the skin. Cares for tiny nicks and cuts. Protects from dust, germs, roughness, chapping. Keeps the skin all day long as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit!

Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva make it easy and pleasant to keep one's face smooth-shaven and Fit. They have long been prized by exacting, well-groomed men. They are contained in this holiday package.

Your dealer has this Holiday Package. Ask for it by name—*The Williams Holiday Package.* Price, One Dollar in the United States.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA

Just Notice the Fine Skins of Men who use WILLIAMS

Williams

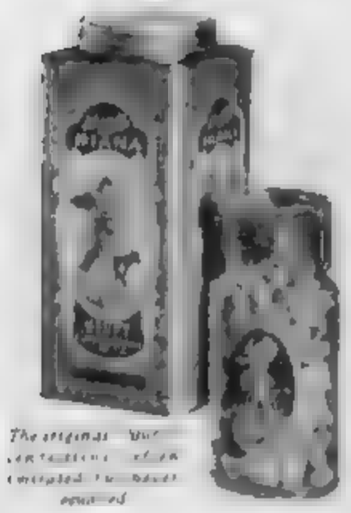
SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

Bunte
CANDIES

IN every Christmas stocking . . . for every Holiday occasion, serve them *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells . . . "Stuft" . . . with luscious . . . fruit jams . . . nuts . . . and marmalades.* These luscious tidbits were originated by Bunte Brothers. Every pound contains 160 pieces—21 different varieties. Packed in one-pound jars and 2, 3 and 5 pound tins.

If your dealer does not carry the genuine, we will supply you. Send 75c for the one-pound glass jar. We will mail it postpaid.

BUNTE BROTHERS
3325 Franklin Boulevard *Est. 1876* CHICAGO
Makers of the famous Mi Choice chocolates



DIANA
"Stuft"
CONFECTIONS

THE MINNESOTA MANGLER

(Continued from Page 9)

some call him. A square-shooter, Tommy. See this?"

Davenport, leaning closer, read the inscription in which Tommy Loughran, above his signature, extended best wishes to one Bill Meade.

"Oh, do you know him?" asked Davenport politely.

With this question as a springboard, Meade launched into an account of the intimacy existing between himself and the retired light heavyweight champion of the world. As fluent speech flowed he was not at all disturbed by the fact that he neither knew nor had ever seen Mr. Loughran. It would have hurt the cause to admit that this autographed picture had been sent, in response to repeated pleas, by a young uncle who worked for a newspaper syndicate. Impressing Davenport was, at the moment, infinitely more important than the truth.

"And d'you know who Tommy owes his success to?" asked Meade at length.

"No."

"Joe Smith, his manager!"

"Yes?" said Davenport, lighting another cigarette.

"Tommy himself will tell you how much Joe Smith has helped him. He said to me once, 'Bill, I'd be lost without Joe—absolutely lost.' It's the same with every fighter who ever made good. And look at the ones that split from their pilots. What happens to them?"

As Davenport seemed not to know, Meade pictured the disaster awaiting all pugilists lacking astute managerial guidance; and after illustrating his text with numerous horrible examples, he finally made his proposition.

"My manager?" Davenport repeated, puzzled.

Eagerly Meade explained the incalculable assistance he would render in training, in giving advice from the corner, in forestalling any low trickery by the opposite camp in such matters as illegal bandages and oiled bodies. And finally Davenport ceased his vague protests.

"We'll start training tomorrow morning," announced Meade enthusiastically. "You better cut out the cigarettes."

"When I'm worried," said Davenport, the unhappy look returning, "I've simply got to have a smoke."

"You won't have any worries from now on," said Meade serenely. "Worrying is the manager's job. I'll make a welterweight champion out of you, old kid! I'll bring you right up through that bunch of palookas. It's after 10:30. Don't you think you better beat it to bed?"

"All right," said Davenport amiably. "I've got to get a letter off tonight anyway."

"Let it go till morning, Chan," Meade urged, as he saw his fighter to the door.

"Won't take long," protested Chan. "It's a rather important letter."

III

THE crisp, autumnal days that followed were the happiest Meade had ever known. At seven every morning he trotted to Davenport's room, roused the welterweight and accompanied him during an hour's road work along the shores of the lake.

In the afternoon, when the annoying interruption of classes had passed, the two men went to the gym and here Davenport was conducted through a program of calisthenics, rope skipping and weight pulling.

The first shadow fell one evening as manager and fighter, after a gratifying workout, were leaving the gym.

"You get a big kick out of fighting, don't you?" Meade asked.

"Not so much," said Davenport.

"You like it, all right," insisted Meade confidently. "If you didn't have that old killer instinct, why did you go out for boxing?"

"Dad promised me a hundred dollars if I'd win the championship of the class," Davenport explained.

"Oh," said Meade. "Is your father an old boxer himself?"

"No, but he's only five-feet-two and he's always been bugs on self-defense. That's why he made me start taking boxing lessons from Mike Gibbons, out home, when I was twelve years old. Comes in handy just now, because I'm going to need that hundred next month."

To learn that his fighter lacked the killer instinct threw a shadow across Meade's sunny contentment; this shadow was lost in inky darkness when Davenport casually remarked that he had no intention, if he won the freshman crown, of competing with the other class champions for the university title.

"Why not?" cried Meade, his dreams collapsing. "For heaven's sakes, Chan, you can clean up the whole bunch!"

"Maybe I can," said Chan, "but the freshman championship will satisfy me. I don't intend to get my face all marked up."

Appeals to his class spirit, to the love he bore his alma mater, failed to arouse in Davenport the desired lust to annihilate all other Princeton welterweights. For several days, still pleading, Meade went about the training with a heavy heart, and one night, having learned the address from the Freshman Herald, he sat down in forlorn hope and wrote to Davenport's father.

The letter began by speaking highly of the son's left hand, dwelt upon the pride the freshmen would take in a classmate who achieved a victory over the three other classes, and then pointed out that Chanler's refusal to enter the interclass tournament was sure to be attributed to cowardice. This, Meade explained, would put a bad cloud over a fellow's name, not only in college but in after life as well. It would be best, he emphasized, to regard this letter as strictly confidential; and in conclusion he wrote:

> It is nothing but modesty, Mr. Davenport, that holds your son back—nothing but modesty. Have you any influence with him as his father?

For several days the training went forward as usual, and the list of entries for the tournament appeared on the gym bulletin board. Meade lived in racking suspense until he reached his room one noonday and found a cordial letter from Davenport, Senior. After many rereadings, he burned the letter in the fireplace and exerted terrific self-control lest he betray the plot to his protégé. Following a day of intolerable uncertainty, relief came when he and Davenport were working side by side in the chemical laboratory.

"Bill," said the welterweight, "I guess I'm going to get in the tournament after all."

"You are?" cried the manager, with convincing surprise. "Good for you, old kid!"

"Dad's just offered me another hundred dollars if I enter it," said Davenport. "Two hundred if I win."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Meade exclaimed. "Say, your old man must be a regular fight fan. But how the deuce did he know about the tournament away out in St. Paul?"

"He read about it in the Princetonian."

"Oh, does he subscribe to the Princetonian?"

"No, he just happened to see it at the Princeton Club," Davenport explained. "So he sat down and wrote me right away."

Across hundreds of miles of field and forest Meade mentally doffed his freshman cap to a brother liar, and again soared into Warwickian dreams of glory.

On an afternoon two days later, in the capacity of second, he watched his fighter flash through the regulation three rounds for a one-sided victory that gave him the welterweight championship of the freshman class. Although the spectators were

few, Meade tingled with delight throughout the brief minutes in which he and his fighter performed. For the handlers of the other fighters he had only contempt. Not one of them snapped his towel in the approved fashion, not one had smelling salts for grogginess or a bottle of collodion for the quick stanching of blood. A second, Meade felt, should take his duties seriously, and herein one student particularly displeased him. This was Stumpy Frothingham, a junior who, though considerably overweight, was undeniably popular with the student spectators. Frothingham, to Meade's intense annoyance, made a farce of the tournament, and brought roars of delight by clowning with the second's towel and by tickling his fighter instead of helpfully massaging him.

When Meade reached the locker room he disregarded Davenport's grumbling protests and gave the new champion a highly professional rubdown, finishing with alcohol which he had bought out of his own pocket.

"Well," he said jubilantly, as they left the gym, "that's one crown for you, old battler"

"Yeah," Davenport answered.

"Reynolds next, and then Hartell or Leems in the finals. Bring 'em all on—sophs, juniors and seniors. Bunch of set-ups."

"It'll be Hartell in the finals," said Davenport. "I've boxed with him. He's strong."

"Think you can take him?"

"I guess I can keep out of his way for three rounds," Davenport replied. "Say, let's drop in at my room a minute. I'm pretty sure there's a special there for me."

Upon reaching the room Davenport's optimism, for once, was vindicated; for a large mauve envelope lay on the study table, and the welterweight's face, when he caught sight of it, was flooded with ineffable relief.

"Won't take me a minute," he murmured, slitting the elaborate envelope. He sat on the edge of a chair and read with breathless suspense. When he was halfway down an inside page he suddenly stopped and peered into the ripped envelope. He pulled out a glossy photograph, gazed at it, finished the letter and again stared at the picture until, remembering Meade's presence, he looked up.

"A girl I know," he explained, holding out the photograph.

The girl, Meade discovered, had a thin face and hair shorter than a man's. Across a lower corner, in flourishing script, were the words, "To Chanler, with love, Evelynne." Scanning the picture, Meade was secretly puzzled. What did Chan see in her? Why in heaven's name should the arrival or nonarrival of one of her floppy letters make anybody blissfully happy or crush him into a morose silence throughout a whole day's training?

"Isn't she attractive?" asked Davenport solemnly.

"You bet," said Meade, handing back the picture; and as he observed the dewy-eyed gaze which his fighter again turned upon Evelynne, the manager was suddenly chilled by a strange, indefinite uneasiness.

No trouble, however, rose in the semi-finals, which Davenport, as Meade told a red-headed Princetonian candidate, won going away.

"Notice his left hand?" he asked the reporter. "And footwork? The other fellow didn't lay a glove on the Kid. Couldn't hit my boy with a handful of rice!"

The embryo reporter—an earnest freshman with horn-rimmed spectacles—confessed to a thorough ignorance of prize fighting. He had made numerous mistakes, he explained, in his story of the previous day's bouts and had been fined two hundred words; as a repetition of the offense would ruin his chances for the editorial board, he gratefully attached himself to Meade and babbled questions. Willingly Meade corrected many errors in the scribe's notes and explained how today's winners would be paired in the forthcoming finals.

"As for the welterweight division," he added, "you can quote me as saying that the welterweight finals will give the crowd the classiest bout on the bill"

"I got that," said the scribbling reporter. "And who are you?"

"I'm Kid Davenport's manager," said Meade, without blinking. "My name's Bill Meade."

"I got that. Does each fighter have a manager?"

"No, it just happens that I spotted Davenport's ability the first time I saw him work out. I know the fight game pretty well, so I've taken over the job of piloting him to the welterweight crown, see? His fighting name is Kid Davenport, the Tiger Flash. We call him that," added the ex-Minnesota Mangler, "because he's a Princeton man and because he's so fast in the ring. The Tiger Flash—mention that a couple of times, will you? I'd like to get it established as soon ——"

Meade stopped because he noticed that Stumpy Frothingham, standing near, was regarding him with disconcerting interest. Now the stout junior came closer and put a friendly hand on the reporter's shoulder.

"My name's Stumpy Frothingham," he announced soberly. "They call me One-Round Frothingham—because that's how long I usually last."

Annoyed by the witless cackle from several near-by students, Meade drew the reporter to one side and finished the interview in comfort.

"About this senior, Hartell, that Kid Davenport fights in the finals," he said. "I'm not underestimating him. He's the logical contender, and as game a scrapper as ever sidled through the hemp. I won't make any definite predictions, but I'll say this much: When the last bell rings next Friday, Hartell will know he's been in a fight."

The expression, so thoroughly professional, delighted Meade; and there was eagerness in his movements, the following morning, when he ducked into the entry outside his door and picked up his copy of the Princetonian. In a lower corner of the third page he discovered the residue of the reporter's story. Nothing remained but a summary of yesterday's bouts and the names and class numerals of the men who were to fight in the finals. It was the failure to do justice to the Tiger Flash, rather than the omission of his own name, that disgusted Meade. He had, however, no time to linger over the injustice. Instead, he pulled on his training regalia and set out for Davenport's room, trotting across wet, leaf-sprinkled grass, that was touched now by the slanting rays of the morning sun.

Never had the road work been so satisfactory. Davenport obeyed every command, now sprinting when Meade increased the pace, now slowing down to a walk, now shadow boxing as the two again broke into a run beside the misty waters of the lake.

"You're in the pink right now, old kid," said Meade, observing Davenport's easy breathing. "All we have to do is keep from going stale."

Later that morning, cutting all classes, he made a secret trip to New York, his second of the week, and hurried to a sporting-goods store that specialized in ring equipment. Here he ecstatically examined the sweater, trunks and bathrobe he had ordered on his previous trip. One leg of the black silk trunks displayed, in a neat orange monogram, the initials K. D. The sweater was the white kind favored by professional seconds, the bathrobe a solid green; and curving across the back of each, the very acme of professionalism, blocked letters conspicuously spelled out the words: KID DAVENPORT.

In secret joy, Meade, now a pauper until the first of the month, lugged a brown-papered bundle to the campus and hid it in his closet. Hurrying to Davenport's room, to inaugurate their last strenuous afternoon of gym drill, he found the air gray with smoke, his fighter slumped in a chair and staring at the wall.

(Continued on Page 197)

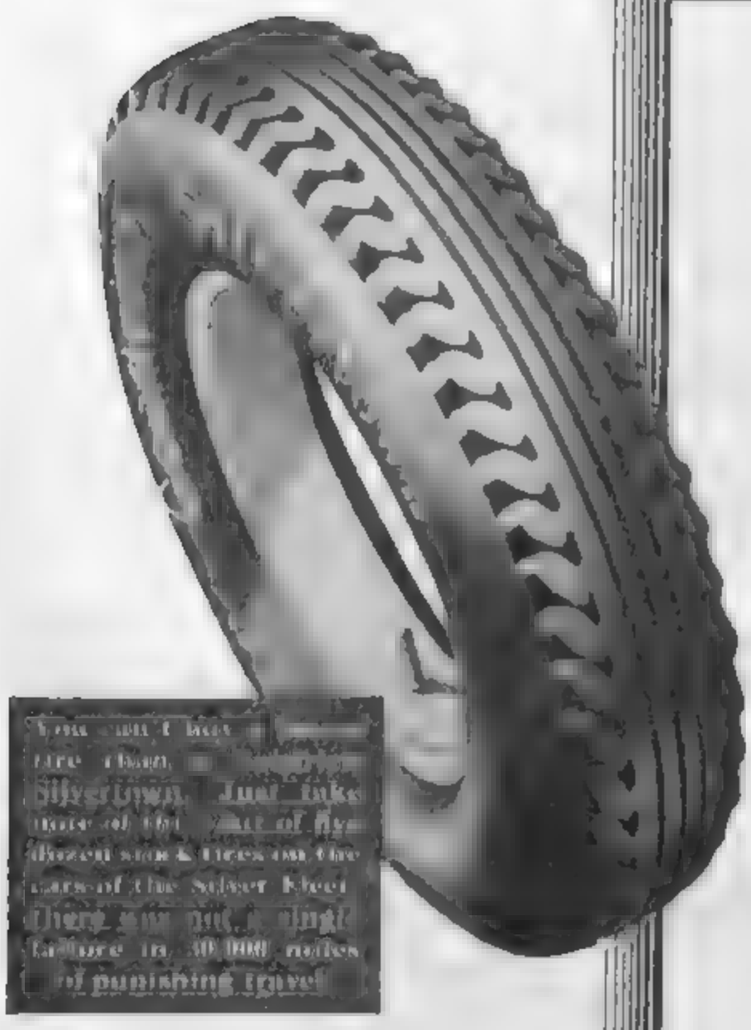
TRADE YALE MARK
LOCK PROTECTION

THE mounting years strengthen that fine old tradition for security with which high-grade locks by YALE have always been endowed. Since 1868, Yale has been intrusted by generations with the task of producing sturdy and ingenious devices for the protection of life and property. The dangers of unlawful intrusion are minimized with YALE on guard. Look for the name YALE on the product.

THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO., STAMFORD, CONN., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ontario

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

The 1929 GOODRICH *its final tire mileage report*



SUMMARY OF FACTS *about the 1929 Goodrich Silver Fleet*

THE FLEET. 15 stock 1929 models, consisting of an Auburn sedan, Buick touring, Chevrolet coach, Chrysler coupé, Essex coach, Ford roadster, Hupmobile sedan, Lincoln touring, Nash coupé, Oldsmobile coach, Packard roadster, Pontiac cabriolet, Studebaker sedan, Whippet coupé and Mack 6-ton truck.

Drivers were college graduates, without other than personal car driving experience. All tires were stock Silvertowns of the size uniformly recommended as standard for the individual car. Four-ply, six-ply and De Luxe tires were included.

THE ROUTE. South down the Atlantic Coast, westward around the Gulf, across the southwest, northward along the Pacific Coast, eastward through the middle west, north into New England, and back to New York City passing through 46 states, Mexico and Canada.

THE SCHEDULE. A fixed schedule was set, and the Fleet was required to keep to it, regardless of weather or road conditions. Speeds were determined by the schedule.

THE ROADS. 60% of the Fleet's tour was over pavement roads, such as brick, concrete, macadam and similar hard surfaces. 17% of the tour was over gravel, 10% over rock, 5% through sand, and 8% through clay, mud and uncompleted construction.

THE RECORD.

Average Car Mileage	30,112
Tire miles	1,866,944
Number of original tires still in service	32*
Number of tires never off the wheel	15
Number of tires unpunctured	25
Number of blow-outs	None
Number of tire failures	None
Total number of punctures for entire Fleet	91

The Fleet was on the road 263 days, of which 225 days were spent in driving. A total of 1,800 hours was spent behind the wheel. The Fleet visited 205 major cities and towns, and passed through more than 1,700 towns and villages.

**Over 50% of the original tires are still in service*

Here are the conclusions . . . facts and figures for tire buyers . . . Compiled from the records after this 30,000-mile demonstration run

THIRTY thousand miles! Farther than the average car owner travels in more than three years of driving.

Thirty thousand miles! Including 5,000 miles of gravel, 3,000 miles of rock, 4,000 miles of sand, mud, clay and uncompleted construction

Thirty thousand grueling, grinding, punishing miles!

And when the Silver Fleet rolled into New York, *32 of its original tires were still in service! 15 had never been off the rim even for inspection!*

Never have tires set such an amazing record! Never have stock tires piled up such a total of trouble-free mileage . even under the most favorable conditions.

Yet . . . these cars might have been your car and those of a dozen neighbors

They were carefully selected to represent 90% of the cars on the road today! They included fours, sixes and eights . . . light cars and heavy . . . open cars and closed . . . cars in every price class.

They were loaded to capacity and equipped with stock Silvertowns only.

What tire buyer would have expected to complete such a tour with 32 of the original tires still in service?

Who would have dared say that 5 dozen stock tires could go 30,000 miles without a single failure?

That *one tire in four* would make the entire trip through 46 states *without ever being off the rim?*

But these are the facts. They prove, beyond question, the fundamental fact that Silvertowns cannot be matched for performance.

Your Goodrich dealer has the complete details of the Silver Fleet record at his finger tips. He can tell you what Silvertowns have shown they can do on any car you name . . .

See him . . . not only to discuss the purchase of tires, but to reorganize your tire buying. You may have been buying

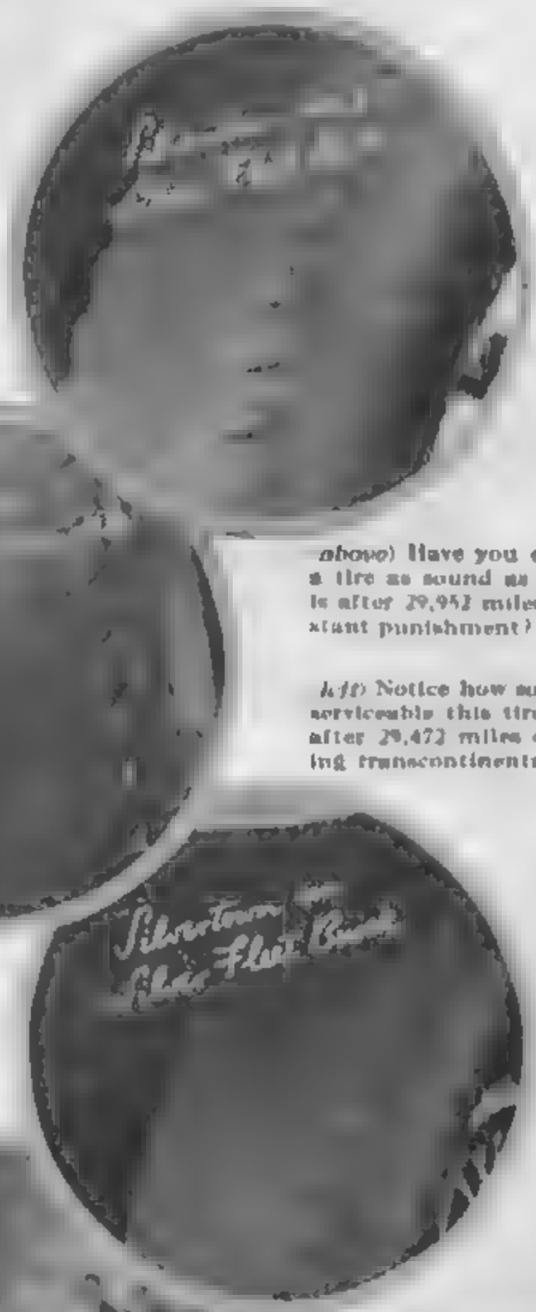
WELCOMED HOME! Here are the 19 pilots of the Silver Fleet being congratulated by Grover Whalen.

THE LONG WINDING TRAIL. Here's the route the Silver Fleet traveled on the most sensational demonstration run the country has ever known. Over 30,000 grueling, punishing miles . . . through ice and snow, loose gravel, hub-deep mud and blistering sand—to prove to you the durability and stamina of Goodrich Silvertowns

SILVER FLEET *presents*

Look at these Silvertowns after 30,000 miles

THE PHOTOGRAPHS BELOW were snapped at the New York home-coming of the Silver Fleet . . . at the end of the 1929 Goodrich demonstration run. It takes a Goodrich Silvertown to stand *that* sort of punishment—and come through with as sharp a tread as these hard-used tires show!



(above) **Have you ever seen a tire as sound as this one is after 29,953 miles of constant punishment?**

(left) **Notice how sound and serviceable this tire is even after 29,472 miles of gruelling transcontinental travel**

(above) **Plenty of traction left here, and plenty of mileage, too after 30,868 miles of travel with the Silver Fleet!**

(left) **Lots of good service left in this Silvertown Tire after 30,162 miles of hard service.**

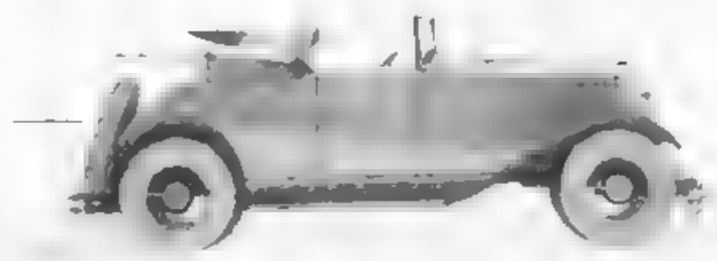
other tires on claims and records that are hard to translate into terms of your own experience . .

Here at last are facts that mean something to you. Talk to your Goodrich dealer . . . if only to make sure you are well informed on tire performance The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ontario.

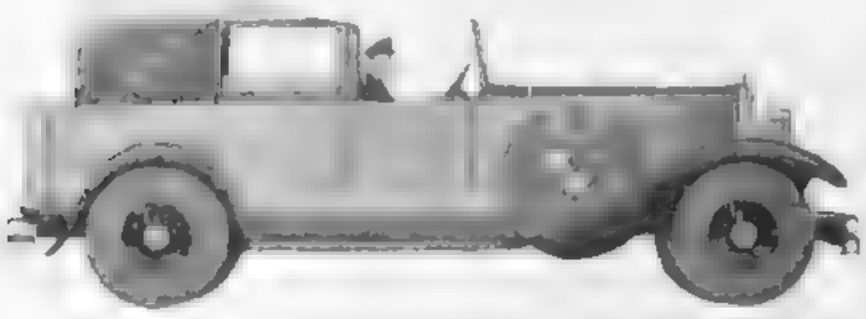
Grover Whalen Inspects Tires

Grover Whalen, Chairman of the Mayor's Committee for the Reception of Distinguished Guests, inspects a Silvertown Tire which has never been off the rim in 30,000 miles with the Silver Fleet. Photograph snapped at the New York home-coming of the famous Goodrich Fleet. Welcome-home ceremony was held in front of City Hall, New York, on spot where Fleet took off 10 months before.

Goodrich Silvertowns



She uses Ethyl in her trim little car because it gives her better control, extra power and pick-up and makes her motoring more comfortable.



He uses Ethyl in this big, new high-compression car because it requires gasoline of Ethyl's anti-knock quality to do its best.

Yes, they *both* use Ethyl

SHE drives a modest little car and thrills at its power, pick-up, comfort, and ease of handling. *He* drives a big, expensive, high-powered car and is proud of its unexcellable performance. *They both use Ethyl Gasoline.*

Your car, though it be large or small, old or new, will deliver the best that's in it in all seasons and under all driving conditions—*with Ethyl.* That is because Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline to which has been added Ethyl fluid, the ingredient developed by Automotive Science to banish the "knock"—the root of so many motor evils.

Ethyl Gasoline is essential to high-compression engines—it made them possible; but Ethyl eliminates the "knock" from any engine and delivers a performance impossible with ordinary gasoline. You will enjoy driving with Ethyl. Try it today and always look for the Ethyl emblem.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, 25 Broadway, N. Y. C.; 56 Church St., Toronto, Canada; 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London.

ETHYL GASOLINE

(Continued from Page 193)

"Snap out of it," Meade ordered briskly. "You know you oughtn't to be smoking, Chan."

"Doesn't matter," said Davenport, morosely inhaling. "I've quit training."

"What's up?" asked Meade, his heart sinking. "Has something happened, old kid?"

"I've had some bad news, and I don't want to talk about it."

"Is anybody dead?"

"I'd rather not discuss it," said Davenport, looking at the wall. "It's a personal matter."

"Oh, all right." Meade, cut by the tone, backed toward the door. "I didn't know I was butting in."

Angry and hurt, he left the dormitory, but stopped on the path when a voice called his name. He looked up and saw Davenport leaning from the window, a contrite expression on his dark features.

"Don't be sore at me, Bill," he said. "I'm sorry to throw you down on the tournament, but I simply can't put my mind on it now. I may even leave college, and I don't want to talk about it—not even to you, Bill."

The apology had an unexpected effect on Meade. His intention was to answer Davenport, but a dry ache came into his throat, and suddenly he felt abused and grossly misunderstood; so he looked stiffly to the front and walked away.

All that afternoon he sulked in his room, but on the way to commons he called for Davenport. As the fighter had vanished, the manager ate his supper in solitary gloom. Near the end of the meal he suddenly raised his head, sniffing suspiciously at the approaching dessert. The sight of the stewed apricots immediately brought back unforgettable pain and nausea; so he promptly left the table and again found that Davenport's room was empty. In the shower room he located the janitor, cheerfully mopping black and white tiles, and was told that Mr. Davenport had gone out of town.

"Did he say where?"

"Didn't say a word."

"Then how do you know he's going out of town?"

"He had a hat on," said the janitor triumphantly, "and it wasn't his freshman cap."

Disconsolate, Meade walked to the moving pictures. Because tonight's feature dealt with prize fighting, he had intended to go to this early show with Davenport in the hope of picking up a few fine points. Alone, he waited impatiently for the ring episodes.

The hero, it developed, was challenging the world's heavyweight champion, an uncomely thug who wore a cap low over his eyes. Sensing defeat, the champion's camp, an hour before the bell, succeeded in kidnaping the clean-cut challenger's beautiful fiancée, and in despicable fashion represented her disappearance as voluntary.

The challenger, learning the sad news in his dressing room, entered the ring visibly broken-hearted and for several rounds was knocked from one corner to another. Each time he glanced at a certain ringside seat, which was significantly empty, his strength ebbed lower. Just in the nick of time the beautiful fiancée, breathless from her flight, dashed, unhindered, to the ringside. The limp challenger, stretched on his face, was taking what threatened to be the fatal count. In a clear soprano the heroine called his name, explained her forced absence and, as a climax, told him that the champion had personally insulted her. The effect on the challenger was instantaneous. He rose a changed man and promptly reduced his opponent to a feebly kicking figure on the resin.

Although experience had enabled Meade to forecast it, he was none the less thrilled by the fighting climax. Always, in moving pictures and the prize-ring stories he devoured, the influence of the girl flooded the battered hero with miraculous strength and enabled him to win a victory which no other earthly assistance could have made possible.

The thrill soon faded, however, and Meade was again depressed by his own troubles when he reached the sidewalk. Davenport's windows, he discovered, were dark, but he found projecting from the slot in the door a slip announcing the receipt of a telegram. At the telegraph office he successfully impersonated Davenport and carried the thin envelope back to the room, where he sat down in patient expectation of the renegade's return.

Several times he rose and paced around, absorbed in worry. During one such circuit his eye caught, on the dimly lit desk, the corner of a mauve envelope. He lifted a heavy chemistry textbook and carried the envelope to the light. It bore today's date and a special-delivery stamp.

Inside that floppy envelope, he reflected bitterly, lay the cause of all the trouble. He was Davenport's manager, he reminded himself, and had a right to know about anything that affected his fighter. He fingered the letter experimentally, sniffing a strong perfume which he identified vaguely as bay rum. He could not, however, subdue a conviction that the contents of the letter were none of his business; and when he reluctantly returned it to the desk he saw that it had been lying on top of the picture of Evelynne.

What could Chan possibly see in her? What did fellows see in girls, anyhow? It was strange. They must have some powerful attraction, though; pull the right wire and a man's love for a girl transformed him into a superman—like in that movie tonight. But instead of inspiring Chan on to victory, this Evelynne woman had made him break training and disappear.

"Fat lot of good you are," Meade said disgustedly, replacing the picture. Baffled, he resumed his pacing, but at midnight dozed in a chair. After a long, long time his eyes suddenly opened and saw Davenport, hat and topcoat still on, standing in the middle of the room and regarding him with astonishment.

"Hello, Bill," he said. "Fall asleep?"

"A notice came from the telegraph office," Meade explained. "I went up after it because I knew they'd be closed before you got back."

Swiftly Davenport ripped the envelope, and as he read the message his face brightened ecstatically.

"From a friend of mine," he explained—"the girl whose picture I showed you the other day. She's driving through Princeton tomorrow morning—this morning, rather."

"You going to see her?"

"Yes," said Davenport happily. "She's going to stop a few minutes at the Nass. Darn nice of her too."

"Then you better turn in," Meade advised, looking at his wrist watch. "Holy cats, it's a quarter after four!"

As he made ready to go, he wondered wistfully if there was any good in reopening the subject nearest his heart.

"By the way, Bill," said Davenport, pulling off his coat, "I'm going through with that bout tomorrow night."

"You are?" cried Meade, blessing Evelynne's potent influence.

"Look pretty raw if I backed out now," Davenport explained. "The fellows'd think I was afraid of Hartell. Say, will you drop around and wake me not later than eight o'clock? She's due here about ten and I don't want to oversleep."

IV

WHILE the alarm was still sounding the hour of eight, Bill Meade reached for his Turkish towel. A cold shower filled him with zest, but instead of dashing off to the fighter's room, the manager, fully dressed, sat in his study and frequently consulted his wrist watch. The big bout would be fought tonight, and Davenport had been up until dawn. This worried Meade, and he resolved to let Davenport sleep until fifteen minutes before Evelynne was due; but at 8:32 the welterweight, shaved and dapper, burst merrily into the room.

"Cheerio, Bill," he said "I was afraid you might not hear your alarm."

"Get much sleep?" asked Meade anxiously, as they marched toward breakfast.

"I thought so much about waking up on time," said Davenport, laughing, "that I never shut an eye."

"How do you feel?"

"Me? Oh, fine!"

After breakfast the two classmates hurried to the inn; and as the time for Evelynne's arrival drew near, Davenport ascended into a state of fluttery expectation.

"You'll like her, Bill," he babbled. "She lives in Wayne. I met her in Washington. Does your watch say the same as mine?"

It was almost noon when Evelynne arrived in a black-and-silver limousine guided by a uniformed chauffeur. With her descended two passengers who were identified, by introductions on the sunny sidewalk, as Mrs. Burns, aunt to Evelynne, and Buzz Reed, of the University of Pennsylvania, whose presence was plainly a bitter, unexpected blow to Davenport.

Evelynne, like a migratory bird, alighted only briefly and spent the interval in issuing orders. The limousine was parked at the angle satisfactory to her; the aunt sank wearily into the lobby chair which Evelynne selected; and the three undergraduates accompanied her on the route she personally chose for a brief tour of the campus.

At first Evelynne walked beside Davenport, with Bill Meade and the Pennsylvanian bringing up the rear; but later Meade found himself walking at Evelynne's elbow. Although he disliked her intensely he ached to take her into his confidence.

"This boy Davenport loves you, Evelynne," he longed to say. "Tonight he goes into the biggest test of his career—a title bout. Won't you please tell him to fight and win for your sake?"

A sidelong glance discouraged him. Something about her haughty expression told him she would interrupt him in the middle of his speech, just as she did every time he tried to answer one of her questions about the campus.

"What's that building?" she asked.

"That's the new chapel," said Meade politely. "It was just finished last ——"

"How cute," she remarked, her black eyes roving elsewhere. "A clever building."

After they started back toward the inn, Meade, now to the leeward of Evelynne, sniffed a profuse perfume and realized that it was the same scent that rose from her floppy mauve letters. He was not sure of his identification, but again the fragrance reminded him of barber shops and bay rum.

They reached the inn, and Meade, sadly watching the preparations for departure, realized that his big opportunity was fast slipping away. Calling upon his courage, he moved close to Evelynne. He resolved to risk all; he prepared his voice for urgent, confidential words.

"You get in back, Aunt Marie," ordered Evelynne briskly. "Buzz and I are going to sit in front with Arthur for a while."

Briefly she bade farewell to Meade, then turned to Davenport. She squeezed the welterweight's hand, and for an instant, smiling up with conscious charm, her left hand touched his arm in an intimate, possessive gesture which Mr. Reed, of the University of Pennsylvania, watched unhappily.

The shining limousine backed, swerved and purred away, and Davenport looked after it with an expression of tragic, hopeless defeat. As the two classmates turned toward the campus, Meade, noticing the expression, felt a stab of sympathy for his friend and a murderous hate for Evelynne.

"She likes that Buzz Reed," said Davenport glumly. "He's not a bad guy either."

"Got a fair build," Meade admitted. "Weighs about one-sixty-two, in condition."

"You see, he's a lot nearer Wayne than I am," continued Davenport in a worried tone, "and he's out at her house all the

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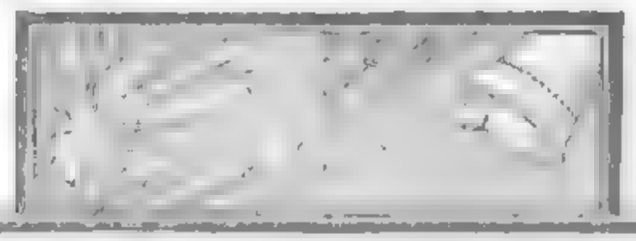

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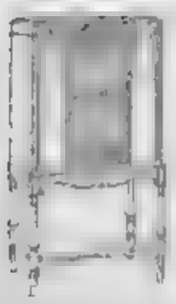

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time. Lately he's been putting me out of the running—or at least I think so. That's just the trouble, Bill, I never know where I stand. One minute I'm sure I rate a drag with her, and then something happens—like driving off to New Haven with Reed—that sinks me again "

"I wouldn't worry," said Meade, a plan forming in his mind.

"The last time I phoned her," Davenport went on, "she gave me the biggest deal I ever got from her. Then the next day she wrote and broke a date she'd promised me that's why I took a run down to Wayne last night. I was going to have it out with her, but she wasn't home."

"Why don't you just drop her?" suggested Meade hopefully.

"I've already tried that," said Davenport, with a fretful gesture. "Once I simply ignored her for a solid week—didn't write or phone or anything. I wanted to make her wonder what had happened to me."

"Do any good?"

"I caved in first and phoned her," said Davenport disgustedly. "I was afraid to try it again, though, and that's the way it's been ever since. I can hardly work or sleep for thinking about the fellows that go out to her place every night. I suppose I could forget about her," he muttered, biting a finger nail, "if she wasn't so darn attractive. Don't you think she's a knock-out?"

"I should say so."

"Do you think she's crazy about Reed?"

"I don't know about that," said Meade slowly, "but I know she's crazy about you."

"She is?" exclaimed Davenport, startled. "How could you tell?"

During his fighter's recital of woe, Bill Meade had carefully completed his plans. No man, he reasoned, was going into the squared circle and fight savagely for the love of a girl who had spurned him to the point of discouragement.

"How could I tell?" he began. "Well, for one thing, she kept asking me all kinds of questions about you. She wanted to know if I didn't think you were fascinating and athletic looking and how you were getting along here at Princeton. Among other things," he added, craftily feeling his way, "I mentioned the boxing tournament. Did you ever tell her you were a boxer?"

"No, I don't think so."

"That explains it," said Meade, once more on solid ground. "Naturally, I didn't feel like telling her a lot about your affairs. To be perfectly frank, Chan"—he turned a look of engaging candor upon his friend—"I didn't know if you'd want me to. But she kept asking so many questions about you that I couldn't very well avoid giving her the dope."

"What did she say?" asked Davenport.

"Well, when I mentioned the fact that you'd just won the freshman welterweight championship, she said she was thrilled. I remember just how she said it. She said, 'Oh, thrilling! And what's Chan going to do next?'"

"She did?" said Davenport. "And what else did she say?"

"Then I had to tell her you were in the finals for the university championship, and the title bout was tonight. Well, you should 've seen her eyes sparkle!" said Meade, chuckling indulgently. "She said she only wished she could watch the fight, but of course I had to tell her that girls didn't go to our fights here."

"And did she say anything else?"

"She asked if it wasn't considered a great honor, and I said it certainly was—which, of course, it is. I told her how the winner got a medal and could go down to Annapolis next March and compete in the National Intercollegiates. She made me promise faithfully to send her a copy of tomorrow's Princetonian, so she could read the results."

"As long as she's so darned interested," said Davenport, aggrieved, "you'd think she would 've said something about the fight before she left here—wished me luck or something."

Even while busy composing, Meade had discerned this flaw in his romance and was prepared to mend it.

"That's just like you, Chan," he said sternly. "Never say a word about the tournament, and then expect her to come running and bring the matter up herself! Do you suppose any girl's going to force herself in on something where maybe she feels she isn't wanted?"

"Why, the only reason I went in the tournament," protested Davenport, "was to get money so I could take in some parties with her this winter. I had no idea a boxing medal would cut any ice."

"Why shouldn't it cut some ice?" said Meade belligerently. "Girls go nuts about football heroes, don't they, and other guys that get their names and pictures in the Princetonian? I must say, Chan, you've got mighty funny notions about how to land a girl. Now, look here! You come with me and eat, get some sleep and then go in there tonight and cut Hartell into ribbons. Tomorrow I'll send Evelynne the Princetonian, and you can hand her your medal the next time you see her, old kid."

"All right," replied Davenport obediently. "And what else did she say about me?"

THE sound of stamping and of muffled cheers came sifting into the shadowy locker room.

"They fit all right?" asked Meade anxiously. "Snug enough around the waist?"

"Oh, yes, they fit," Davenport grumbled, "but I'd like to catch the guy that walked off with mine."

"Never mind, old kid." Meade, who knew precisely where the old trunks were, spoke soothingly. "Just so these fit."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the welterweight, bending forward. "He's even got his initials on them. Who the devil's K.D.? Orange and black! The fellows will think I'm trying to be collegiate."

Privately Meade considered it highly appropriate that the color scheme of a fighter's trunks should consist of the official colors of his alma mater. He did not, however, resent Davenport's unreasonable grumblings. Didn't fighters always get on edge as a title bout drew near? It proved that the fighter was in a properly vicious mood.

"Now slip into this, old kid," said Meade in a motherly tone, and while holding the green bath robe he adroitly kept the white lettering out of Davenport's sight.

"Wish I'd got some sleep," the fighter growled, stretching himself out on the locker bench.

"I'll dash upstairs," said Meade, "and see how near ready they are."

He ran up a spiral iron stairway to the main floor of the gym. From the doorway in the corner he looked out into the huge, brightly lit room with collapsible wooden stands erected on two sides of the ring. As he had foreseen, the lightweight bout had just ended. The referee, a metropolitan sports writer, leaned on the ropes, chatting with the university boxing instructor.

Everything, Meade realized, was ready for the welterweights, but he had no intention of hurrying his fighter into the ring. Instead, delighted by his own strategy, he stood in sheltering obscurity and watched Hartell. The rival welterweight, wearing a sheepskin coat above his bare legs, sat on a camp chair outside the ring; and as the minutes passed he fidgeted with growing nervousness, plainly upset by this mysterious delay.

Psychology, Meade told himself, the old psychology! At a gesture from the boxing instructor, Hartell suddenly entered the ring amid shouts from the packed stands. A general air of expectation hung over the scene; the boxing instructor glanced inquiringly toward the doorway in which Meade was concealed; and the buzz of the crowd changed into a raucous chorus of impatience.

"Come on, where's this fight?"

"Eat 'em up, Hartell, old buzzard!"

"Bring on that freshman!"

Meade, fearing a default, hurried down to the bench on which Davenport lay with his arms across his face.

(Continued on Page 201)

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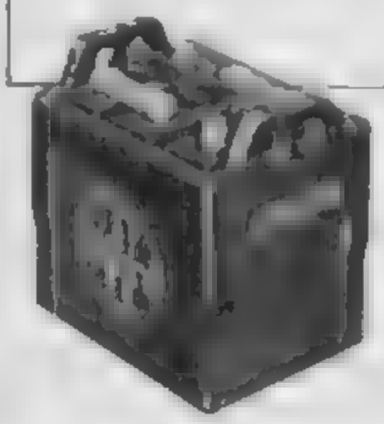


STORAGE BATTERIES

Willard

CLEVELAND·OHIO

(Continued from Page 198)

"All right, old kid," he said, keeping the excitement out of his voice. "We can amble up now."

While Davenport was getting to his feet, Meade quickly put on his white sweater, taking care to keep Davenport from seeing the legend on the back. With the adored sweater on, and a gym towel over one arm, Meade felt at his best; one side pocket held the smelling salts, one the collodion; and the back pocket, unknown to Davenport, held an envelope containing, for emergency use, Davenport's photograph of Evelynne.

"Fight your regular fight," said Meade as they mounted the stairs. "Keep throwing that left."

"Wish I'd got some sleep," the fighter grumbled.

They reached the doorway, and here Meade, forgetting caution, went a step in front of Davenport, who immediately grabbed his arm and jerked him back.

"Say, Bill," he demanded hoarsely, "what've you got on there? Well, for crying out loud!" he added, pulling Meade's back around. "You must be crazy!"

"Now don't get excited, old ——"

"Silliest thing I ever saw!"

"Why, the best professional seconds wear them," protested Meade. "It's showmanship—part of the ballyhoo. It makes them remember you."

"It'll make them razz the pants off me," said Davenport angrily. "I won't stand for it!"

"It's my back it's on, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's my name—part of it."

"Don't be foolish, Chan," said Meade sternly, taking the fighter's elbow. "Come on, the crowd's waiting."

"Let 'em wait," snapped Davenport, pulling his arm away. "You take that sign off your back or I'm going downstairs again."

An impatient yell came from beyond the doorway, and Meade, suddenly yielding, yanked the sweater off, turned it inside out and pulled it on again, concealing his pride and glory from an admiring public.

"All right, old kid," he said soothingly. "Let's go!"

With the manager gripping the fighter's arm, the two went through the door, and the crowd, catching sight of them, roared a welcome that sent the tingles racing through Bill Meade's body.

This was his life—oh, this was what he loved! The cheering crowd, the officials, the strong lights pouring down into that little roped arena of dramatic battle!

Quickly they reached the ringside, and Davenport, ducking through the ropes, unknowingly displayed the big white letters that formed, on a brilliant green background, the words: KID DAVENPORT. Instantly a great howl went up—a pandemonium of whistling, clapping and cheers:

"Y-a-a-y, Kid Davenport!"

"The Kid himself—in person!"

"Pleased to meet you, Kid!"

Davenport, settling to his camp stool, glanced around in his surprise, then suddenly blushed with pleasure at the thundering demonstration of his popularity.

"You're a crowd pleaser, Kid," exulted Meade. "You'll be a popular champion!"

A photographic candidate set up his camera beside the ropes. The fighters, shaking hands, posed; powder flashed, smoke sailed toward the roof. A quick, impatient yapping rose from the crowd—the pack, thought Meade, baying for the kill.

"Sock him, freshman!"

"Let's go!"

Meade, bustling about, adjusted Davenport's gloves and darted to the opposite corner. He found Hartell's gloves already laced and tied—concealing heaven only knew what outrages in the shape of heavy tire tape or even plaster of Paris.

"Take off those gloves!" he commanded. "I want to examine your bandages."

Hartell and his seconds looked up blankly

"Go chase yourself," said one second, and the crowd expressed in hoots its resentment at the delay. Anger rose in Bill Meade; a principle was at stake, and the enemy's stubbornness had a suspicious look.

"Mr. Referee," he cried, "my man doesn't leave his corner till I see Hartell's bandages."

The guest referee, nonplused, leaned over the ropes to consult with the boxing instructor; and Meade realized that Davenport, from his corner, was gesturing in keen embarrassment.

"Let it go, Bill!" Davenport hissed. "Drop it! His bandages are all right!"

"You do the fighting," said Meade crisply, "and I'll manage the rest."

A fresh howl, pierced by shrill whistlings, went up from the stands.

"Police!"

"Throw that guy out of there!"

Incapable of embarrassment and thrilled by his importance, Meade stood adamant until Hartell's seconds, at the request of the peace-making boxing instructor, unlaced the gloves. One second, Stumpy Frothingham, looked belligerently at Meade.

"Say, Mussolini," he asked witheringly, "who appointed you dean?"

"Shut up, fatty," said Meade, watching the removal of the gloves. Hartell's hands proved to be innocent of all bandages, legal or illegal; Meade, a bit disappointed, ignored the seconds' banter while he professionally explored the gloves and found no evidence of trickery; then he dashed across the ring, drew the green robe from Davenport and leaned low for a final, tense word.

"Keep him away, Kid," he whispered, "and cut him to ribbons like you do."

"All right," said Davenport, his eyes on Hartell.

"And remember, old battler, you're out there fighting for Evelynne's sake. Every time you throw a punch think of her!"

Davenport looked up, their eyes met and the fighter nodded grimly.

"All right," he said; and a sudden shout greeted the clang of the bell. Meade, clutching the camp stool, jumped through the ropes and straightened just in time to see Davenport hit Hartell with three almost simultaneous lefts, then move easily away from the stocky senior's rush.

For two rounds, without change, the freshman champion continued to flick swift, accurate blows into the senior's face. Hartell was wholly unable to block them, but after each blow he blinked and again moved forward, a determined, chunky young man punching ineffectively at a boy who struck with sharp grace and flashed elusively around the ring. Meade, with a towel over one arm, stood beside the Princetonian reporter and boasted in technical phrases.

"A neat shellacking," he said, out of the side of his mouth. "Hartell's punch drunk now. Be out on his feet in another round."

"Davenport certainly is clever, isn't he?" asked the reporter earnestly.

"A natural-born boxer," said Meade. "Watch that left. He doesn't have to get set. He hits from where his hands are. . . . At-a-boy, Kid—at-a-boy!"

In a neutral corner Davenport had suddenly flown at Hartell amid a hurricane of gloves. At first Hartell fought back blindly, but later, bewildered and unable to clinch, he bowed under the storm. With both hands over his ears he bent low and ran along the ropes; and there was something about him so like a panic-stricken dog, flying with tail between his legs, that the stands sent up a burst of delighted, heartless laughter. The senior, however, promptly turned and was once more aggressively pursuing Davenport when the bell rang.

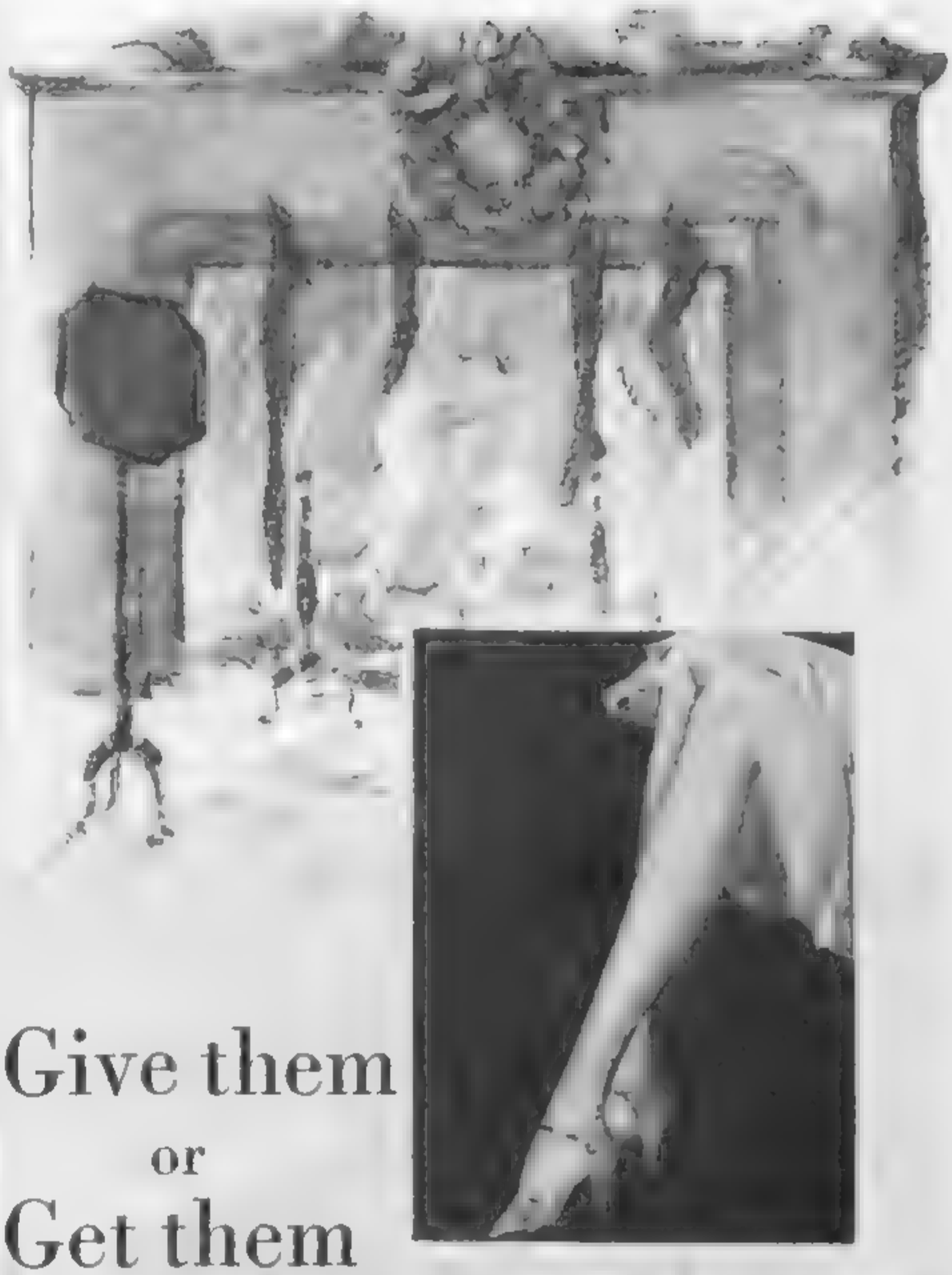
"You've got him, Kid," said Meade, kneading his fighter's leg muscles.

"He's strong," Davenport panted.

"A sniff of this, Kid," Meade ordered, uncorking the smelling salts.

"My arms feel like glass," said Davenport, sniffing. "Wish I'd got some sleep last night."

At the bell he rose less spryly than before, and Meade, surprised, realized that now some of the fleetness was fading from his footwork. Within thirty seconds Davenport tired badly; his total energy had been expended and with dismaying suddenness the whole tide of the battle changed as Hartell pressed forward, furiously wrestling his way clear when Davenport slipped skillfully



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into clinches. Meade could not adjust himself to the abrupt turn of affairs. He had come to regard Davenport as invincible, but now the freshman champion was taking a severe beating, and Meade, praying for the sound of the bell, suddenly remembered the magic talisman.

"Evelynne!" he bawled. "Come on, Kid, for her! For Evelynne, Evelynne!"

The shouted name did not imbue Davenport with new, irresistible strength; the beating continued, and as he came toward his corner blood showed above one eyebrow and his slim legs wabbled almost comically. Meade fell frantically to work, for fear the judges should call for a fourth round in order to reach a verdict. He sponged off Davenport's face, deftly applied collodion to the cut brow and rolled trembling leg muscles between his palms. Davenport meanwhile lay back against the angle of the ropes, his eyes closed and his chest rapidly rising and falling.

The referee announced that another round must be fought. At this news Davenport, without opening his eyes, shifted his head and his face twisted in pain. Then Bill Meade gathered himself for a last desperate effort to shore up his tottering dream.

"Now, Chan," he said tensely, "this round decides who gets that title. Understand? I know you feel rotten—I know exactly how you feel—but it's only three minutes more, and you've just got to straighten up and smash him, see?"

"All right," Davenport muttered.

"Think of Evelynne," Meade continued, fumbling in his back pocket. "Do you want her to open the Prince tomorrow and read that you were licked—a has-been?"

Davenport's head stirred resentfully, and agony, like a shadow, passed over his damp face. Punishment, Meade realized, had blurred the fighter's senses. He must, therefore, drive the stimulating name of Evelynne, like a gleaming hypodermic needle, through to Davenport's befuddled consciousness. Hurriedly he pulled Evelynne's picture from its envelope.

"Look at this, Chan," he said huskily. "Are you going to win for her or not? You can win if you —— Look, Chan, I tell you! Open your eyes!"

The lids partly opened, the gray eyes located the photograph. For an instant Davenport's expression was blank; then he turned his face to one side, a look of repulsion wrinkling his features.

"Take it away," he moaned. "Should 've got some sleep."

The bell rang, Davenport rose wearily, and as the one-sided fighting progressed, Meade continued to call upon his man to strike in the name of Evelynne. The freshman champion, however, seemed not to hear, and his head constantly flew in all directions from solid punches he no longer had the strength to dodge. Still Meade could not concede defeat. In a frenzy he followed his fighter around the ring, shouting encouragement.

"Evelynne!" he yelled. "Not for me, Kid; for Evelynne! Fight-fight-fight for Evelynne!"

During a clinch near the ropes Davenport's eyes met Meade's. In the fighter's glazed expression there was a mingling of bitter shame and reproach; then, just as Meade once more shrieked the name of Evelynne, an unusually heavy blow flicked an unforgettable shadow of torment across Davenport's twisted, glistening face.

He was standing heavily on his heels, defenseless, when the last bell rang, and Hartell threw an arm around him only a second before Meade leaped to his side. They led him, staggering, to his corner.

In the basement, ten minutes later, Meade stood beside a wooden table on which Davenport lay. The beaten welterweight, still wearing his sneakers and monogrammed tights, presented a picture of limp, painful exhaustion; and Meade, inwardly cursing all girls, hovered about in silent sympathy until the red-haired reporter arrived.

"It wasn't fair!" Meade burst out bitterly. "Chan didn't get a bit of sleep last night! If he'd had a good night's rest he would 've made Hartell look like ——"

"Shut up, Bill," said Davenport in weak protest. "I got licked, that's all."

The rebuke shamed Meade, woke him to his whining error. And now from his glamorous past soared an inspiring exemplary picture that he had many times admired. Once again he saw John L. Sullivan, in green tights covered with bloody sawdust, stagger to the ropes and silence the historic crowd that had witnessed his dethronement; once again he thrilled in admiration while the old Boston Strong Boy—game to the heartstrings—hoarsely rejoiced that his lost title had been won by an American.

Bill Meade's shoulders straightened, weakness fled; and in a flood of emotional sportsmanship he issued a statement to the press that was remembered on the campus for four years. It was a statement destined not to appear in the news columns of the morrow's Daily Princetonian; but—perhaps because Stumpy Frothingham was standing near—it later appeared with other campus scandal in the Princetonian's humorous column.

"We were licked fair and square," said Bill Meade, gulping. "As long as we couldn't win, just say we're glad the title was won by a Princeton man."

The red-haired reporter, ignorant of ring tradition, seemed puzzled.

"But there was nobody but Princeton men in the tournament," he pointed out earnestly. "How could anybody else ——"

"That's all I have to say."

VI

ON A COLD and sunny afternoon, many weeks later, Bill Meade and Chanler Davenport sauntered along a campus trail. A great peace lay upon Davenport nowadays; no longer did he bite his nails, stare at the wall or wait in fear and hope for the fateful tread of the mail carrier.

"Let's cut over to Whig Hall," he suggested, "and shoot some pool."

En route they passed a dressy janitor whose shiny face and curled mustache showed the recent ministrations of a barber. Meade, sniffing the breeze, caught a profuse perfume, strong, sweet and only half forgotten.

"By the way, Chan," he said thoughtfully, "whatever happened to Evelynne?"

At the name, Davenport winced physically, and when his face, for just a second, involuntarily wrinkled in reminiscent agony and repulsion, Bill Meade saw and understood.

"Oh, that's all off," said Davenport serenely. "We never write any more."

Meade did not probe further, for already his thoughts had traveled a hundred yards across the campus to his own rooms. Tommy Loughran and his fellow warriors still held their places on the study wall, but now the center of interest had shifted to the bedroom. There, on the bureau top, stood a silver-framed picture of a plump face with yellow curls and three enormous dimples; and though she used a charmingly blue stationery, she wrote with a most distressing irregularity.

"The best four games out of seven," Davenport was saying blithely, "and you can have your pick of the cues."

"All right," said Meade, suddenly unhappy, "but let's drop in at my room first. I'm expecting a special delivery."

SAFETY

(Continued from Page 56)

At eleven o'clock he walked out of the construction office with George Casey. On the track, waiting for the engineer, there stood a gasoline speeder. The man who had run the speeder up from the Low River crossing seemed to be shuffling around impatiently in the ballast alongside the track. He was less than fifty feet away, but it was so dark that Walter Grant could not see him.

Then, "Good night, kid," George Casey said. "Do your work. Good luck."

Now the minutes dragged. Ten minutes seemed to be an hour. The half hour was a day. "Maybe I ought to pack a gun with me," Walter Grant reflected, half aloud.

Fifteen minutes before midnight Old Lady Bender, the survey crew's cook, came out of her room

"No sleep this night," she said to Walter Grant. "I'll have plenty of coffee for you, boy, when you get back. Tomorrow I'm going to bake a batch of those cinnamon rolls for you and Mr. Casey."

"They're mighty fine cinnamon rolls, Mrs. Bender."

The boy put on his hat then and picked up his raincoat.

"You'd better put that coat on you," the old woman advised. "It's begun to rain."

"Yes, ma'am." Walter Grant put on his raincoat, wondering meanwhile if women had nothing better to do than to hand out perpetual advice about his physical welfare. He lighted a lantern and carried it out into the night. In spite of the rain, knowing every foot of the track from where he stood to the Galena Mine crossing, he decided that he did not need a lantern. The less light the better. There would probably be too much light on the job.

He walked toward the night's job. "It'll take me five minutes to get there walking this fast," he calculated. "Ten minutes after I get there Jim Rogers' outfit ought to come over the hill."

Jim Rogers and his crew of trackmen and wreckers and guards were five minutes early. Before Walter Grant got to the crossing he saw a shower of sparks roaring out of one of the locomotives bringing in Jim Rogers and his outfit.

"Running blind. No headlights and no markers," the boy commented. Then: "No headlights—but maybe I can't see his lanterns this far away through the rain."

Five hundred feet farther along the line he encountered a group of men sitting on the ends of the ties. He was upon them abruptly before he knew it. A silly thought about a password and a countersign entered his mind, and it was reassuring and comforting when a voice growled a question at him.

"Are you the engineer we're waitin' for?" the voice asked.

"I'm Walter Grant," the boy answered.

"Mr. George Casey give me orders to ask you pertickler did you have the steel tape with you?"

Here was the first mistake!

"I forgot it!"

"Fair enough. Take this one. Your boss thought you might forget it. When you get done with this tape, send it back to the Galena Mine engineer's office. That's where it come from."

In the darkness Walter Grant took the steel tape from the unknown messenger. "George Casey is just like J. F. Hale. Never forgets hardly anything," the forgetful one commented to himself. Aloud, "Much obliged," he said. "I'll see that the tape gets back to the Galena office."

Then it seemed that the night was suddenly peopled with the vague forms of a mob of men. To his right and left, instead of twenty men, there were a hundred. These men were walking slowly toward the place where the ore cars lay wrecked along the right of way of the Gumbo Southern.

On a shifting air current, then, came the clanking of the connecting rods of a drifting locomotive in Jim Rogers' outfit. Up ahead of him an engine whistled a single brief blast. A swarm of lighted lanterns burned dimly through the rain. Across the enemy's tracks ahead of him he heard a clear voice speaking:

"The big cable first. Come along with that snatch block! Never mind no wire slings! Chain slings! Get runnin' with that chain!"

A rumbling, incoherent chorus of twenty voices, a clank of heavy metal, the links of a chain rattling over the steel sill of a car. More lanterns. Then, above the whisper of the rain, Walter Grant heard the subdued sounds of the surrounding mob.

The clear voice called again through the night and a lantern swung in a vertical arc. Answering this came a signal from the whistle of the locomotive on the head end of Jim Rogers' outfit, and the night glared for a moment with the belching sparks from the stack of an engine whose drivers had failed to bite.

A writhing wire snake straightened to a tense line, and while lantern light glittered from its wet, quivering strands the boy heard a wail of metal and the howl of tortured steel.

The straight snake slackened for an instant. A heavy chain dribbled musically over the flange of a car wheel and a fifty-ton steel car rolled off the center line. The show had begun.

A man was groaning in the darkness. A voice said, "Carry him gentle!" Three men stumbled through the rain carrying a fourth. The stump of the fourth man's leg dripped blood. "The car got him." Seeing this Walter Grant surrendered to a sudden nausea, and was sick until he was recalled to the play by the loud drumming of a chain sling, tense against the stressed steel of another wrecked car.

A volcano of sparks lighted the scene for five seconds and he saw the second black hulk of metal tumbling away from the center line of the track. A mist of warm cinders drifted downward out of the rain.

Jim Rogers' voice! "Come on with them shovels!" The boy walked back along the line to watch the grade go up. Encountering him, Jim Rogers said, "Keep your eye on this grade, will you, Mr. Grant? Don't let 'em get it too high. We can lift her to surface easier than we can drop her."

"I'll watch it." He remembered that the fill where the shovel crew was working was mighty light, but whether it was a foot or three feet he did not know. He reproached himself for not having thought of this detail before the shovel crew began. "Seven inches for the ties and five inches for the rail." He set his unlighted lantern on the new grade and knelt down until the wet metal lay against his cheek. He sighted back along the line of track, and presently from the fire box of the locomotive on the head end he spotted the gleaming wet rail of the completed track. "We're a little low," he concluded. "It's easier to pick her up than to cut her down." To the shovel crew: "No more of that. You're high enough."

"Move on ahead. The engineer says we're high enough."

The shovel crew slouched ahead a rail length.

"Come on with the ties! Where's that tie gang? Pass the word back for the tie gang."

The ties came up, and then, slung in the tongs between their stumbling pallbearers, came two lengths of seventy-pound rail. "Down easy! Watch your feet!"

"Gimme the gauge. Throw that light on this spike. How can I hit a spike in the dark?"

The clink of a wrench against angle bars, the chattering whine of a nut. "Easy wid that wrench. Don't strip them bolts."

Thirty feet to the good. Then somebody yelled, "Jump clear of that cable!" and the wet steel snake swept out of the dark and swung tense two feet above the grade, parallel to the track. "Git out of the bight! She'll cut you in two if the sling lets go!"

Continued on Page 206

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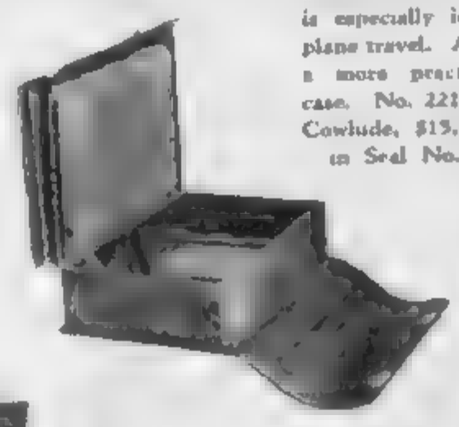

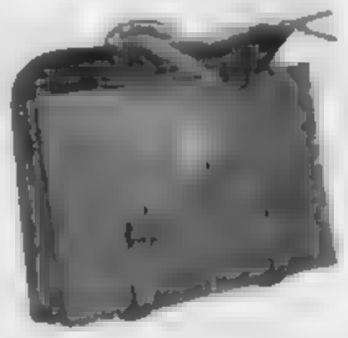

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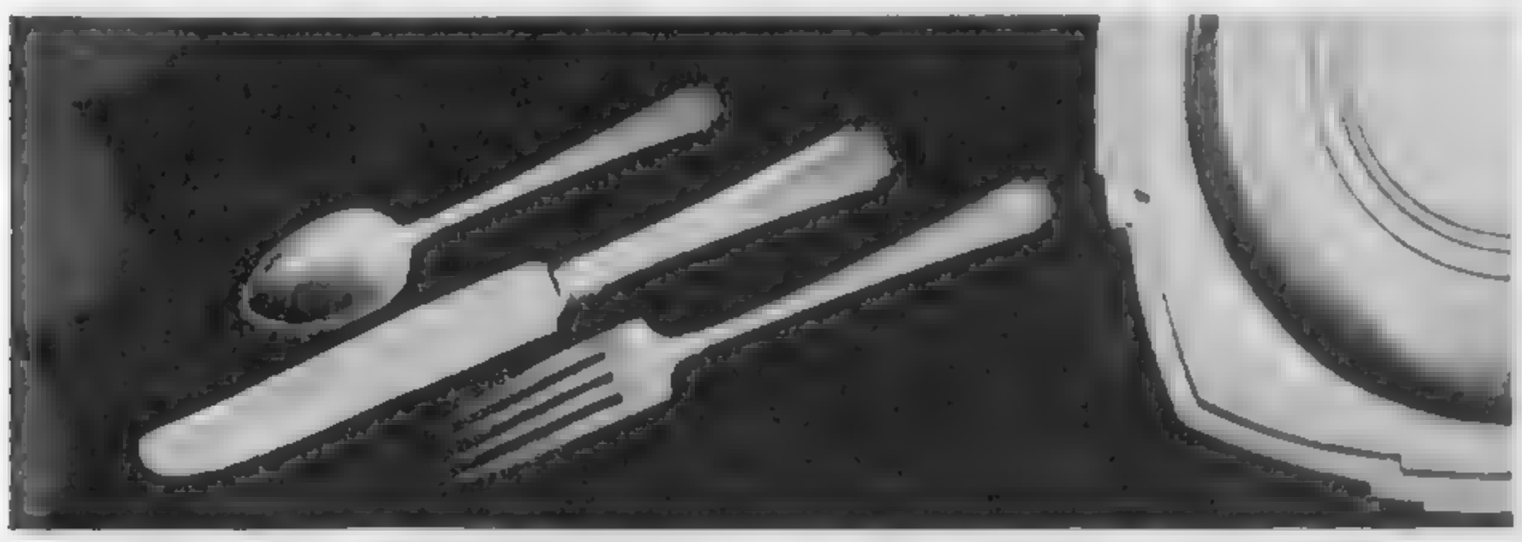

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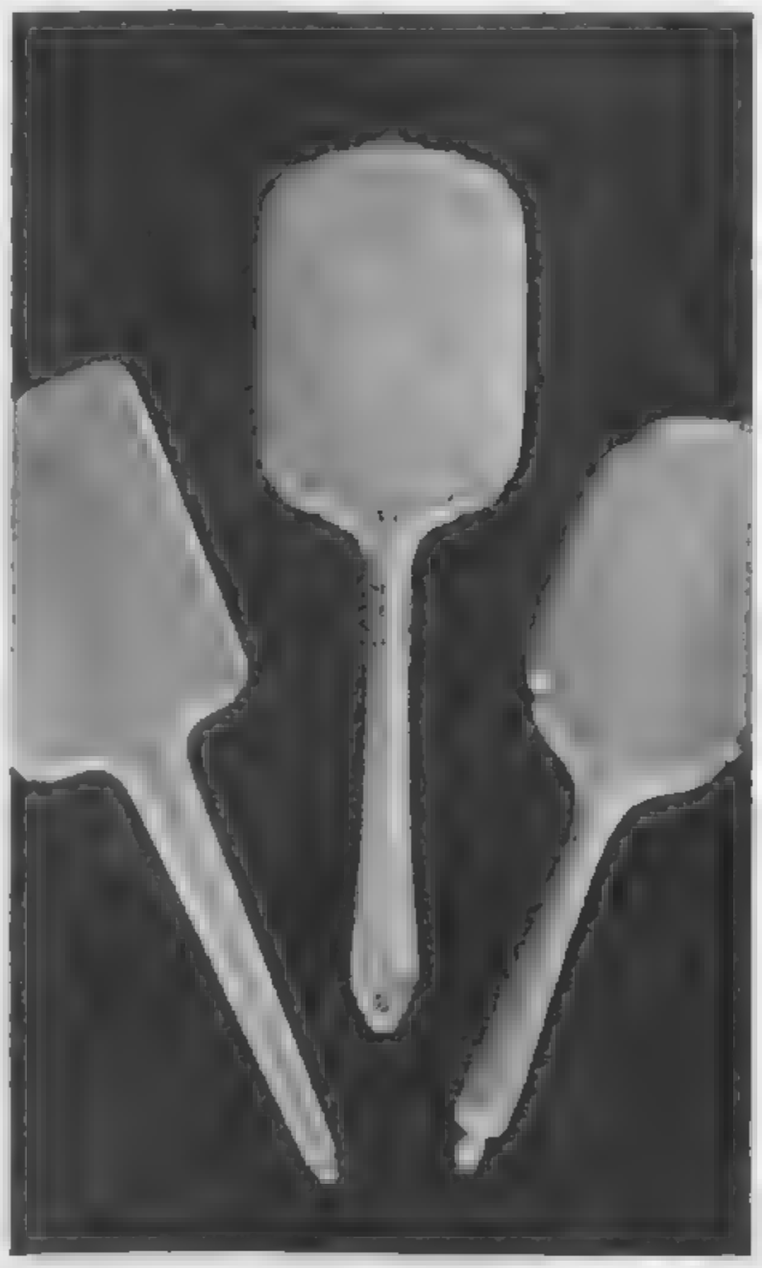

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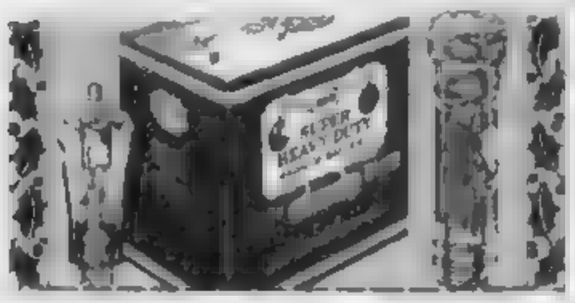

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(Continued from Page 203)

A swinging lantern up ahead, and to this signal, together, three locomotives surged against the strain. Too much throttle from the head end again, and slipping drivers.

Jim Rogers' voice above the roaring volcano of sparks that revealed the scene: "Tell that hogger on the head end to take it easy!"

Two more rail lengths, and now, to the right and left of the new track, lay a bulwark of overturned steel cars.

"Safe enough with the lanterns. They can't see you. Gimme more light fer these spikes. How can I hit a spike in the dark?"

Jim Rogers loomed up through the rain. "Another rail length and you'll be ready to measure the short rail for them frogs," he said to Walter Grant. "You've got your steel tape?"

"I've got it."

"I'll cut to your marks. Mark all four rails an eighth of an inch short, so the burrs from the chisels won't gum the game. They'd better be short than long. And, boy, don't get the frogs mixed."

"They'll not be mixed. When are you going to cut the Low River track?"

"Right now. I'll send you a couple of men in a minute to help you with your tape line."

While Jim Rogers was speaking through the darkness Walter Grant realized suddenly that a steadily increasing glow of light had begun to play upon the scene. He turned around and saw a locomotive headlight half a mile down the enemy's tracks. "They're pilin' a train on top of us!" he exclaimed.

Jim Rogers did not answer the boy, but instead, lifting his voice above the turmoil around him, "Gunners to the front!" he roared. "They're throwin' a train at us! Get back, everybody!"

The track crew and the tie gang and the shovel outfit melted into the shelter of the wrecked ore cars. Walter Grant counted a dozen men carrying guns.

Jim Rogers' voice again: "Blast the headlight off of him, somebody!" and the enemy's train came through.

Fifty feet from the intersection of the tracks three shotguns roared and the headlight on the Low River locomotive flared and went black. Then, like the whang of a whiplash against his ear, an explosion deafened Walter Grant. "Dynamite!" Sputtering short fuses and a cascade of destruction flickered from the dark windows of a passenger coach coupled behind the enemy's locomotive.

A dozen sharp gusts of air and stinging sprays of sand cut through the whirling raindrops. Walter Grant shook his head and swallowed in an effort to regain his hearing.

Jim Rogers yelled again, seemingly from a far distance. "If anybody got hurt pack 'em back to Car 5. Come ahead with them derailin' frogs. We'll wreck him the next time! Take 'em both ways."

Here was a train wrecker at work. "Jim, it's the jug if you use them frogs," some unseen voice advised.

"To hell with the jug! It'll stop these dynamiters!"

Walter Grant knew presently that five or six hundred feet each way from the crossing, derailing frogs had been set on the Low River track. He did not like the idea. He hoped that the enemy line would slam no more trains into the problem. Dynamite and derailing frogs—he thought for an instant of J. F. Hale in the silent mountains away to the West, and then Jim Rogers woke him up:

"Are you deef? They're bringin' the crossing frogs out. Here's a couple of men to help you with your tape. When you mark the rails for the cut, make 'em all an eighth short like I told you."

Two lengths of Low River rail had been torn up at the intersection of the tracks. The shovel crew had the new grade up. The tie gang stumbled past with the long crossing ties.

Walter Grant, searching in the dark for his reference stakes, realized that he was in a fine fix. They had been knocked out under the feet of the milling mob. "Get a couple of lanterns back along the ball of the Low River rail," he ordered. "Use the north rail."

"What way is north on a night like this?"

The boy, on his knees in the wet ballast at the intersection of the two tracks, set a pencil as nearly as he could in line with the ball of the Low River rail. "Gauge four, eight and a half. The half of it is two, four and a quarter." The tape was graduated in tenths of a foot. To himself: "How many tenths is four and a quarter inches?"

Out of the darkness, "Hurry up, lad. We've no time now to spare," Jim Rogers urged.

"How many tenths is four and a quarter inches? Four inches is a third of a foot. . . . Three-tenths and a third and a little more—call it three and a half tenths," he calculated. "Two, three and a half." He measured the distance back from the lead pencil and stuck a track spike into the ballast. He realized suddenly that he was up against an impossible problem. "Mr. Rogers," he called into the darkness, "we can't cut the steel as close as an eighth! We've got no center here that's sure within an inch."

"Never mind. Cut 'em short enough. Cut 'em all two inches short if you have to. Why can't you cut 'em closer than that?"

Then in a flash came the solution to the absurd problem. "Bring the frogs in and place 'em first. We can line 'em close enough, and when they're set I can measure your short rail to an eighth of an inch."

"Come ahead with the rest of the ties! Follow along with them frogs!" Jim Rogers roared.

If there were only more light. With daylight there would be no problem. "Get me another lantern. Hold it close." He handed the end of the thin steel tape to a man kneeling beside him after the four heavy crossing frogs had been set on the ties and heaved around into their approximate position. "Bring me another lantern," the boy ordered. "Hold it close against the end of the rail here. Hold the ring of that tape against the end of the rail." He read the dim figures on the wet tape. "Nine and seven-tenths feet and the width of a finger." Not trusting his memory, he fumbled in his pocket for a scrap of paper, reproaching himself meanwhile for not having brought a notebook. "Nine and seven-tenths and a half. Damn a tape divided in tenths for a close job like this!"

He recorded his measurement and moved over to the south rail. "Fourteen and six-tenths flat, allowing an eighth to spare." He was glad that coincidence had cut out the fraction. He moved to the far end of the crossing and measured the third gap. Another short length. "Six point three and a fraction."

The point of his lead pencil snapped and out of the darkness a man handed him the pencil he had left sticking in the ballast when he spotted the line of the Low River rail.

"Hold the lantern over here a minute," he ordered, flopping the tape against the rail for the last measurement.

A man set a lantern down within six inches of the rail, and then, as if someone had popped a paper bag, the report of a rifle followed the tinkle of the shattered lantern globe. He batted his eyes at the sudden darkness.

"Did they hit you, boy?" Jim Rogers asked. Before the boy could answer: "Rush a tarpaulin up here. Hand me another lantern. Hold that tarp between him and that gunner!"

The boy's hand trembled a little as he stretched the tape for the last measurement. "Eleven and two-tenths feet and half a tenth." He checked his measurement and stood up quickly. "Where's the rail?" he asked Jim Rogers.

"Back by the enjines. Come along, I'll show you."

A moment later the night rang with sledges battering against chisels that bit into the seventy-pound steel. "Nick the ball deep. Never mind the web," Jim Rogers directed. "Soak it!"

Ten minutes more of the battering sledges, and then, "In the clear! Up high like a church!" and a length of heavy rail dropped across a claw bar and broke fair at the cut. "Get around it. Up she goes! Put her wherever she fits! There's enough difference in 'em so you can't go wrong."

Walter Grant started back to the crossing with the pallbearers that carried the four short rail lengths. The black of the night seemed to have gone gray, and then suddenly, five miles to the west, the sky lighted up for an instant with a red glare, as if a burning barn had flashed into view, to be quenched as quickly by the fall of a black curtain. The ground trembled, then, too lightly to be felt by the plodding crews, but in another twenty seconds the rumble of a distant explosion brought its explanation of the great red glow that had kindled low down in the western sky.

"George Casey is usin' dynamite. He's probably in hell at the river crossing. . . . Spin them bolts. It's comin' mornin'. A couple of you go east and west and bring those derailin' frogs back. We're in the clear now, no matter what the dynamiters do."

The eastern sky had paled. "Fetch in them snatch blocks! Drag that cable back along the track and leave it!" Jim Rogers yelled. "We're in the clear now. Get back in the cars, you men. All aboard! Get back in the cars. Pick up them shovels. Take that tampin' bar with you. Get back in the cars!"

Highball. The engineer on the pilot locomotive yowled a whistle signal at its loudest

At the crossing, until the train came up, Jim Rogers stood in the rain with Walter Grant.

"You did fine work, lad," he said. "Everything fits like the paper on the wall. You did fine work."

Jim Rogers swung aboard the head engine. Walter Grant was the last man off the job. He walked back slowly along the grade to where Old Lady Bender waited with an oversupply of hot coffee. Midway of his walk the first passenger train over the Gumbo Southern passed him. "We win!" He waved at the fireman; but the fireman was too important a man, this morning, to wave at a muddy pedestrian.

The show had ended. No applause. "He could at least have waved back," the tired boy thought.

George Casey returned, before noon, from the Low River crossing. The night had wrought changes in the resident engineer's appearance that made it difficult for Walter Grant to recognize him. He wore a muddy slicker. Under this he had no coat or vest or shirt. His undershirt was torn to shreds and it was sopping wet. Both of his eyes were blacked and a deep cut running from his chin to his left ear was crusted with black blood. When the engineer saw Walter Grant he greeted him sleepily, but the boy realized that something more than normal fatigue inspired his chief's lethargy.

"I'm mighty tired, kid," the engineer explained. "Tired, but I can't sleep. We killed two men at Low River. Poor fellows. Blew an engine off the grade and it took a couple of the crew with it."

Old Lady Bender gave George Casey one look and began a chattering prayer. "Never mind the prayers. I'm all right. Have you got any hot water?"

No day had dragged as this day dragged thenceforth for Walter Grant. From that hour until nightfall the reaction from the night's battle left him too tired and too unnerved to sleep. He was sorry for George Casey.

"Don't let those two dead men ride you," he sympathized. "It was just—accidental."

When Old Lady Bender announced that supper was ready it failed to interest either man. George Casey sat at his desk in a corner of his office.

"I don't want any supper," he said.

Continued on Page 209)

THE COLD TEST

with a double meaning

To the motorist in the North the low cold test of Kendall Oil means easy starting. So you DO NOT have to change to a lighter oil when winter comes. The same grade of Kendall that's best for your car in summer heat is also best in icy winter.

And to the motorist in the South the Kendall cold test is proof of a purity that insures less carbon... Because, to get the fluidity necessary to a low cold test, Kendall eliminates virtually every trace of the wax that so commonly causes the carbon.

So to motorists both North and South Kendall Oil gives a richer lubricating body at heated motor temperatures . . . and gives 2000 miles of service . . . if you merely maintain the proper oil level.

There's a good filling station in your neighborhood ready to re-fill your crank-case with Kendall.

KENDALL REFINING CO., Bradford, Pa.

Up near Bradford, Pennsylvania, is an oil field that produces a crude whose quality stands out even among all the fine Pennsylvania crudes. It commands the highest posted market price . . . plus a premium on every barrel...Kendall Oil is made wholly from this Bradford grade crude

35c per quart
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KENDALL OIL

. . . SO SHE TURNS OFF THE BIG CLEANER

AND TURNS ON THE SMALL ONE . . .

TRUST the modern woman to find the *most efficient* way to clean house. Witness the way she greeted the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit! A new idea six months ago . . . today, a by-word in thousands of homes for speedy and sanitary cleaning!

No ordinary attachments to bother with! The Premier Electric Cleaning Unit provides a cleaner for the rugs and carpets, and a separate handy cleaner that hustles through the amazing little tasks!

The marvelous Spic-Span makes this possible. This handy little cleaner was created for women desiring a *simpler* method of home cleaning. The Spic-Span not only does the work of attachments, but does it *better and faster.*

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Used in combination with either the Premier Junior or the Premier Duplex, the Spic-Span gives you a complete electric cleaning unit for every purse and purpose . . . a marvelous cleaning team that shortens your housework by hours and puts the utmost degree of sanitation into every cleaning task.

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You'll be interested in the New Premier Floor Polisher Accessory, too. Gives a glistening, smooth, electric lustre. Waxes and polishes floors like new, whether wood, linoleum or tile. It will amaze you!

Replaces the revolving brush when used for floor polishing.

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by branches of The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company in all leading cities. ¶ Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ¶ Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Company, Inc., Schenectady, N. Y.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 512, Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 206)

A telephone against the wall beside a window ten feet from where the resident engineer sat rang three times. "That's us," the engineer called to Walter Grant. "See who it is."

From where he lounged in the shadowed corner of the room the boy walked into the circle of yellow light cast by an oil lamp which sat on the top of George Casey's desk. He made his way to the telephone against the wall by the window.

"Mr. Grant is calling Walter Grant," Central said.

"Go ahead. . . . Hello, dad Yes, sir. We're getting along all right." Some trivial conversation followed which brought a frown to Walter Grant's forehead. "Lord, will he never get over this gossip habit?" Then, "I'm all right. How is mother?"

His father's reply to this question went unheard, because from the darkness outside the window there came a blaze of light and the crashing explosion of a heavy shotgun.

A pane of glass a foot to the left of Walter Grant's head seemed to crack into a hundred pieces. Some of these fragments hit the window sill and tinkled to the floor.

The boy heard George Casey swear a wild oath. He turned in time to see the engineer blow out the lamp. "Duck away from that window!" George Casey yelled.

The boy pulled back into the protection of the wall. In the darkness he spoke again into the telephone. "Hello, is that you, dad? . . . No, sir. I just knocked a book off the shelf. I'll be home tomorrow sometime. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver. "Get away from that window!" George Casey yelled at him again. "Lay low on the floor!" The engineer reached for his weapons and began a singing string of curses. The boy heard the outer door of the drafting room slam. Out on the track a moment later the chief opened fire upon a man who, from the sound he made, was racing straight down the ballasted line.

Old Lady Bender opened the door of her part of the establishment.

"Shut that door! Get out of the light!" George Casey yelled, but his anxiety was needless now.

"Did you get hit?" he asked Walter Grant when he and the younger man were safe in the sanctuary of Old Lady Bender's kitchen.

"No. Buckshot makes me tired. I don't know how they can miss you with buckshot," Walter Grant said. "Two of 'em went through my coat sleeve, I guess. One of 'em burned me a little on the arm."

Then, after a moment of thoughtful silence, "George, I wish you would let me quit this job tonight," the boy said. "It's just an even ten days since the first of the month, and that's twenty dollars. I owe Henry seven dollars and I owe Bob Kerwin ten dollars. I'll give you my pay check if you make it out, and you can get it cashed and pay those two debts. I'm going to catch tonight's train out of Sinkton."

"You're crazy. You wouldn't last ten minutes in that town."

"Make out my check, will you, George? That town don't worry me a bit right now."

He rode the enemy line that night to Bellows. He waited half the night at Bellows for a steamboat which landed him presently at his home town. He got home in time for breakfast

"Well, I see by the morning paper the Gumbo Southern is running trains through now from Riverton to Rockville," his father said.

"Yes, sir. The first train went through yesterday morning."

"That sounded like somebody shot a gun when I was telephoning to you last night."

"I knocked a book off the shelf. It was a big book," the boy explained.

"Your coat sleeve is torn," his mother observed.

"I snagged it on a nail."

"Did you save any money?"

"I didn't save much money on that job."

His father frowned slightly. "Well, that's all right. You settle down and study hard at school this winter. There'll be lots more good jobs next summer."

The boy replied with a contradiction to the program. "I am leaving tomorrow for Oregon," he announced. "J. F. Hale will give me a transit on location. I am going to work for him."

Something in the boy's voice rendered argument futile. His father surrendered. "There's Indians and everything in Oregon, and from what I hear it's mighty cold country in the winter. But I guess you'll be all right."

"It'll be all right. There isn't a better man in the country to work for than J. F. Hale. He's got another two hundred miles of main line to locate, and when it's finished I get a residency. I'll be all right in spite of the Indians."

"You take about six good heavy flannel shirts with you," his mother said, somewhere near the verge of tears. "It seems so far away."

"It's a lot closer than some towns on the Gumbo Southern," Walter Grant answered patiently, without explaining what he meant.

LOBBYISTS AND LOBBYCOWS

(Continued from Page 58

arrived at the conclusion that the genesis of it, on the one hand, is a fiction genesis, as will be explained, and, on the other, a result of our American habit of devoting most of our energies to one subject—business, trade, occupation or interest—and giving all other subjects merely casual consideration. The single-track mind never gets to a terminal of general information, and in the United States we pride ourselves on single-track minds.

There is only one way to get money, and that one way is as simple as eating bread and butter. It requires concentration. If a man desires to be rich, in this country, as almost every man does desire, his procedure is as plainly marked out for him as is the Lincoln Highway. He must make money his desideratum, and must think money, talk money, act money and live money. If he is seeking a fortune, he must worship the Great God Fortunatus to the exclusion of all other lares and penates, or business gods, either. Money must be his objective; and if it is, he'll get it. Some will get more than others, but any man with a fairly good mental equipment can get money—and plenty with no mental equipment at all. Look around you, wherever you may live, and note the people in your community who are rich. Well?

Now, the way to get really rich is through the medium of business. You never heard of an artist who was really rich, save by inheritance, or a writer, or a professor, or a student, or a scientist, or a preacher, or a poet, or an explorer, or a minister. Really rich, I mean, in the way a banker is rich, or a manufacturer, or a broker, or an oil producer, or a promoter. And why? Because, in the first place, art and science, and so on, have not the rewards of business; and because, in the second place, the men who get really rich, in this country, know about the value of the single-track mind, and if they are bankers they devote themselves to banking until they get their millions, and to manufacturing, and so on.

They are too busy getting rich to take time to inquire into politics, into government, into the processes of legislation. Those are things apart from their busy and acquisitive lives, and they do not understand them. Anything a man misunderstands he suspects. What he does not know he thinks is *outré*. Anything outside his personal experience and knowledge takes on an aspect of mystery and, often, intrigue; and being sufficiently wise to this phase of the human mind, those eminently practical psychologists, the politicians, the legislators and the lobbyists, have created an atmosphere of arcanum about politics and legislation, and when the business man goes to Washington, often on a legitimate and ordinary errand, he goes imbued with the idea that he is entering an atmosphere of the extraordinary and the Machiavellian. He is impressed of plots, schemes, machinations and cabals. And, in this atmosphere of his own creation, he becomes the greatest fall guy the world has ever known.

Back of this, either consciously or subconsciously influenced by centuries of meretricious fiction about politics, diplomacy, intrigue, and what not, in connection with affairs of government, is the impression that politics is in a sublimated and esoteric sphere; that it is a thing apart, instead of the sordid, humdrum thing it is; that only those within the circle can do the circular things; that there is some special knowledge, advantage and position falling to those who are on the spot and know the ropes hevings! how much that "knowing the ropes" has cost the business man of this country—and that plain speaking and honest intention have no status, but are at the mercy of this especially wise intrigant and intrigante gang who infest the hotel lobbies, the clubs, the speak-easies and the public places of Washington.

Ever since we have been a nation we have been impressed with fiction stories of the intrigues of diplomacy, the wiles of politics, the mysterious adumbrations of legislation, and the conspiracies of the lobbyists. This stuff has been novelized; has been fictionized, not alone in books but in the sloppy sensationalism of the sob sisters, in the blurbs of the feature writers, in the tripe of the special correspondents. We have heard of kings and queens of the lobby, of their far-reaching legislative and political influence, of the susceptibility of legislators and executives, and of the amazing power over legislative and executive action possessed by certain flamboyant fakers who move mysteriously in the shadows and influence legislation and official action.

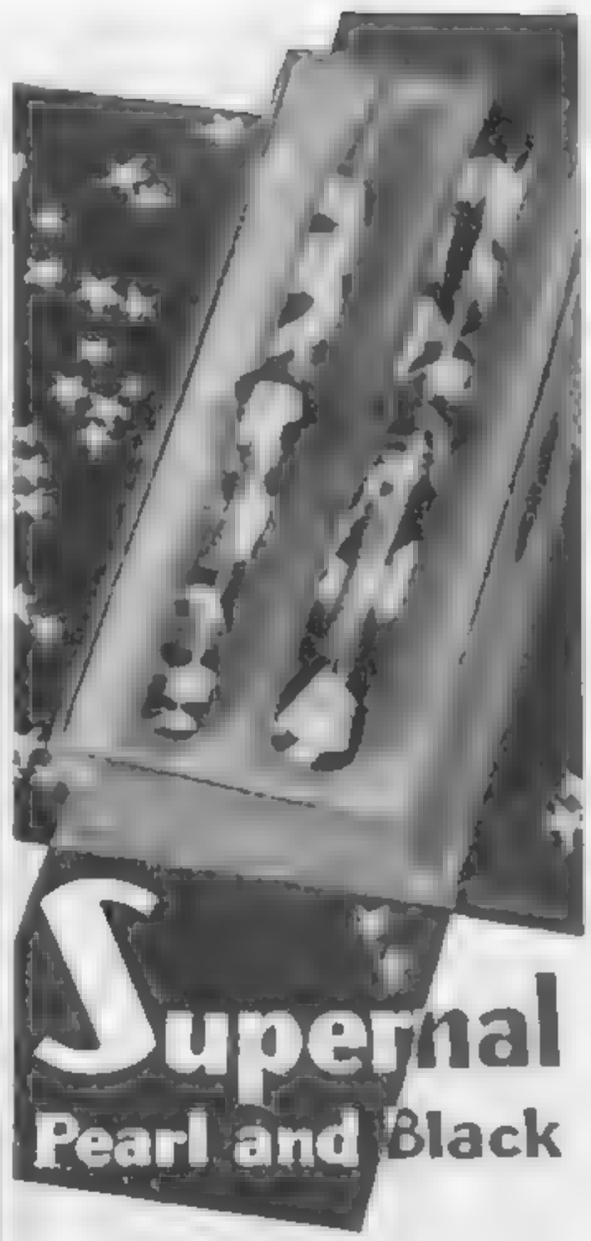
And it is all bunk!

Mark you, I am not saying that there have not been men, even women, who, in the past, and, mayhap, in the present, have not been able to expedite legislation, appointments, and what not, because of their personal acquaintance and influence. No doubt there have been many such. It may be that there are plenty of them now. But the methods of these, and the manner of them, and the performance of them, are as far removed from the general idea of lobbying and the widespread belief in the necessity for special influence at the various courts of Washington as the Raffles Hotel in Singapore is from the corner of Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. Or in the efficacy of it.

Most of the great transportation, financial, manufacturing and commercial institutions of this country maintain agents at Washington—men of credit and reputation—and their business is to watch legislation that affects their principals, or attempts at legislation, and to report promptly and in detail on what is going on.

Furthermore, it is probable that many of these agents, because of long acquaintance, experience and knowledge, are able to be of value to their principals in the way of hastening or detaining legislation, finding out about it, estimating trends accurately, and, it is likely, slipping across a few things that may be of help to those they represent. But their work is as much departmental as it is legislative, and they are out in the open and known to all men.

So far as lobbying is concerned, there is more official lobbying than unofficial. What are the naval officers who seek to get their navy appropriations, or the army officers,



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. . . The new Conklin Endura Supernal Pearl and Black is the outstanding gift of the season. Service perpetually and unconditionally guaranteed. . . The pens $6 and $8. The pencils $4 and $4.50. The sets $10 and $12.50. Other Conklin Endura pens in modern color combinations $5 and $7. Pencils to match $3.50 and $4. . . In wide-awake stores.

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WHAT do you know about GRAINS?

A GREAT future awaits many millers, manufacturers of cereal breakfast foods, makers of stock feeds and others in similar lines in this rich agricultural and industrial Piedmont Carolinas.

For here are abundant cereal crops. Oats and wheat (as well as corn and barley) are produced in every Piedmont Carolinas county. But that part not used on farms finds its way to market in the "raw" state.

Each year $325,000,000 worth of manufactured foods and feed stuffs are *imported* into the Carolinas. This useless ebb and flow of grain crops will be stopped only when Carolina mills grind and mix Carolina grains.

The large industrial population, employed at wages that insure good living, is a healthy market for home-produced flour, meal, and cereal goods.

The increasing flocks of poultry, herds of dairy cattle, hogs and other stock are an equally valuable market for by-products that cannot be turned into human food.

Facts are presented in this book —"Piedmont Carolinas, Where Wealth Awaits You." Send for it. Address Industrial Dept., Room 533, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C. Write.

DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

or the officers of any other department, but lobbyists? And what does lobbying mean?

That isn't the point. Any man who has a plan, measure or idea he thinks will be of advantage to the country is privileged to go to Washington, if his plan or idea needs national legislation to make it effective, and do what he can to influence favorable congressional action by argument and exemplification.

The sinister thing about it all is the widespread idea that every man or every organization of men, having been fed up with this entirely fictitious idea that legislative action always has something ulterior about it, and is the result of favor rather than of merit or expedience, goes to Washington to become the prey of the fake lobbyists, who are greater in number than the maple trees in Rock Creek Park. Suckers is right—suckerissimi!

Let us go back to the gay and gaudy days when the lobbyists had their dinners and their poker games at John Chamberlin's, when Wormley's was a famous place, when the Arlington Hotel was in its glory, and when things were high, wide and handsome. Was there much lobbying then? Undoubtedly. Were things put over by the gifted grafters who bought wine and provided terrapin? Probably. But did they have the widespread effect on legislation, bring about the change in impending things, control votes for this or that, dictate congressional action, and so on, as set forth by the sloppy writers of the day, and since perpetuated by the sob sisters and the yellow feature writers? Hoot mon! They did not. They did what grafting they could, and got away with as much as was possible, but they never were anything but grafters, and never anything but fakers.

There was the man who knew how to order a dinner and to distinguish a wine; who knew how to lose his money at poker to the proper person, and was *par excellence* a host and entertainer. Did he influence any momentous legislation? Not a line. His job was to get pork pies for his employers from Congress, and he got a good many, but as far as his real influence on public affairs was concerned, he was a wine buyer—not even a wine maker.

Washington's Third House

Well, here were dozens of them, and they gave good dinners, and provided Napoleon brandy, and wore good clothes, and played big poker, and rode around in open-faced hacks, and there is not a significant or useful law in any American statute book that they either advanced or detained by their efforts. They were claim boys and appropriation hounds and office-getting lobbyists, and they collected their commissions and generally died of diabetes, Bright's disease or arterial sclerosis. Lobbyists! Contemptible as the word is, they did not deserve even that appellation. They were all grafters, and nothing more.

But they were gaudy figures, and the correspondents, looking for color, and the sob sisters of the time, and the fictionists, and the great mass of Americans who felt that there was some special endowment of intrigue and romance and mystery about a man, or men, who could live at John Chamberlin's and consort with the mighty from up on the Hill, created these spurious heroes of the lobby, the third house, and now they are firmly fixed in our political and legislative legends.

Those were the days of the individual in business. Each man for himself and devil take the hindmost. There was no Sherman Law, no Esch-Townsend Law, no Hepburn Law. The great corporations did not have their real beginning until 1900, when the Steel Trust was formed, and what a business man had to do with legislation and politics was principally his own affair and not the affair of any combination of which he was a part. So the relations of men who came to Washington after something or to stop something were individualistic and more or less outside the law. The fellow who went to Washington had something specific in his mind, and he operated there on a purely personal basis.

When the Congress began passing these laws about trusts and combinations in restraint of trade, and having to do with the regulation of business, and so on, the influx of visitors to Washington to find out what it was all about became greater, and the increase of the number of lobbyists became prodigious. The ordinary visitor or seeker after something came into an unfamiliar atmosphere, and one colored and obscured by his preconceived ideas of what happens in Washington and how things are made to happen. He did not know anything about the real Washington, but he had a lot of ideas about the fictitious Washington.

How to See the President

The pickings for the smart boys and girls were great. They cashed in all over the place. Mr. John J. Galumphus was undoubtedly a clever man in his own community, but he was a babe in the woods when it came to finding his way around in the nation's capital. He never figured on going about his business himself in a straightforward way, but was convinced that an intermediary was necessary, owing to the intrigue, special favors, social pressure and influence, and other hokum, he felt was an inseparable part of all proceedings at Washington. Nine times out of ten he fell, and ten times out of ten his fall was hard.

The unerring facility with which these boys and girls found out the Galumphuses was amazing. They got them almost before they had been shown to their rooms in their hotels. This stuff began to flower along about 1900, and has bloomed so extensively since then that it is a great industry in Washington.

Thus began the great "I saw" era in Washington. An adding machine has not numerical facility enough to total the number of telegrams, letters, reports, and so on, that have gone out of Washington in the last thirty years beginning: "I saw." "I saw the President today." "I saw Senator Whosis today." "I saw Congressman Whathis today." And so on. Sure they did. It is easy enough to see the President any day, if one hangs around the White House long enough; and as for seeing senators and representatives, a clear and unobstructed view of most of them can be obtained by the simple expedient of going up to the Capitol and taking a seat in the public galleries of the House or Senate.

Thus, with this truthful opening gambit, the representative of the worried business man can go ahead and spin any sort of yarn he feels will fit the case and give him an excuse for remaining on the pay roll. There has been a considerable amount—a very great amount—of fiction written about Washington in books, in newspapers and in magazines, but the amount of fiction that has gone out to the business men in this country and abroad in the shape of reports on projects, conditions, politics, prospects, policies, and in prophecies, predictions and premonitions exceeds that fiction by a hundred to one, measured by the mass volume. And the amount of fictionized influence in bringing about any desired result exceeds that incalculably.

To cite only one instance—a typical and a funny one: A very delightful fellow used to make his living by "representing" various firms, individuals, and so on, who had axes to grind in Congress. One of his clients had a bill pending that he was anxious to have passed, and this man took charge of it for him for a fee, promising to exert all his great influence to secure favorable action on the measure. Naturally, he got a good retainer in advance.

For Value Received

The bill was introduced and sent to committee. The so-called representative paid no attention to it, for he had his retainer and was busy about other things. Feeling the need of a vacation, he went away for two months, but asked the doorkeeper of the House press gallery to watch things for him in his absence. When he returned and sauntered debonairly into the House press gallery, the keeper said indifferently: "That so-and-so bill you were interested in passed six weeks ago."

"You interest me," said the representative, and he walked over to the telegraph operator, and sent the following wire to his client:

"As you are no doubt aware, your bill passed the House six weeks ago, due to my efforts and influence. I have waited for a communication from you until politeness has ceased to be a virtue. Please send check for five hundred dollars immediately." And he got the check

The variations of this game were, and are now, numerous and ingenious, but the basis of the operation always is the same. Influence—that is the magic word that hooks the suckers. When an otherwise hard-headed and practical business man goes to Washington on a mission having to do with legislation or departmental affairs, he apparently begins to shed his perspective and his sense of proportion about the time he takes the train from his home town. Both these valuable commodities have vanished by the time he has reached his Washington hotel.

It makes no difference whether he goes to an elaborately officed firm of lawyers, or a sharpshooter gets at him in his room or in

(Continued on Page 213)

The Magnificent

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SPECIAL
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Only years of experience in the manufacture of millions of Grand Prize Eurekas—tremendous resources and great production make such a magnificent cleaner available at the amazingly low price of $39.50.

But to fully appreciate the new Eureka Special—you must see it... try it... in your own home... or in the store of any authorized Eureka dealer, who will gladly favor you with a most interesting demonstration with no obligation to purchase. If you so desire—convenient monthly terms can be arranged.

And until Christmas you may trade in your old electric cleaner, regardless of its condition, for a liberal allowance.

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Powerful suction removes embedded dust and dirt from the interior of your closed car.

CLEANS MATTRESSES
—also upholstered furniture and drapes. So light, powerful and convenient.

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DRIES HAIR
with warm air from its electric heater attachment—and removes chill from bath room in a few moments.

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Electric (Heater) Hair Drying Attachment $3.00

LET HIM RING THAT DOORBELL FOR YOU ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

TRIMLY UNIFORMED, alert, willing, courteous. Taking messages and delivering messages everywhere in America. Speeding them on their way all 'round the world. Running errands, carrying packages. Saving trouble. Spreading cheer. The Postal Telegraph Messenger is a swift aide to Santa Claus.

. . . bearing flowers, a book, cigars, cigarettes, candy, a message—whatever you wish to send for Christmas

AT that door where your heart turns in friendship or love—there, no matter how far away, you can speed the Postal Telegraph Messenger—happy aide of Santa Claus. On Christmas morning, with his own "Merry Christmas," he presents the gay envelope containing the message from you. And a gift of your selection bought for you in the distant city can go with your holiday greetings!

What a merry stir throughout the country this gift service of Postal Telegraph creates. An ideal Christmas present, magically spanning distance, arrives at the right moment. And with it your greeting ablaze with holiday colors.

Yet, how easy is this gracious deed of yours. Your local Postal Telegraph office and that in the distant town join in this service. Without extra charge. Christmas morning the Postal Messenger delivers your greeting and your gift.

* * *

Also, at your command, and at surprisingly low holiday rates, a cablegram greeting can be sent via any Postal Telegraph office over the International System to Europe, Asia, the Orient, the West Indies, Central and South America. Or a radiogram to those on ships at sea.

Crisp bills for stockings, funds for Christmas buying, bonuses for the home-hearth—tremendous treasures speed during the holidays over the Postal Telegraph throughout America and on to distant homelands over the sea.

Suggestions on greetings and gifts for individuals and organizations are available at all Postal Telegraph offices. Do your Christmas giving via Postal Telegraph!

TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

Postal Telegraph

Commercial Cables All America Cables Mackay Radio

(Continued from Page 210)

the hotel lobby. They are all selling the same thing—influence. Most of them have very little influence to sell, but that makes no difference. They sell what they claim they have, not what they really have. It is a discreet and secretive business. Mostly the sucker is not allowed to see the persons who are to be influenced in his behalf. He gets reports of conversations held in secluded corners of the inner and most private offices of whichever senator, or representative, or cabinet minister, or bureau chief the adroit agent is selling at the moment—conversations which are infrequently held and reports that are highly fictionized. The way these ordinarily unimpressionable men of affairs fall for this sort of bunk is amazing. And in case there should be any disbelief that they do fall for it constantly and in high quarters, there have been certain disclosures this fall that set forth a typical situation. That sort of thing is going on constantly.

Constantly, but politely. There is none of the old, flamboyant, slap-dash stuff. All is discreet and restrained. There would be no place today, for, say Bob Crane, even if an amendment to the Constitution had not eliminated Bob's source of employment and if Bob had not been gathered to his fathers. I speak of Bob Crane because he was a lobbyist and made no bones of it. He represented the brewers in Washington, and he was a big, forthright, genial man who traveled under no aliases or polite designations, or used any protective coloration. He was there to look after the interests of the brewers, and he did just that. And everybody knew him, and everybody liked him. One of the principal highways in his home state of Maryland is named after him—the Crane Highway—and down where he had his big farm, in Maryland, as well as in Baltimore and Washington, and elsewhere, Bob Crane, the lobbyist, was held in higher regard than the great bulk of these gumshoe influence hawkers who infest Washington now ever will be.

The Great Social Lobby

There were others like him before lobbying, per se, went out of fashion and we entered on the present era of public relations, engineering organization representation, bloc influence, attorney manipulation, and all the other aliases that cover the lobbying of the times. When Bob Crane flourished—and his colleagues—there, were of course, many practitioners of the business of influencing legislation and appropriations, and all this and that, and the bulk of them were bogus. But they were not smug and secretive and slithery, as they are today. They were frank about it all.

Now we have great business, reform, sociological, professional, cooperative, agricultural, and what not, organizations which have moved into Washington, taken buildings or floors in buildings, with high-powered executives and flocks of stenographers and typewriters; now we have public-relations experts who do their stuff by means of propaganda in the press and hand-outs to the newspaper boys and girls who, in my time in Washington, were press agents, but who have acquired a flossier designation than that—all lobbyists, but usually eager to escape that designation and disguise their operations with cloaks of service and public need—in addition to the large number of bunko-steerers, who flourish as they never have before.

Thus we come to the society lobby, the social influence that, it is alleged, is exerted by designing hostesses on susceptible statesmen. That is a pretty little newspaper and magazine fiction created, years ago, by English novelists and passed along to us. We love that. How exciting it is, and how romantic, and what good copy, to visualize some capable and pretty woman enticing important legislators and officials to her dinners or teas or dances, and cajoling them into favoring certain legislation or disfavoring it, and mixing in great diplomatic interchanges and having, by means of purely feminine wiles, fingers in governmental affairs.

Possibly. There may have been women in Washington who utilized the social side of Washington life for such purposes, but not many of them. The truth of it is that this society-lobby stuff almost always hinges on the rather sordid and nonromantic enterprise of getting a job for somebody, or a promotion, or something of that payroll and titular sort. The legislation that has been affected one way or the other by the society women of Washington, from the days of Dolly Madison to now, is exactly nil, but the dear ladies have undoubtedly succeeded in getting better jobs for their husbands, sons and lovers, and all that sort of thing, and that is what the society lobby amounts to, notwithstanding the glamour and importance attached to it by the chatter writers for the press.

A good dinner is as potent now as a good dinner was fifty or a hundred years ago, and it is quite likely that a female purveyor of a good dinner may mellow a senator or a representative or a chief of staff or a topside admiral to get a vote for the confirmation of a nomination or a recommendation for a promotion, or something of the sort, but this widely spread idea that important legislation is affected by the allurements of the entertaining women of Washington society is off the same bolt of bogus cloth as most of the other lobby beliefs of this country.

Possibly, there are individual legislators who are susceptible to individual influences. Likely as not, there are men in Congress and in official life in Washington who, for political and other reasons, will do things legislatively and departmentally for people who, in their turn, can help them. Self-preservation is not only the first law of politics but the entire code.

Helping Along the Party

The truth of it is that the greatest influencer of legislation in Washington, and of other governmental things, is not individual money and is campaign money. There may be some, but not many, men in Congress who would take money paid in hand for legislative service. That sort of stuff would be too crass for most of them. But there are few men in Congress who will not accept campaign money for use in their districts, states and the party to which they belong with a view of the continuance of themselves in office. There is a vast difference in the minds of legislators, say, between personal money and campaign money, albeit there have been occasions when campaign money became personal money. At least, so I have heard tell.

Wherefore, the dominating influence in the so-called lobbying that is done in Washington is largely political, whether it is in the shape of campaign funds contributed by folks who have legislative favors and protection to get or whether it is applied in the shape of votes at election time. The greatest lobbyist we have is the campaign fund. That is old Colonel Peter Q. Lobby himself.

If she is efficient —

why not he?

SMILE—if you wish—at the mid-victorian bookkeeper and his quill pen as compared with an up-to-date adding machine. But the scrub woman and her pail are just as slow and inefficient, compared with the Finnell Electric way to scrub, wax and polish floors.

The FINNELL pays for itself in time and labor saved. It yields an added profit in improved employee morale and public esteem, in decreased accidents and spoilage.

Household Model. Light, easy to handle. Refinishes home floors.

Write for Booklet, stating whether interested in models for business or home. Address FINNELLSYSTEM, Inc., 112 East Street, Elkhart, Ind., or 130 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Canada. Branches in London and Stockholm.

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ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

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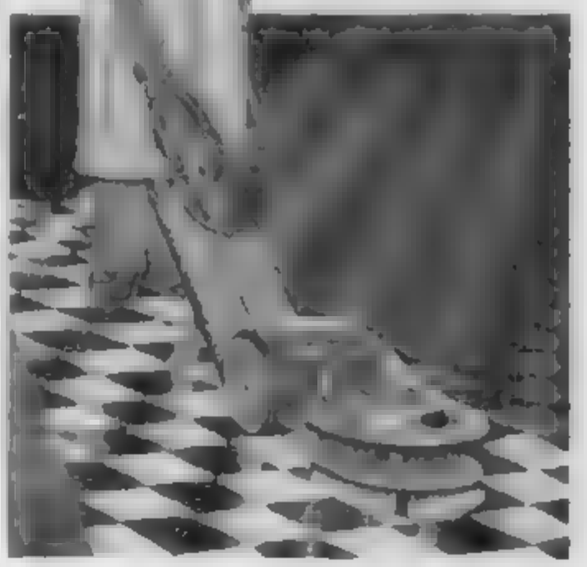
More than just a machine—FINNELL is a system. Eight models—enabling selection to fit your needs. For factories, stores, schools, hospitals, all business buildings or institutions.



Sonnets of a Home at Yuletide

AT MIDNIGHT, we may talk. Each room can speak
Of things about itself that it deems fit.
So I, the room that's used the most, will creak
And start rehearsal with my kitchen wit.
The milk crocks sun along my window ledge.
The mince pies crispen darkly in their pans.
A tanager's outside upon the hedge
To peck the millet seed She leaves in cans.
My kneading board is smooth and scrubbed and dry.
My colanders are free from trace of grime.
My pleasant pots of spices smirk, and ply
The air with whiffs of cloves and bay and thyme.
My teapot's sighing carols with its steam
Where piercing, dancing, yellow light motes stream.

There's naught the kitchen can relate of note,
But I, the dining room, am more unique.
I really am the room on which They dote.
And where They settle all Their tiffs and pique.
She found my walnut buffet, and my chairs
Back in Her mother's attic in the dust,
And substituted chints for torn horsehairs,
With ivy leaves ranged on the brown of rust.
Two tones of aster blue and maple gold
Commingle in my curtains and my rug.
The china in my cupboard's thin and scrolled,
Though there's no handle on my sirup jug.
I have but little silver, and it fell
To Them from His great-aunt, a Georgian belle.

The kitchen and the dining room will list
The lowest aspects of Their life. I boast
Its highest phase. As library, I've missed
But few important incidents, at most.
For I am where They cast pretensions off,
And where He smokes His pipe in old attire,
Unburdening mistakes, that She may scoff
At them with Him in humorous, quick ire.
My books reach round my walls in ready rows
To carry Them to London Bridge or Rome,
And in their jackets, means to bring repose
To cankered doubt is vested with each tome.
I am Their sanctuary, sensing far
Their coming, signaled by a door ajar.

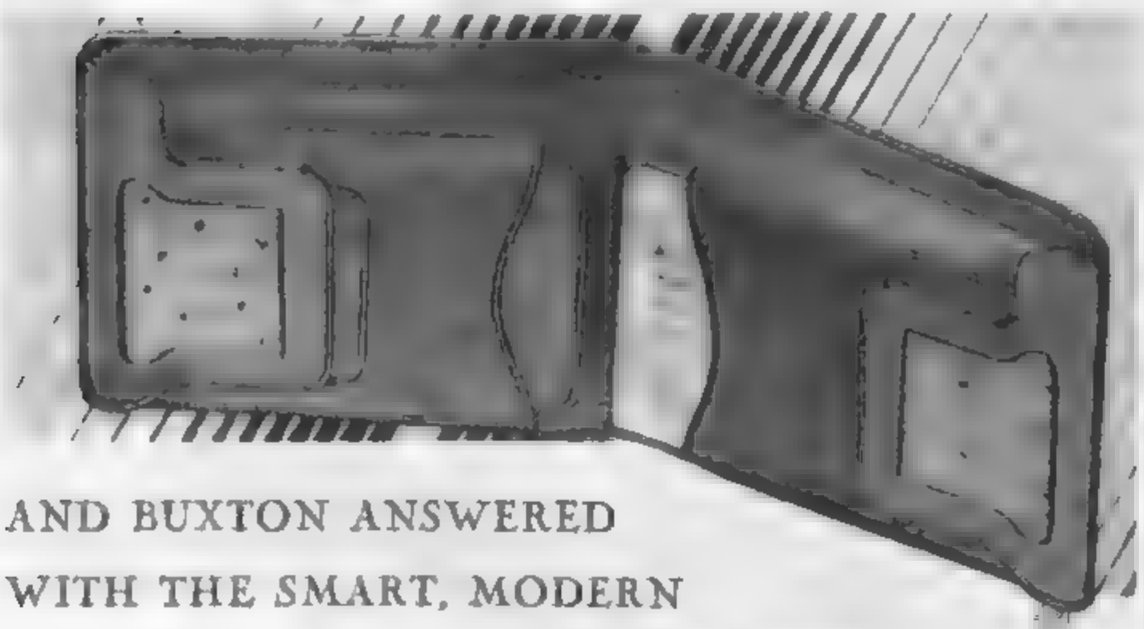
We are too full of age for such conceit,
And self-respect demands that I resent
That library's proud attitude. They meet
Most often in my living room content.
My square piano's melodies—galore—
Are favorites, and airs that are the best
Selected from the season's latest store.
And here's the pillowed couch on which They rest.
She sits beside Him on it, and They gaze
At violet and green and crimson flame
That flutters on my wood fire in a blaze
As when a stocking hung above, the same.
If She remembers then the Yuletides past,
He takes Her in His arms and holds Her fast.

Our time approaches, crowing cocks forewarn,
But I, the bedroom, beg you to recall
That it is here Their only son was born,
And here They keep a tattered mitt and ball
Upon the spinet writing desk He gave
To Her a week or so before They wed.
And in its secret drawer that's locked, They save
Their letters, precious with the things They said.
My tufted covers smell of lavender.
Her frilly robes hang on a rocker's back.
My amber lamp is but a gentle blur
That gilds Their praying shadow to a plaque.
My clock picks off the petals of twelve hours
And covers Them more softly than snow flowers.

—Sonia Ruthèle Nevák.

WOMEN ASKED EACH OTHER

"What sort of billfold does a man really want?"



AND BUXTON ANSWERED WITH THE SMART, MODERN

BILL-TAINER

SLEEK AND HANDSOME AS A FINE, THIN WATCH

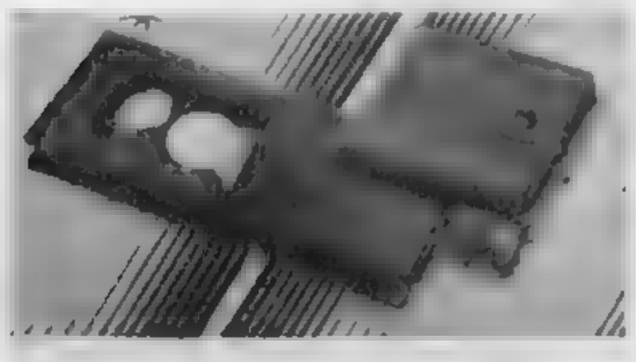
TO begin with, it folds only once—the type most men prefer. But that's *only* the beginning

No more ripped seams or ragged edges! You've noticed them on ordinary billfolds. Almost as bad as frayed cuffs, or a threadbare elbow. Decidedly embarrassing at times. The Bill-Tainer can't rip or tear—because there isn't a stitch in it . . . Ingeniously folded together instead of sewed . . . Neat and complete as long as the leather lasts!

Then—the old problem of bulking and bulging . . . refusing to conform to a man's pocket . . . Buxton has banished those annoyances, too. Patented "sliding" and stitchless construction allows the Bill-Tainer to fold flat and compact even when full. And never before were a man's pocket essentials so well organized Two compartments divided by a full-length partition—a place for small bills —a larger pocket for big bills, checks, miscellaneous papers—and a special place for cards, licenses, stamps.

Good-looking? Try it on the most fastidious male. He'd be glad to carry it for appearance alone! Handmade throughout by the same craftsmen who created the famous Buxton Key-Tainer. Illustration above shows the Bill-Tainer finished in handsome Ostrich Inlay on finest calfskin. Priced at $10. Other distinctive leathers from $3.50 up

If your dealer does not carry Bill-Tainers, write to Buxton, Inc., 115 Main Street, Springfield, Mass



At left—the new "Tri-Tainer" model of the Bill-Tainer—last word in combined accommodation for bills, coins and cards. Small, flexible, convenient. Clasp holds it securely closed. Several handsome leathers $5 up

BUXTON BILL-TAINERS

Not a stitch to rip or tear

SLAVES OF HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from Page 5)

bohemian eating resort. Having watched him settle, they seat themselves at a table immediately behind him.

For some moments there is silence, broken only by the sound of the author eating celery. Then Mr. Lasky addresses Mr. Zukor, raising his voice slightly.

"Whatever was the name of that girl?" he says meditatively.

"What girl?" asks Mr. Zukor, taking his cue.

"That tall, blond girl."

"What tall, blond girl?"

"The one in the pink bathing suit at that Beach Club party."

"You mean the one with the freckle in the small of the back?"

"A freckle? A mole, I always understood."

"No, a freckle—just over the base of the spinal cord."

"Well, be that as it may, what was her name?"

"I forgot. I'll ask her when we get back. I know her intimately."

Here they pause, but not for long. There is a sound of quick, emotional breathing. The author is standing beside them, a rapt expression on his face.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he says, "for interrupting what was intended to be a private conversation, but I fancy I overheard you saying that you were intimately acquainted with a tall, blond girl in the habit of wearing bathing suits of just the type I like best. It is for a girl of that description, oddly enough, that I have been scouring the country for years. Where may she be found?"

"In Heaven's Back Garden—Hollywood," says Mr. Lasky.

"Pity you can't meet her," says Mr. Zukor.

"If you were by any chance an author," says Mr. Lasky, "we could take you back with us tomorrow."

The Trap Snaps

"Prepare yourselves for a surprise, gentlemen," says the victim. "I am an author. J. Montague Breamworthy. 'His powerfully devised situations'—New York Times. 'Sheer, stark realism'—Herald-Tribune. 'Not a dull page'—Woman's Wear."

"In that case," said Mr. Lasky, producing a contract, "sign here."

"Where my thumb is," says Mr. Zukor.

The trap has snapped

When this plan fails, sterner methods are employed. The demand for authors at Hollywood has led to the revival of the old press gang. Competition between the studios has become so keen that nowadays no one is safe, even if he merely looks like an author.

I heard of one very interesting case. It appears that there was a man who had gone out West hoping to locate oil. He was, indeed, one of those men without a thought in the world outside of oil. Give him oil, and he was happy. Withhold oil from him, and the sun went in and the bluebirds stopped singing.

The last thing he had ever thought of doing was to be an author. With the exception of letters and an occasional telegram of greeting to some relative at Christmas, he had never written anything in his life. But, by some curious chance, it happened that his appearance was that of one capable of the highest feats in the way of dialogue. He had a domelike head, tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, and that rather cynical twist of the upper lip which generally means an epigram on the way.

Still, as I say, he was not a writer, and no one was more surprised than himself when, walking along a deserted street in Los Angeles, thinking about oil, he was suddenly set upon by masked men, chloroformed, and whisked away in a closed car. When he came to himself, he was in a hutch on the Fox lot with a pad and a sharpened pencil before him, and stern-featured men were telling him to get busy and turn out something with lots of sex in it, but not too much, because of Will Hays.

Advice to Author Fanciers

The story has a curious sequel. A philosopher at heart, he accepted the situation. He wrenched his mind away from oil and scribbled a few sentences that happened to come into his head. He found, as so many have found, that an author's is the easiest job in existence, and soon he was scratching away as merrily as the oldest and highest-browed inhabitant. And that is how Eugene O'Neill got his start.

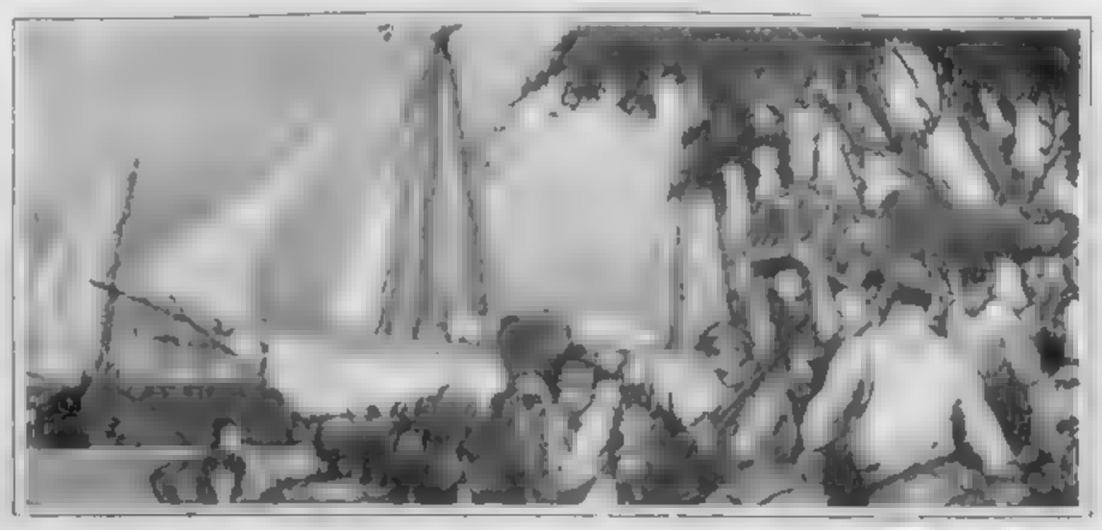
But not every kidnaped author accepts his fate so equably. The majority endeavor to escape. But it is useless. Even if the rigors of the pitiless California climate do not drive them back to shelter, capture is certain, for the motion-picture magnates stick at nothing. When I was in Hollywood, there was much indignation among the better element of the community over the pursuit of one unfortunate whom the harshness of his director—a man of the name of Legree—had driven to desperation. He ran away, and, if I got the story correctly, they chased him across the ice with bloodhounds.

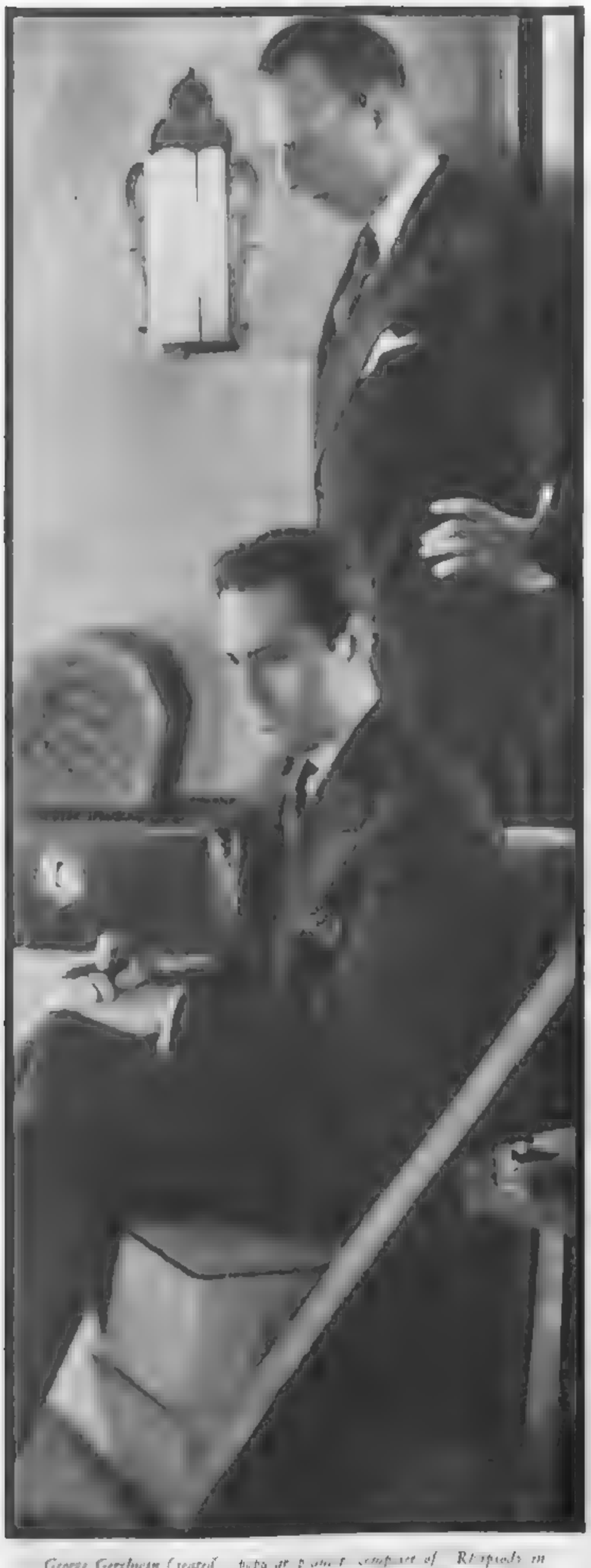
The whole affair was very unpleasant and has shocked the soft-hearted greatly. So much so that a Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe, of 3410 Sunset Avenue and Beverly, told me that, if she could fix up the movie end with Metro-Goldwyn, she intended to write a book about it which would stir the world.

"Boy," she said to me, "it will be a scorcher!"

And there the matter rests.

Such are the facts. As to what is to be done about it, I confess I am a little vague. I can only recommend author fanciers to exercise from now on incessant vigilance. When you take your pet for a walk, keep an eye on him. If he goes sniffing after strange men, whistle him back. And remember that the spring is the dangerous time. In the spring authors get restless and start dreaming about bathing parties. It is easy to detect the symptoms. The moment yours begins muttering about the "Golden West" and "God's sunshine" and "Out there beyond the stifling city," put sulphur in his absinth and lock him up in the kitchenette.





George Gershwin (seated) plays at a recent concert of Rhapsody in Blue and the interpreter of the American spirit in music, the late Roxy in New York. Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, listens to Mr. Gershwin's comment and criticism

America's famous composer GERSHWIN contributes to CROSLEY TONE QUALITY

IN New York, George Gershwin, Powel Crosley, Jr., and a little group of experts are gathered around a new Crosley Radio Music sweeps in. Gershwin listens. He analyses the tone quality of the receiving set. He comments, recommends. The expert judgment of the popular pianist and composer, given directly to Crosley engineers!

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For this purpose, Crosley receiving sets are placed in the homes of these artists.

In this manner the great authorities on music and voice regularly contribute to this new richness, color, fullness and purity of Crosley tone quality a perfection that mechanical tests alone could never attain!

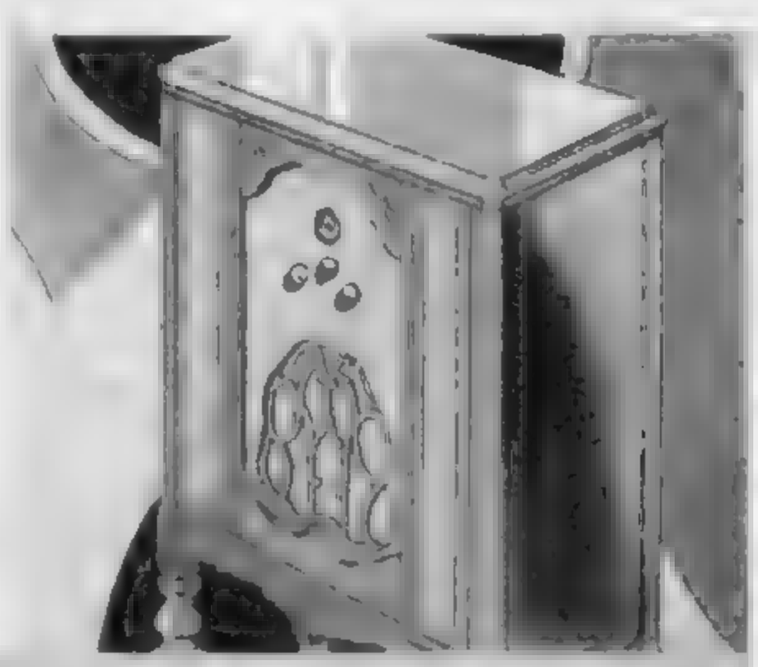
This beautiful tone, developed to the highest technical degree in the laboratory, then "ear tested" by America's foremost musical artists, is *exclusive* with Crosley

Hear it yourself at any Crosley dealer's and be convinced. You will be amazed and delighted!

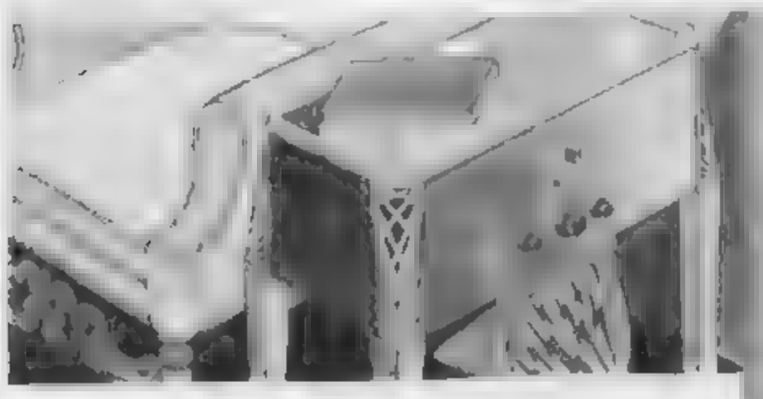
There is a wide variety of Crosley table and cabinet models to choose from. They embody every modern feature: Screen Grid, Neutrodyne circuits, Power Detection, phonograph pick-up, Dynacoil and Dynacone Speakers, etc. . . . *at the new low prices!*

Arrange with the nearest authorized dealer to place any Crosley model in your home for a free trial. If you keep it, payments may be arranged on easy terms if you desire them. Ask the dealer for details

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Home of WLW, "the Nation's Station"



One of the wide range of Crosley A. C. Screen Grid cabinet models, priced at $112 (without tubes) Crosley builds sets for direct current, alternating current, and battery operation, at prices ranging from $49 to $160 Western prices slightly higher



Crosley table models, similar to above, with 7 or 8 tube Screen A. C. Grid sets, range in price from $56.50 to $85 (without accessories). Western prices slightly higher. No matter where you live Crosley builds a radio set to suit your pocketbook

You're there with a

CROSLEY

Just as Upson Board is fittingly adapted for recovering old, cracked ceilings, so Upson Fibre-Tile gives new life and beauty to the bath and kitchen. It can be finished in any of the alluring colors now so much in vogue

This Early American room—formerly forlorn and antiquated—has been given new and added beauty with Upsonized walls and ceiling The walls are finished in brown ivory and ceiling in a lighter ivory This is typical of what can be done with an old room having cracked walls and ceilings. In new construction the beams may be omitted Detail blue print of this room furnished on request

New Rooms *for* Old!

UPSONIZED walls and ceilings bring lasting charm to any room. Nearly every home has at least one room that is a source of constant embarrassment, because of ugly, cracked plaster.

No one need longer apologize for cracked and unsightly ceilings. When Upsonized, any type of room can be made to reflect the personality of the owner.

• • •

YOUR friends judge you by your home.

Your pride . . . your personality . . . your prosperity . . . are reflected by it!

That is why pleasing and characterful interiors are so vitally important.

For walls and ceilings *are* the background—the keynote for furnishings. Even the finest of furnishings may look cheap and tawdry against cracked or ugly walls

Thousands of homes . . . old and new . . . enjoy the satisfying beauty and permanence of *crack*-proof Upsonized interiors.

One of the smart methods of treating ceilings today is the New "Upson Relief," which gives the beauty of hand-modeled plaster at a fraction of the cost. Especially adapted for recovering old ceilings.

Any good carpenter can apply an Upson Relief Ceiling . . . over old plaster . . . or to studs in new construction.

Upson Self-Clinching Fasteners *anchor* the panels securely in place from the back, eliminating ugly nail marks so often seen in other boards.

The Upson Studio of Decoration and Color will gladly furnish *suggestive* blue prints for your carpenter to follow, and directions for finishing which can be carried out by any good painter.

Both Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile excel in resistance to jars, blows, heat, cold, moisture . . . even ordinary leaks . . . as compared with needlessly heavy and brittle boards.

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Name

Address

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THE SHAGGY LEGION

(Continued from Page 39)

seemed to close only by inches. At the end of a mile the horse was breathing heavily. Stone glanced back over his shoulder and saw only the lifeless green of the prairie. He had crossed another low divide after distancing Coleman. Well, at least he had showed the self-sufficient young plainsman that he was no mean competitor in a race. The main herd was streaming over a low roll of ground two miles or more ahead. The last of them disappeared and in all that sunlit expanse of green there was only the wounded cow moving ahead of Stone. Suddenly she lurched in her stride, ran in a crazy half circle and pitched down. The horse came to a stop, sides heaving, dripping at every pore, its breathing labored. Stone dismounted and finished the cow with a shot behind the ear—the last shot in the big Navy revolver.

V

BRECK COLEMAN turned in his saddle as soon as Stone disappeared in the wake of the rushing herd. He executed a few signals which one of the three Mandans behind signified that he understood. Two of the Indians mounted and rode on after Coleman. The third headed back to the three troopers. He pointed in the direction of the chase, then rode on to summon the rest of the party.

Coleman held on in the direction in which Stone had disappeared. He rode at a trot to cool off his horse gradually after the run. There was no sign of Lieutenant Stone in the next mile-wide sag of the prairie. From far ahead there drifted the heavy reports of black powder.

"Now his pistol's empty," Coleman commented aloud, "and his horse run to a standstill, likely."

Stone, however, was not concerned with such matters. His entire attention was centered in his prize. He examined the dead cow at some length. Coleman and the others would not come on, probably, until they had dressed out such meat as the party could use.

The vast emptiness round him seemed somewhat incredible after the recent scene with tens of thousands of great brown bodies rushing across the green spring prairies. Now there was not a living creature within sight. Stone's glance circled the horizon. Apparently he was located near the center of a great shallow depression, fashioned by Nature into the semblance of a mammoth soup plate; its rims miles out in all directions, but very little higher than its floor. He detected a slight movement far off on the rim of that plate. There were a number of small, moving specks. They seemed to be traveling with a queer flopping gait. Stone leaped to the conclusion that he had sighted a flock of turkeys. They wheeled into a huddle as he glanced toward them. He mounted his horse and rode him in slow circles round the dead buffalo so that the animal would not cool off too rapidly. He was glad to have shown Coleman that he could run down and shoot buffaloes with the best of them. Some day he'd show the young plainsman that he also could take part with equal efficiency in an Indian scrimmage. Confound it! Why was he so concerned about making a good impression on Coleman anyway? What could the latter's opinion amount to in his life? No doubt his wish to impress Coleman was because General Crook—veteran of many Indian wars and whose knowledge of the red men equaled that of the plainsmen—had given Coleman such a high rating as a scout. As Stone swung round the circle he saw Coleman riding slowly toward him, still almost a mile away.

"Buffalo tongue and rib roast tonight," the plainsman greeted as he rode up, eying the dead cow.

Two Mandans had appeared and were riding toward them. Stone recalled the fact that he had not recharged his weapons. He measured the powder into the chambers, rammed home the bullets and fitted fresh percussion caps on the nipples. This in turn reminded him of Coleman's advice against emptying both rifle and pistol at the same time.

"You were remarking about Sioux," he said. "Being at war with the Mandans, they wouldn't venture so near the Mandan village, would they?"

"It's the favorite stamping grounds of war parties of young Sioux braves," Coleman said. "They loiter round, watching a chance to steal horses or to cut off Mandan squaws and children out to gather roots or fruit. If their scouts see a buffalo stampede they suspect that a Mandan hunting party caused it, likely. At the end of a buffalo chase the hunters are scattered out, arrows and ammunition mostly shot away and their horses run to a standstill. The Sioux are wolves at timing it to pounce about then and collect easy scalps."

Stone's pride of accomplishment rather trickled away as he recalled that his own horse had been completely spent at the moment when both rifle and pistol had been guiltless of charges.

"I didn't see anything more dangerous than a flock of turkeys half a mile off there," he said, pointing.

Coleman nodded as he watched the three troopers swing into view. The two Mandans arrived and, after a brief conversation with Coleman, kindled a fire of buffalo chips. Stone might have observed, but did not, the fact that Coleman and the Mandans trained their eyes frequently toward the low rims of the basin in the direction in which he had seen the turkeys. There was a certain casual alertness in their manner. The sun was still more than an hour high. Stone was rather surprised at Coleman's suggestion that the little spring near by would make a good camp site. Again he experienced that sense of irritation. Coleman was not under his command -not attached to the Army as a regular scout. He had volunteered to guide the party at General Crook's insistence, as a matter of personal friendship. Coleman always suggested, never seemed to dictate, but there was something about his manner of suggesting which conveyed the impression of a certain logical finality. But Stone merely nodded acquiescence. The rest of the party arrived with the pack horses. A whole side of buffalo ribs was propped slantingly above the fire and bits of tongue and hump meat soon were roasting, impaled upon arrow shafts and ramrods.

The sun sank low in the west, leaving only a gold and old-rose afterglow to shed its waning light across the darkening prairies. The horizons were drawing in. Horses cropped eagerly near by. One after another the Mandans slipped away from the fire and disappeared upon some mysterious business of their own. Coleman answered Stone's questions, but the plainsman's attention seemed to be elsewhere, as if his every sense had been employed to sweep that outer darkness. The enlisted men crossed to the dead cow to cut off a few more choice steaks for the morrow.

Coleman had loaded his pipe and the smoke ascended from it in lazy spirals. "Not a bad place to stay the night," he said, "if it warn't for those pesky Sioux keeping an eye on us."

Stone turned with swift interest. "Do you think that Sioux are watching us?"

"Dead certain," Coleman said. "This clear air deceives folks at first; up until they get used to new measures for judging distance. You can see a long ways out here. Makes big objects quite a piece away look like smaller objects nearer to hand. Now, that flock of turkeys you thought you saw a half mile off was a war party of mounted Sioux more'n two mile away. Several of 'em was decked out in war bonnets and as they flounced along they did look a sight like turkeys."

"You saw them?" Stone asked.

"Yes. And they saw me. That's why they halted and wheeled into a huddle, then ducked back out of sight across that little ridge as soon as they sighted me. They'd figured to jump a Mandan hunting party. First glimpse of your uniform and the miscreants knew that it was a soldier outfit that had been haxing the buffalo. But how big was the outfit? Anyway, there you was, fair game, and no one else in sight. Good chance to swoop down and lift your hair before help arrived. They started their run just as I rode into view. They knew there'd be scouts with a soldier outfit. See? There might be a hundred troopers just behind me over the rise. So the Sioux ducked back to watch how things would break. That's the way an Injun's mind works, and as soon as they headed back I knew there warn't any immediate danger. Our outfit kept stringing in a few at a time and still the Sioux couldn't know for sure that more warn't on the way. But they know now."

Lieutenant Stone experienced a sense of complete deflation. He pictured that tale going the rounds of Army circles—his horse run to a standstill, his weapons unloaded, and then his having mistaken a war party of mounted Sioux for a flock of wild turkeys. Never would he be able to live that story down.

"I wouldn't mind a brush with them," he said earnestly.

"No," said Coleman. "No, I know you wouldn't. But there's more officers new to the plains that parts company from their hair by being overanxious to fight on any terms than there is by exercising a mite of caution. I only sighted about twenty, but there might be ten times that many."

"What do you suggest, then?" Stone inquired stiffly.

It had been quite dark for half an hour. "They're satisfied by now that we didn't get sight of them. Likely they'll give us a chance to get to sleep and then stampede our horses, leaving us afoot so they can make a try for us tomorrow. We can start soon now and give the varmints the run-around."

They discussed ways and means. Outwardly, Stone was all soldier, calm and unruffled. Inside, his spirit was shriveled by the thought of how inevitably the tale of his double error would be relished by fellow officers. But he merely acquiesced in such suggestions as Coleman made. Crook had said, "If anything comes up, do as Coleman says." Then the veteran had called Stone back to add, dispensing with military formality, "Listen, Stone. Those 're orders. Young officers—and old, too, for the matter o' that—who override the judgment of their scouts in Indian country are due for trouble, and plenty of it. Don't you get such notions too. You listen to Coleman." Well, he was listening to Coleman now, outwardly cool and concise, despite that secret, rankling sense of injured self-esteem.

The enlisted men returned from their work of securing meat from the slain cow.

Before Stone could speak, Coleman opened up conversationally: "The lieutenant has decided to make a night march of it to give the slip to a parcel of Sioux that's been a-watching us. The lieutenant and me spotted them before you all arrived." He turned to Stone, "I'll be 'tending to my end of it, lieutenant, and ready to pull out any time you give the order."

Stone's resentment ebbed and gradually was transformed into relief and a warm gratitude as Coleman's back disappeared in the outer darkness. It seemed that the plainsman did not intend to make capital of his error. Quietly, Stone issued the orders to his men. They saddled in the outer darkness. Coleman and the Mandans packed the extra horses.

Fresh fuel was added to the fire. Then the party moved off, maintaining strict silence. The gold points of the stars seemed

(Continued on Page 220)

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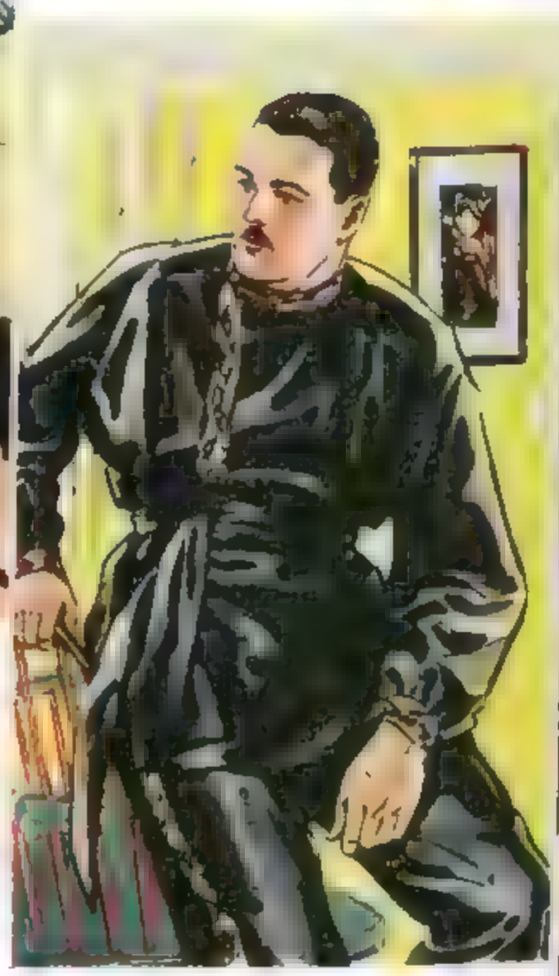

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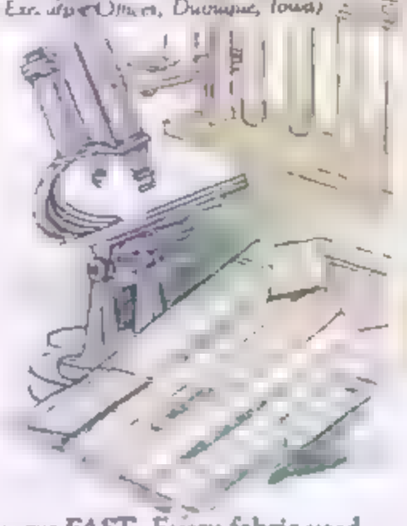

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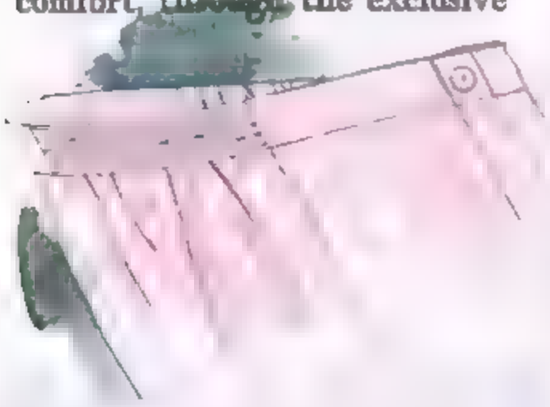

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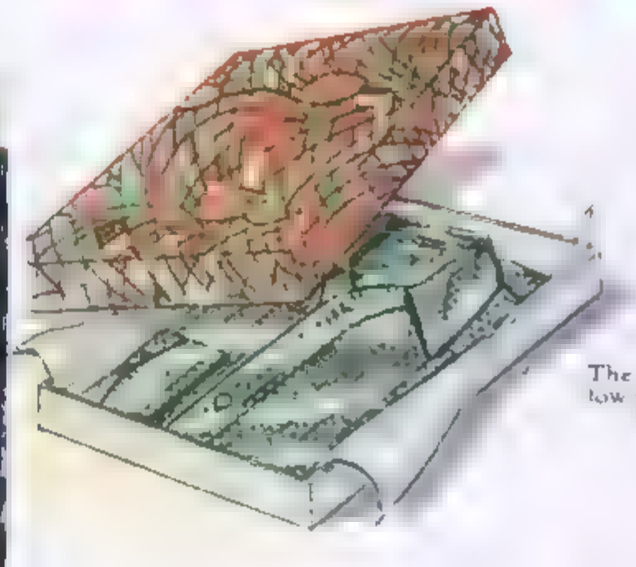

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Right—The MONTPARNASSE, $4.50—even the trousers are button less. Charmeuse

Lower right—The WEEK-END, $10—for lounge wear or for sleeping. Fine broadcloth in blue, peach, green or tone

Pajamas

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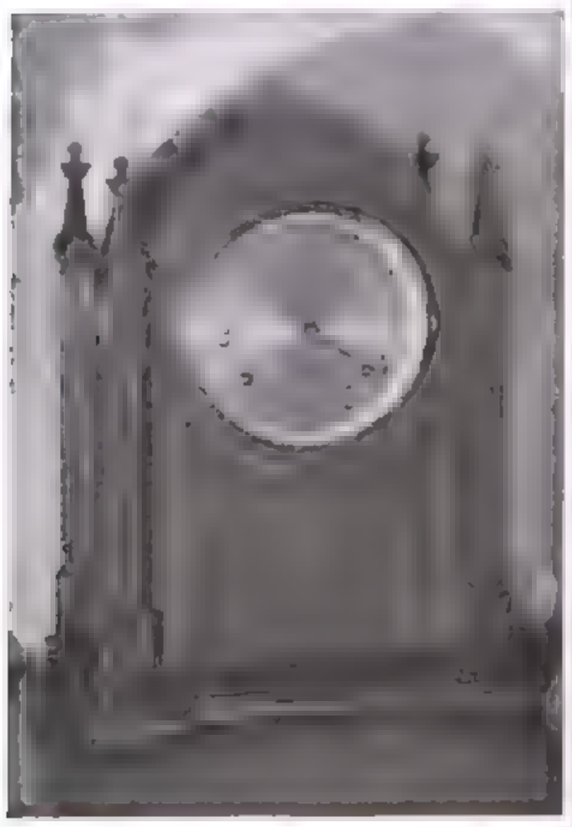
OLD-WORLD WITCHERY



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WRVA	Richmond, Va.		
WWVA	Wheeling	KGO	Oakland, Calif
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SESSIONS CLOCKS

WESTMINSTER CHIMES

OLD-WORLD WITCHERY

(Continued from Page 217)

close overhead in the cloudless steel-blue canopy of the sky. After covering two miles at a walk, Coleman eased his horse into a trot and held on steadily for an hour.

"It's no ways likely they'll jump us at night," he said then to Stone. "Injuns are downright averse to night skirmishes, except maybe to creep up on a sleeping camp sometimes; and even that's infrequent."

"Will they take our trail tomorrow?" Stone inquired.

"No telling. They'll know there's small chance to surprise us, now that we're on the watch for them; so they may not take our track. Then again, they might."

A halt was called at midnight. The troopers snatched two hours' sleep while the Mandans stood guard and rode herd on the horses as they grazed. Then the march was resumed. Coleman turned in his saddle at intervals to peer back through the night. After two hours he reined in his horse. Far away on their back track, twenty miles or more perhaps, a brilliant pin point of light glowed redly.

"Signal fire," he said to Stone, pointing.

"That's a bright star on the horizon, isn't it?" Stone countered.

"Injun fire on a prairie knoll," Coleman said. "Watch it."

The bright point of light disappeared as Stone gazed at it, reappeared half a minute later, blinked out again and continued its strange performance at varying intervals.

"They hold a buffalo robe in front of it, then pull it aside," Coleman explained. "There's other war parties of Sioux out hereabouts and that first parcel of miscreants is signaling our numbers and which way we're headed."

He turned and rode on. Faint gray light, then crimson dawn thrust up in the east. Coleman selected a tiny stream that threaded a wide, shallow valley and suggested that it was a likely spot to camp. The sun was an hour high by then.

Stone looked about him. There was an unobstructed view for miles in all directions. He did not, in fact, realize just how far he could see until his vision focused upon thousands of tiny specks and, with a shock of surprise, he recognized them as buffaloes.

"No cover here," he said. "Indians could see us for five miles."

"And we can see them just as far," Coleman returned. "Camp in cover that'll hide a snake, and Injuns can work up all round you. Out here they can't. If you're out to surprise Injuns, camp in cover. If they're out after you, camp in the clear."

The horses were hobbled and turned out to graze. The party ate; then slept. Stone felt almost indecently exposed. He waked frequently, always to find one or two Mandans sitting round gorging on raw buffalo meat. Once he opened his eyes to find Coleman and the Mandans awake and watching several hundred buffaloes that had come in to water at the little stream some distance below camp. An hour later he waked again to find Coleman propped upon an elbow, apparently staring vacantly at nothing in particular. The Mandans, too, were gazing in the same direction. Stone saw only the distant herds of buffaloes. Then he observed a tiny cloud floating above the far horizon. It flattened out upon some current of the upper air and another pufflike cloud ascended toward it.

"Smoke puffs," Coleman said.

The party started on at noon. Within half a dozen miles the country became somewhat rougher, the ridges higher, the valleys deeper and less than a mile in width. Coleman spoke to the Mandans in their native tongue. Thereafter some one of the warriors rode well in the lead, topping out on the next ridge ahead while the main party was still traversing the floor of the valley.

On each rise he halted his horse for a minute and sat there motionless. After some three hours on the march, the horse of the Mandan scout whirled round several times as he topped out on a ridge half a mile or more away.

"Better give the order to dismount and corral, lieutenant," Coleman said. "The Sioux will be onto us."

"Sioux? Where?" Stone could see no enemy.

"When an Injun scout sets his pony motionless on some high point, it means that he can see considerable country and no enemies in sight. When he whirls his horse round in short circles it means: 'Gather together quick—enemy coming.' And he throwed out his right arm and drew his hand across his throat. That's the sign language for cutthroat, meaning Sioux, in use by every tribe on the plains. Better corral, lieutenant. They're a-coming and no mistake."

Still doubtful that a man could divine all that simply from a casual glance at a distant Indian scout, Stone looked about him. There was not a stick of cover, nothing but the short curly mat of buffalo grass.

"Best possible place to make a stand," Coleman said. "Wherever there's cover to hide a snake, Injuns will find some way to crawl up in range and pick you off."

The Mandan scout had whirled his pony and was now heading back at a full run toward the main party. Stone's eyes were riveted on that low wave of ground behind the racing scout. It showed green and smooth and peaceful against the sky. Then suddenly it boiled with movement. All along its crest, mounted warriors popped into view, their ponies ranging from milk white to raven black. The savages, naked save for breech clouts, were painted with black soot, ocher, vermilion and white clay. Gaudy streamers fluttered from glittering lance heads. Here and there a gorgeous war bonnet trailed in the wind.

"Dismount! Corral! Horses' heads to the center!" Stone ordered. In a space of seconds troopers and Mandans alike stood in a compact circle, the heads of pack horses and saddle animals turned to the center, their rumps and legs forming a barricade of living horseflesh that accorded almost perfect protection, save for the tops of the men's heads as they peered along the barrels of their rifles between saddles and packs. The Mandan scout had joined the circle, wedging his pony between the bodies of two cavalry mounts.

"Fifty-odd," Coleman estimated. "They won't run up on us here likely. They'll circle round and whoop."

As if his prediction had been an order, the apparent charge broke at a distance of two hundred yards and developed into an encircling movement while the dread gobble of the Sioux war whoop rose in yelping volume. With their ponies running furiously, the long file of warriors swooped in a wide circle. An occasional puff of white spurted forth as some brave fired his musket. The Mandans, despite Coleman's counsel, tried an occasional shot and shouted insults at the Sioux, daring them to attack. The troopers stood fast, awaiting Stone's orders to fire.

Stone, in turn, waited for the expected attack, when the fire of his men would become more effective at close quarters. Then suddenly, as leaves are dispersed by the wind, the Sioux scattered, wheeling across the prairies to reform a half mile away.

"What the devil?" Stone demanded. "Almost four times our number and drawing off without a charge?"

"Sioux he come back. You wait see," a Mandan said in English.

"How do you know?" Stone asked.

The Mandan merely said. "Sioux come back."

"Sign talk is common to all plains tribes," Coleman explained. "Most of the time that an Injun is orating with his mouth he's also a-talking with his hands, at least sketching in the high points of his subject. And another Injun usually can tell you whether the enemy is talking about coming back, planning to jump you later on better ground or on quitting the fight altogether, just from watching the leaders conversing half a mile away. They're seldom wrong."

"Sioux he come," the Mandan reaffirmed positively.

"They could ride us down with one headlong charge, if only they knew it," Stone said.

"They do know it, but they know it would cost a dozen or more braves," Coleman said. "To an Injun leader, that's a high price to pay for victory. They're the greatest strategists and horseback fighters in the world, but they don't consider certain heavy loss good strategy. They think it's plain damn foolishness. Likely they'll try to charge in close enough to stampede our horses and scatter us. If they do, our hair ain't worth a puff o' smoke. If they can't make out to scatter us, 'tain't anyways likely they'll charge home."

Stone had heard from Army officers of long experience in the Indian wars that this corral formation had been adopted by the early trappers and that the savages, except under unusual circumstances, hesitated to attack even vastly inferior numbers when such tactics were put in use.

"Now Sioux come quick," the Mandan said.

"Yeah. They're a-coming," Coleman agreed.

Even as he spoke, the Sioux gave voice to the war whoop and raced furiously down upon the huddled group of men and horses on the open prairie. When within four hundred yards, a chief halted his pony on a prairie knoll and from that point directed every movement of his warriors by sign talk. This time the charge was pressed to within a hundred yards. Then it suddenly fanned out into the usual circling formation. As the beleaguered men peered down their rifles, every attacking warrior threw himself upon the far side of his pony, effectually concealed from view. Then, suddenly, a dozen ponies, breaking from different points of the encircling line, spurted swiftly in a closer spiral. Their concealed riders shrieked hideously, some of them flapping buffalo robes, others discharging arrows from beneath their ponies' necks with incredible rapidity.

"Fire at will!" Stone's barked command rose above the clamor.

Troopers fired at these swooping hawks of the prairies as they spurted past. The horses reared and plunged as the arrows found them. Necessarily, while struggling to control the horses, with their targets flitting past like skimming swallows, the fire of the troopers was none too effective. A soldier shot a passing pony through the shoulder. As the animal went down its rider landed on his feet and made a running mount behind a comrade. Stone brought down a pony that flitted past within twenty yards. As the dismounted Sioux gained the back of a comrade's horse, Coleman, who had awaited such an opportunity, shot him in the arm pit.

The Sioux slid from the horse and sprawled upon the prairie. Instantly two warriors swooped to retrieve his body. Regardless of the fire of the defenders, the two mounted braves leaned from their saddles, each seizing a foot of the dead warrior as they raced past, lifted the body and flung it across the neck of one rescuer's pony. Coleman and Stone fired again. The doubly burdened war horse staggered a dozen yards and went down. Coleman shot the unwounded savage through the back at the instant that Stone's bullet went through his head.

A dozen braves, each concealed on the offside of his horse, streamed past between the two fallen Sioux and the whites, loosing a swarm of arrows as they passed. Under cover of this movement, others darted in and carried away with them the two bodies. Then, swiftly as they had come, the Sioux were gone, scattered widely and racing across the prairie. The troopers and the Mandans had slain another pair of Sioux and seriously wounded several others, all of whom similarly had been carried off. Eight dead ponies dotted the near-by prairie.

A Mandan had been shot through the middle by a chance arrow that had slipped through between the horses. The point

(Continued on Page 222)

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(Continued from Page 220)

protruded from his back. The shaft was extracted, big wooden plugs being forced into the wounds to prevent bleeding. The Mandan submitted to these ministrations without sign of discomfort. A trooper had been shot through the calf of the leg.

The Sioux had halted half a mile away and the leading warriors were conferring.

"Sioux he pretty soon ride off -no come back," a Mandan said, after watching for a time.

A chief rode alone to within three hundred yards of the party to deliver a harangue. Both Coleman and the Mandans could read the sign talk which the chief used as an accompaniment to his discourse.

"He's cussing us out for killing buffalo and leaving the big part of the kill where it fell," Coleman explained to Stone. "It's the same old grievance that all the plains tribes bring up."

The Sioux rode off across the prairies and the little cavalcade resumed its march.

VI

"TRAIL'S end," Coleman announced some days thereafter. "It ought to be somewheres within a few miles."

The Mandans had divided, scattering up the creek and down its course on either side while the soldier contingent waited. Within the hour, a Mandan rode into view on a high point of ground upstream, removed his buffalo robe and waved it.

"All right; he's found them," Coleman said, and Lieutenant Stone gave the order for his men to mount.

The scene which they viewed shortly thereafter was a grisly one. A gully, the result of a buffalo trail that had been worn into a deep and narrow cut by drainage water, led from the level prairie to the bed of the creek, its entire length not exceeding thirty yards. The little gulch was barely three feet wide at the top, narrowing to but a foot or so at the bottom. Midway of the floor of this tiny arroyo the bodies of five men reposed. They were near skeletons. Clothing had been torn to shreds and loose earth had been filtered through the tattered fragments.

At Coleman's suggestion, Stone gave orders for his men to remain well back from the spot while Coleman and the Mandans made a minute examination of the surroundings. The officer accompanied Coleman as the plainsman made his investigation.

"Do you think you can determine what tribe did it?" Stone inquired.

"Likely," Coleman predicted.

A hunting party of Arikaras, coming into a post on the Upper Missouri a few weeks before, had reported the finding of the slain men. Stone's party had been dispatched to investigate and to give the men a decent burial.

"It's the work of white men," Coleman announced unhesitatingly after a cursory survey.

"But the men are scalped," Stone objected.

Coleman nodded, mounted his horse and, followed by Stone, rode to a point a hundred yards away at a Mandan's summons. There were evidences of a temporary camp at that point. Forty or more small skeletons were scattered round the vicinity.

"H'm," Coleman muttered. "That accounts for why they was killed."

"Yes?" Stone inquired.

"They was wolfers, those five," Coleman said. "Not much question but what they was killed for their outfit and their winter's haul of wolf pelts." He examined the surroundings. "They hadn't camped here long. Only stopped over a day likely, to skin out such wolves as they'd collected from poison blues put in hereabouts by one or two of their number a few days before. It was done the last of the winter or early spring."

"How do you make that out?" Stone inquired.

Coleman pointed to a spot some fifteen feet across where the buffalo grass was exceptionally tall and green. "Here's where their fire was, and it spread out eight-ten feet on all sides through the dry grass before they stamped the edges out, like it always does when the grass is dry. The frost warn't out o' the ground yet. It was iron hard. Notice that the wagon wheels scarcely dented the surface. Not much signs of a battle, as if they'd put up a fight. Wolfers would have been armed with better guns than the average soldier outfit has—Sharps and the new repeatin' .44 Henry. There'd be ca'tridges scattered round by the hundred. There's no dead horses or mules, as there likely would have been if there'd been much of a fight."

"Couldn't Indians have crept up at daylight and killed the lot of them at the first fire?" Stone asked.

"Yes. There's that to think about," Coleman agreed. "But there'd have been arrows scattered round aplenty, and other trinkets. Next place, Injuns would have stripped every body bare o' clothes, both to get the garments for themselves and so's they could mutilate the remains. Injuns mighty near always do that. It ain't just plain ferocity, like some believe. It's religion, sort of, or superstition—whatever you're a-mind to name it. An Injun believes that a man appears in the happy hunting grounds with his carcass in the same shape it's left behind by the parties that killed him. That's the reason plains Injuns will run the worst chances to carry off the remainders of a dead friend in battle before the enemy can snatch his hair and hack him up. You saw that with the Sioux."

"Yes," Stone assented.

"Then again, Injuns would have left the men where they fell. They'd never have packed the bodies a hundred yards and dropped 'em in that crack o' ground and kicked the edges in so's dirt would cover them. Not an Injun! That was done so's the bodies wouldn't be discovered -and scalped so if they was chanced across, it would be put down as the work of savages. Of course the wolves scratched the dirt off and worked on them a considerable."

Again Lieutenant Stone nodded his understanding.

"And savages would have burned the wagons on the spot and scattered stuff around," Coleman amplified. "They'd never have hooked up the mules and drove the wagons off. It was white men did it, lieutenant. They was killed for their outfit and their winter's take of wolf skins. No doubt about it. I'll stake my hair on that."

"White man, he kill um," the English-speaking Mandan stated positively.

"My orders were to investigate," Stone said. "Could the trail left by the wagons be followed at this late date?"

"Fast as a horse can run, lieutenant," Coleman said. "Wherever those wheels bit down, there'll be a different look to the grass—ridges growed a mite higher than the rest. No trouble about that. But o' course, they'll hit for the main trail off southeast, which they'd have reached a month or more back. Plenty of wolfin' outfits would have been moving eastward along the trail about that time to market their catch. But we could maybe pick up some information. That part's up to you."

"Very well. We'll follow it," Stone decided.

They prepared to give the five bodies a decent burial. The remains were beyond all sign of recognition as the Mandans and the troopers lifted them from the floor of the gully. Coleman, looking down at them, suddenly trained his attention upon the mummified face of one, the shriveled features almost covered by a flowing white beard. But it was the ears which claimed his attention. The dead man's ears had been pierced for earrings, heavy ornaments having stretched the lobes to exaggeratedly pendulous proportions. In each ear was a heavy pendant of turquoise and beaten silver.

Coleman knew those ears and the ornaments that adorned them. In common with so many of the old-time trappers who had lived much of their lives in Indian lodges, old Ike Williams had developed the same childish love of finery that characterized the savages. In the long ago he had acquired those turquoise and silver pendants from the Navajoes of the south and had worn them ever since Coleman could remember.

Stone observed that Coleman's gaze had narrowed as he stood erect after inspecting the ornaments.

"Shall we take them for purposes of possible identification?" he asked.

"No," Coleman said. "Old Ike Williams set a heap o' store by those bangles while he was living. We'll bury 'em with him, now he's dead."

"You knew him?" Stone asked.

"He was one o' the mountain men that helped raise me up in a trading post from the time I was two weeks old. 'Twas Ike Williams that rustled an Arapaho squaw whose papoose had died to nurse me through till I could wrestle buffalo steak and flapjacks. Yes, I knew him. I'd like right well, lieutenant, to learn what miscreants did this job."

Stone, observing the cold quality of polished moss agate in Coleman's eyes as he looked down upon the body of his friend, suddenly felt that there would be no need for either criminal procedure or military trial by court-martial if by any chance Coleman were to discover the identity of the slayers.

Coleman, peering down into the trench, stiffened suddenly to attention. He was conscious of a prickling sensation along his spine as if the cells of long-dead hairs sought to bristle there, as a dog's roach will bristle at the old scent of some ancient enemy. He leaped down into the narrow gulch and retrieved a small object from the spot where old Ike Williams' earthly remains had rested. Stone saw him regarding closely a willow stick some ten inches in length by three-eighths of an inch in diameter. One end of it was frayed into the semblance of a paintbrush. Coleman was stowing the object away carefully in his woolen hunting frock.

"What is it?" Stone inquired.

"It don't seem anyways likely, lieutenant," Coleman said slowly, "but it's just possible that a certain coyote left his sign here. I aim to inquire round as to his whereabouts at the time when that chawed-up stick was left beneath old Ike Williams' remainders. And on second thoughts, I expect I'd better take one of them ear bangles. We'll let old Ike wear the other one into the happy hunting ground."

The five bodies were given decent burial. In lieu of stones, fifty or more bleached buffalo skulls were fashioned into a cairn to mark the spot. At this camp the Mandan who had been shot through the body by a Sioux arrow died. In common with all Indians, he had no doubt or apprehension as to his future destination. Indians, even squaws and little children, died naturally and unafraid. There were no touching deathbed scenes, therefore. The wailing and lamentation for the dead by stricken relatives came later. The Mandan conversed with his fellows until the last, making disposition of his effects, reciting his deeds of valor, and, toward the end, he chanted his death song until carried away by an internal rush of blood.

The Mandans refused to bury him in the earth with the five white men. His spirit could not free itself from such a tomb, they insisted. The body was lashed upon a pony and accompanied the party on the trail until a few scattering box-elder trees in a creek bottom were reached. In the branches of one, wrapped in his buffalo robe and accompanied by all of his arms and finery, the Mandan was lashed upon a crude platform of sticks. His favorite pony was shot at the foot of the tree to provide transportation on the departed one's trip to the haunts of the Great Spirit.

As Coleman had predicted, the trail was a simple one to follow. Stone could look far ahead and trace the course of the twin streaks in the new spring grass. The pressure of the wheels seemed to have bruised the roots of the grass sufficiently to have

(Continued on Page 226)

Little hands still cuddling the new toys—a sleepy voice murmuring contentedly: "Such a happy, *happy* Christmas, mother!" : : : And she who has never kept count of sacrifices smiles up at the starlit sky, thankful that hers is the gift of bestowing happiness . . . thankful that she

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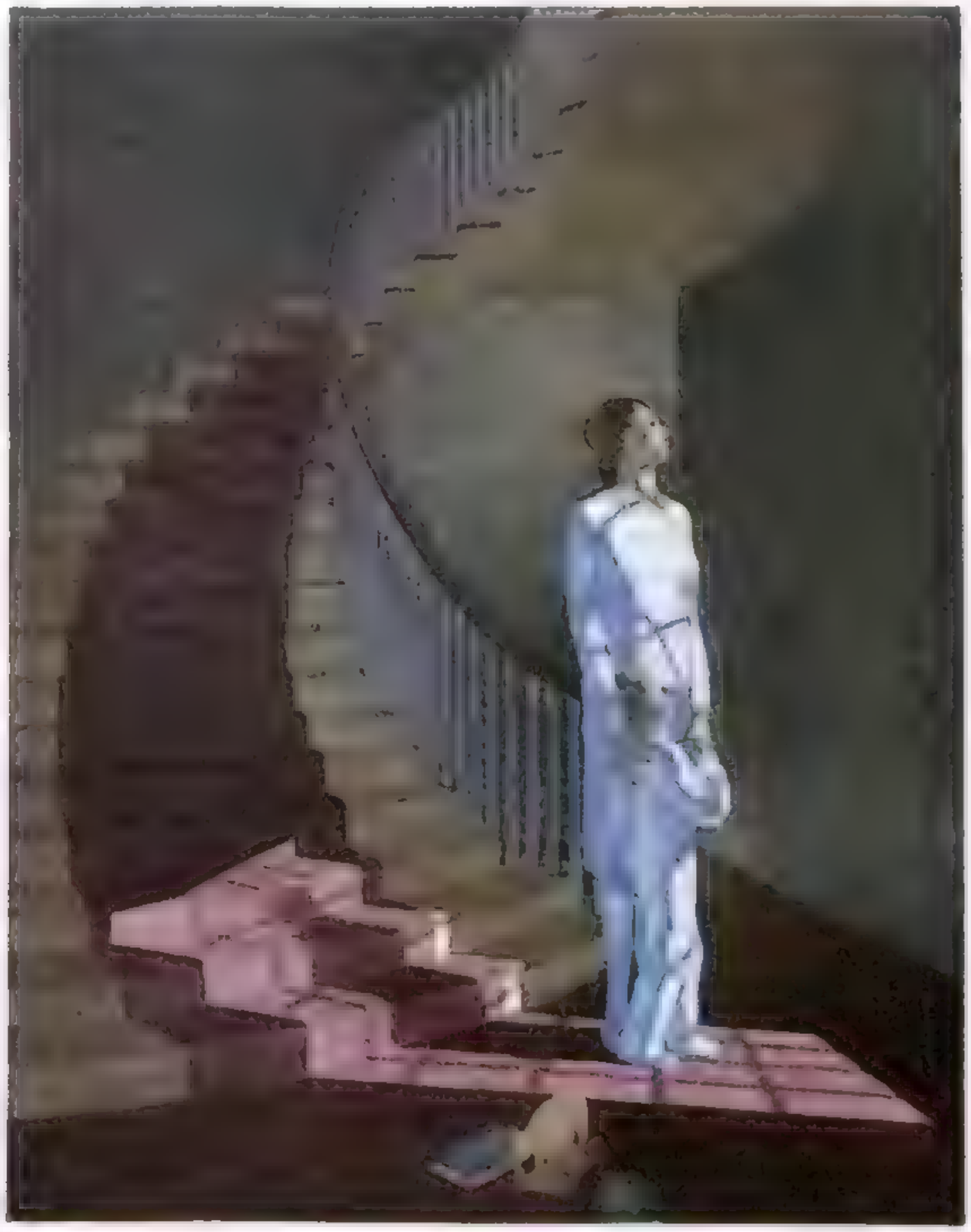

has answered again the sublime faith of childhood . . . content that the Christmas tree has bloomed in many-colored beauty and bounty—in an atmosphere of family affection and happiness.

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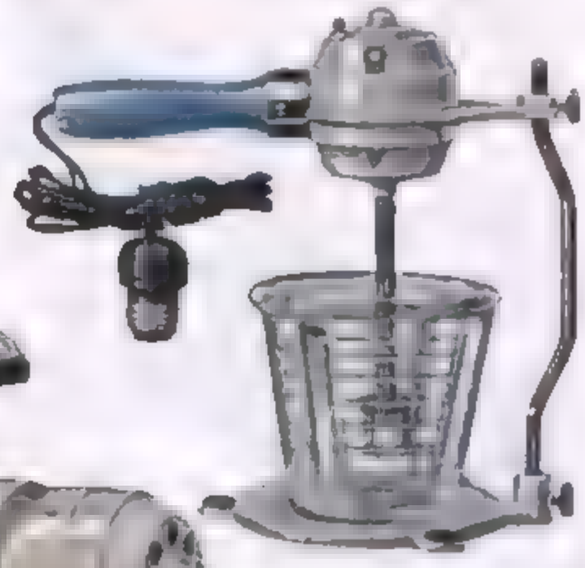

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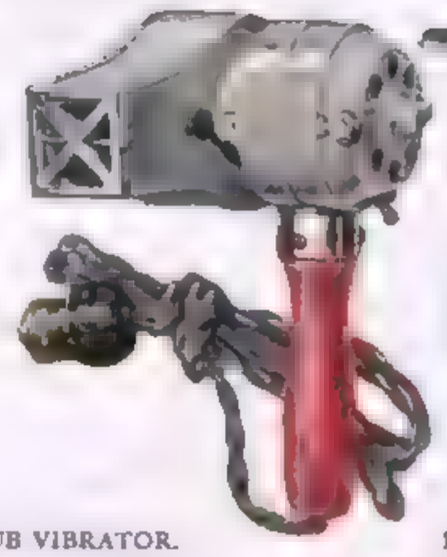

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(Continued from Page 222)

caused them to put forth added effort, and the grass along the tire tracks was slightly taller than that on either side. Even where buffaloes had cropped the grass short, the streaks were easily discern.ble.

Day after day the party rode hard to the south and east on the trail, fording shallow streams and swimming their horses across swollen ones. They covered from thirty to forty miles a day.

Stone had no further doubt that the murderers had been white men who had appropriated the slain men's outfit. At some overnight camps the party had picketed their stock, and the signs had revealed the fact that there were eight mules, four for each of the two wagons, in addition to three shod horses; likewise that there were three men in the party. Otherwise there was little to he learned from the trail. On two occasions, though, one or another of the Mandans leaned from the saddle and presented Coleman with a ten-inch length of stick, the end chewed to fiber. Each of these he stored with the first among his effects.

At one point where the party had camped, however, one of the Mandans made a discovery that might prove important. Long since, Coleman had learned the color of the three horses. The tracks of the mules had revealed the fact that they were big animals and Coleman had assumed that they were of the usual brownish black or slaty black that characterized the average Missouri mule that had come into fame with the Mexican War. But at that spot, in a creek bottom graced by a few box elders, a Mandan came to Coleman with a few tufts of cream-colored hair.

"This is a point in our favor, anyway, leutenant," Coleman said. "One of the mules is a clay bank, a buckskin mule. They ain't any too plentiful. The Mandans plucked this hair off from where the mule had been rubbing himself against a box-elder tree."

Stone examined the hair. Less than half an hour before, Stone had jumped a band of elk as the party rode into the bottom and had shot a cow elk for camp meat.

"Mightn't it be elk hair?" he asked.

Coleman shook his head and plucked a pinch of hair from the cow elk. "Notice the difference? Elk hair is coarse and hollow. You can break a single hair like breaking a straw. This other's finer a lot, and pliable. You can't break it or scarcely tear it apart. It's mule hair right enough."

After many days' travel to the south and east the party came out into the main Oregon and Salt Lake trail and followed it east a dozen miles to a stage station. All trace of the party they had followed, of course, was lost, once the well-traveled highway was reached.

Coleman questioned the station keeper and the stock tender. Travel on the trail had been tremendous. Neither man could state accurately the number or size of outfits that had passed continually up and down the trail. Yes, there'd been a dozen or so wolfing outfits along in the early spring.

The tender did recall a two-wagon outfit with a clay-bank mule among the lot. The station keeper remembered, sort of, that there were three men with that layout, and now that Coleman mentioned it, he guessed maybe there had been a big, red-whiskered party that was the he coon of the lot, he drawled, scratching his head as an aid to recollection.

"It would do little good to follow on down the trail," Stone said. "They must have been six weeks ahead of us. By now they've sold their wolf pelts and outfit in Kansas somewhere and scattered. Even if we found out who passed along the trail with such an outfit that long ago, they could claim they'd purchased the whole layout from others. The evidence wouldn't hold in any court or even in a court-martial, I'm afraid."

Coleman nodded thoughtfully. "I reckon that's right, lieutenant," he agreed. "But I don't figure some way to let it drop just here. After a spell I'll inquire round a little more. Old Ike Williams was powerful good to me when I was a colt. It's a long trek back to the Mandan villages. And after I land you there, I'll be pushing on to the mining camps. There's a family up Virginia City way I'm growing anxious to see again."

"And what about the other half of our mission?" Stone inquired. "It was left open, rather. General Crook said, 'If it came handy,' to get in touch with Little Beaver's band while we're out. Can we get in touch with them on the return trip?"

"Easy enough, likely," Coleman said.

"That very thing you cited awhile back about every tribe objecting to the whites killing off the buffalo in their hunting grounds—is one of the many points that renders such a conference futile," Stone said. "It's something that will never be remedied. So after all, what is the use of such a palaver?"

Coleman chuckled. "Mighty little, since you ask me. Worse'n useless. General Crook knows that. Likely he had orders from higher up or he wouldn't have sent anyone on any such wild-goose chase. He'd never have done it on his own account. Like you say, it'll prove a mighty futile mission. But it won't do any harm and Crook can report that it was carried out."

The dog soldiers, Little Beaver's band of Northern Cheyennes, had been out again upon the rampage, murdering along the trails. The resulting campaign had been inconclusive. Now the Government wished to put forth tentative feelers toward reopening negotiations for another peace.

Between the encroaching whites and the savages there was a deadlock throughout the entire West. The pioneering settlers, miners and hunters would respect no treaty that prevented their operating upon the lands guaranteed by the Government to any tribe. The savages would respect no treaty that prevented their lifting the scalps of such intruders. When desirous of driving an entering wedge into any forbidden territory set aside by the Government by treaty for some tribe, the whites had no hesitancy in committing every sort of atrocity. From the Northern Cheyennes, the Blackfeet of Montana and the whole Sioux Nation of the northern prairies to the Southern Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas and Comanches of Western Kansas and the Texas plains, all were restless and engaged in more or less frequent outbreaks as increasing swarms of encroaching whites invaded their ancestral hunting grounds. The same was true of the Snakes of Idaho and Oregon, the Crows of what is now Wyoming, the Piutes of Nevada, the Utes of Utah and Colorado, the Navajoes and Apaches of Arizona and New Mexico. Scarcely a month passed but what some new war broke out.

Scarcely a month passed that did not find the Government engaged in peace negotiations after some inconclusive campaign. Settlers, miners, freighters, plainsmen, cattlemen, the more experienced Army officers and the red men themselves all were aware that there could be no permanent peace until every hostile tribe had been rounded up by force and confined to reservations. Meanwhile, the Government—yielding to the pressure of Eastern humanitarians who had no actual knowledge of conditions and who believed that the desperate hatred existing between savage and pioneer could be adjusted by pacific means—continued its policy of conducting an endless series of new peace talks and new treaties, which were violated by savages and pioneering whites alike almost before the ink was dry.

"Yes," Coleman said. "We'll promise Little Beaver that the Great White Father will permit no more killing of buffalo in the Cheyenne hunting grounds. Little Beaver will promise to bury the hatchet and travel the white man's road. Then, almost before we're out of earshot, his band will be out sacking some emigrant outfit and white hunters will be gunning up Cheyenne buffalo or attacking a berry-picking party of Cheyenne squaws. Mighty futile proceedings, these peace talks, like you say."

He was anxious to bring that matter to a conclusion, return with Stone to the Missouri and hasten on to the Montana mining camps to locate Sue Carrolton.

And at that precise period Sue Carrolton, with heavy heart, was preparing to head back toward Missouri. Carrolton was no miner. He was, by nature and experience, a tiller of the soil. He had tried farming, growing garden truck for the mining camps, but the returns were small. His heart was not in his work. Some vital part of him seemed to be missing since the loss of his helpmeet. He longed for his native Missouri hills while those of Montana seemed ice-bound and oppressive. So at last he made his decision to return. Acquaintances warned him against going back overland alone. The Crows, too, had been committing depredations. Subsequent travelers over the trail that Flack's wagon train had broken had killed game too profusely despite the injunctions of the Crows. The latter had pounced upon several small outfits and annihilated them. The route had never come into general use and now had been abandoned. Freight and emigrants destined for Montana came up the Missouri in steamboats to Fort Benton and spread overland from that point. But the Carroltons had not the funds necessary to return down the Missouri by steamboat. Carrolton merely shook his head to all suggestions and allowed that he'd return over the route by which he had arrived.

So the Carroltons, with all household effects packed in one wagon, to which were hooked their remaining four oxen, set forth on the back track toward Missouri. Sue Carrolton, riding the seat, reflected that already she had started on that back trail which Breck Coleman had predicted that the two of them would one day travel. And she wondered a bit wistfully where in all that great expanse Coleman might be.

She had not set eyes on him since that day, almost three years before, when he had bidden her good-by and left the mining camps. More or less inarticulate in matters pertaining to affection, as were all pioneer folk, neither had put their feelings into words. Assuming that Coleman's wish was the same as her own, and without waiting for his formal declaration, she had told him upon their arrival in Virginia City, "Looks like it'll be years now before I can have a man and a home of my own. I've got to look after these youngsters now, since ma's gone. It'll be a long time, maybe."

Coleman merely had assented without so much as expressing his regret. He had stood there twisting his big hat in his hands and nodding.

"Sure does loom up thataway, Sue," he had agreed.

Then he had ridden away. Sue had known some way that he intended to come back for her some day. But men changed their minds. Had he really cared? Had his business of hunting, trapping and scouting kept him away so long? Or had he forgotten? Her heart, already depressed at the prospect of this long and dangerous return journey, grew heavier still as she wondered if perhaps he had not fallen victim to savages before now.

She had cared for the younger children well. Buckner Carrolton, now turned fifteen, was almost a man grown in point of efficiency in all manner of frontier labor. He could help his father in swimming the oxen across streams and in ferrying the wagon over. Adept with a gun, he could keep the family in meat while en route.

But though the elder Carrolton—anxious to return to Missouri and without room in his mind to give much thought to other matters—seemed indifferent to or unaware of the dangers of such a trip, both Sue and young Carrolton were fully aware of the desperate nature of such a venture. They set forth with active doubts. However, it was not until the single wagon had traversed almost the length of the Crow country that the thing which Sue Carrolton had dreaded

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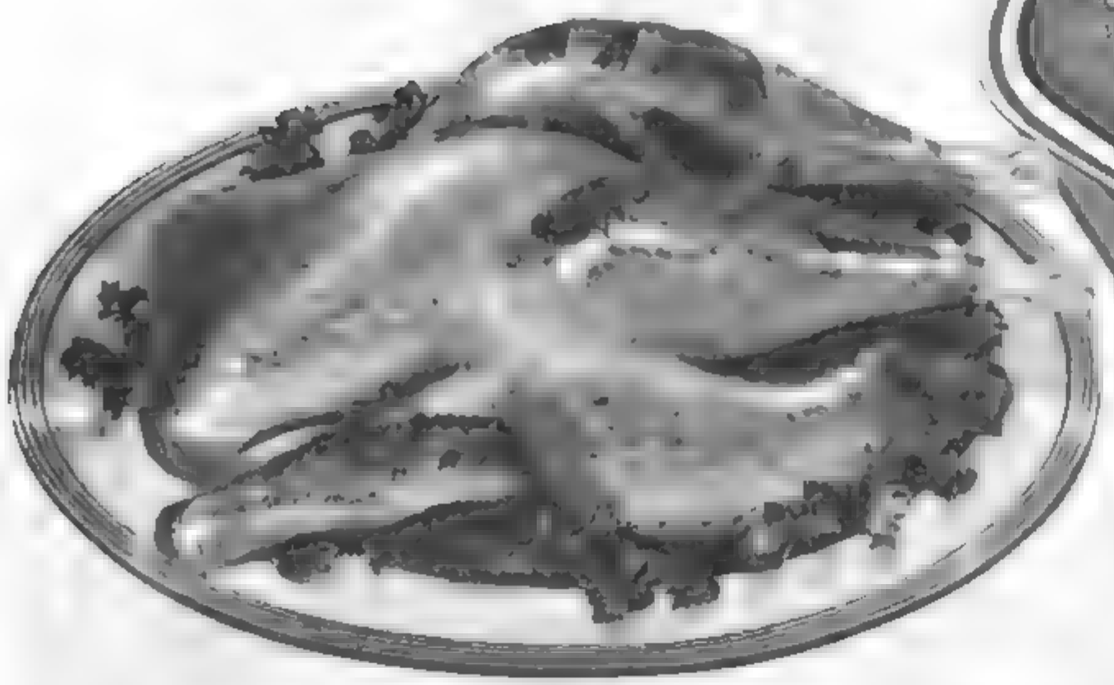

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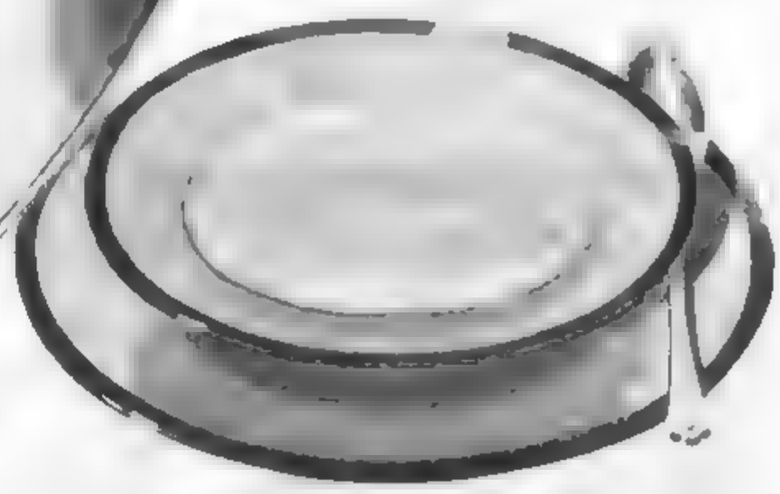

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(Continued from Page 226)

hourly occurred. One minute she was gazing across an endless expanse of gray sage. The next minute half a hundred painted demons sprang from nowhere, completely surrounding the wagon. Two stalwart warriors seized the elder Carrolton before he could raise a hand. One lifted a tomahawk threateningly above his head. Two others had seized the bridle of Buck Carrolton's pony and wrenched his rifle from the buckskin scabbard. The terrified girl looked into savage faces in which she could read no mercy, merely cruel delight in such an easy victory. One brawny brave snatched the youngest Carrolton child from the rear of the wagon and held the little girl aloft as if about to dash out her brains against the wagon wheel.

Then, suddenly, murderous intentions seemed to be suspended in mid-air, as it were. The warrior lowered the little girl to earth. Those threatening Buck and the senior Carrolton drew away. Sue felt herself the center of all eyes. Hideously painted faces were turned toward her. She shuddered, recalling tales of the lot of women who had been carried into Indian captivity. Every eye upon her, the savages discoursed excitedly among themselves. Some among them had recognized the girl as Coleman's blue-eyed squaw. Had not Black Elk himself purchased this girl from her father so that she might go to Coleman's lodge as his squaw? The Crows respected Coleman as a great warrior, a fast friend in times of peace, a valiant enemy in times of war. They would have taken his scalp with joy during wartime. But even now Coleman had guided a party to make peace with Little Beaver and his Northern Cheyennes. The Crows had buried the hatchet with that tribe and now considered Little Beaver as their ally, although the two tribes did not operate together. This was Coleman's lodge. Could they murder the members of his lodge while he was endeavoring to make peace with their allies? Besides, it was through the ministrations of their own war chief that Coleman had gained this woman as his squaw.

They conferred excitedly among themselves. Then one fierce warrior, his face a painted mask of savagery, advanced and extended his hand to the girl.

"How!" he said. "How!"

The girl shrank away from him, believing that the gesture was a command to go with him. Seeing her terror, he grinned, his face becoming even more terrifying.

"No fraid," he said. "Co'man squaw. Co'man squaw. No fraid."

A chorus of "Hows" rose about her. Her heart seemed to beat again. They had recognized her as Coleman's squaw. Several braves shook Buck and the elder Carrolton vigorously by the hand as they had seen white men do. A warrior restored the terrified little girl to the wagon. The savages indicated by gesture that the party could proceed.

As the oxen plodded slowly on through the sage, that phrase, "Co'man's squaw, Co'man's squaw," kept cruising through Sue Carrolton's brain. As the lone emigrant wagon neared the edge of the country of the dreaded Cheyennes the girl observed smoke puffs by day and signal fires by night, as Coleman had taught her to do on that other trip.

As the days dragged by and the single wagon carried them ever nearer to the great main-traveled trail, while never an Indian appeared to molest them, the girl felt some way as if Breck Coleman was reaching out to protect her. These particular savages, at least, would not harm her because she was Coleman's squaw.

The Carrolton family pulled out at last into the main trail and made camp on a little creek. A bull train a mile in length was disappearing into the west. Another, still miles away, was moving toward them. Within an hour a troop of blue-coated cavalrymen, accompanied by two plainsmen and half a dozen Pawnee scouts, trotted past. The head of a long eastbound bull train pulled into view in the distance. Carrolton announced his intention of joining it for the eastward trip.

The girl was amazed at the amount of travel on the trail. Day by day they passed soldier outfits, emigrant wagons and tremendous bull trains. Pony Express riders and overland stages dashed past; an occasional mule-drawn Army supply train. Someone told her that well over half a million oxen, mules and horses were that year employed in freighting, military, stage coach, emigrant or other operations on the various overland trails. Perhaps she might get news of Coleman's whereabouts when the train reached Rapaho Gil's post, she thought.

But Rapaho Gil was gone. The robe trade had died. A stranger was running a store and saloon in Gilroy's old post. A small settlement had sprung up along the creek.

The girl could not know that even then Coleman, having returned with the soldier party to the Mandan villages, was on his way to the Montana mining camps in search of her. As the train pulled on toward Missouri she shook her head, recalling the time when the Crows had brought the ponies and furs to her father. She was sure now that Coleman had forgotten.

"Coleman's squaw!" she said bitterly. "Bought and paid for—but not delivered."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Crow Indians

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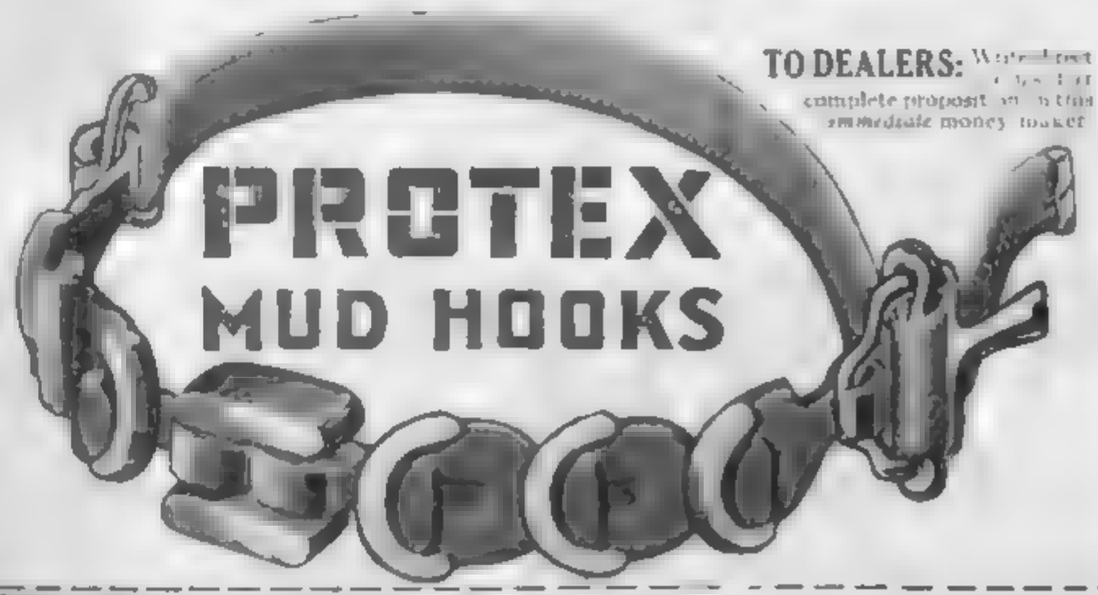

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JUSTICE ON THE CARPET

(Continued from Page 11)

Let us make the explanation simple. The great systems of law are code law and common law. The Roman Emperor Justinian and Napoleon himself gave more to code law than any other men. Code law is an attempt to write out a regulation for every situation where human beings or their property clash with others and the property of others. In different words, it is an attempt to write down beforehand what the state, by common consent, will say to this or that. Common law, which we imported from England into most of our states, is quite different. It is based on precedent. That is, if a court is asked to decide what constitutes a contract when the acceptance of it is mailed, then the decision of that court furnishes a precedent. The next time the same question is raised the lawyers cite the decision of the first court, and then the court dealing with the question gravely accepts as a precedent the decision of the first court. Thus there is built up under our general system a body of law sometimes good but sometimes a weight, and sometimes, in changing life, an overwhelming burden of ridiculous antiquity and injustice. The common law is excellent in any unchanging civilization, and always if made responsive to change in any civilization. But civilization does change—rapidly in our own memories!

The tendency of the law created by common-law precedent, however, whether civil or criminal law, is to become more and more adamant, crystalline and hard packed. Altered conditions, new situations in this new miracle world, often become more and more out of step with mere precedents.

There is something grotesque about the law-school professors and old judges who say that law—common law, its administration and personnel—still fit the new conditions. How could they? There is something even more ridiculous about high statesmen, eminent law-school professors and great jurists who say that we must always have fact-finding commissions to tell us what is wrong. I have no quarrel with fact finding. Often changes in the law and its procedure should be preceded by painstaking research. But it takes no fact-finding commission or committee to tell us that the law and its practice and its machinery are slow, verbose, not only fail to institute but obstruct short cuts and auxiliary aids, let the guilty go and often bleed the innocent in the field of lawsuits.

The Lagging of the Law

When the Harvard Law School was raising money for research, it appealed to public opinion in words no weaker than mine. Read these paragraphs. I do not quote them in the order as presented originally:

"In other important fields—in medicine, in business administration, in engineering and the technical arts, America is an acknowledged leader. Why is it, then, that this country has not made similar progress with an equally vital interest of society—the maintenance of public order and the safe charting of the legal course of business and industry?

"It has become apparent that our legal and judicial institutions, although well enough suited to the pioneer, rural, agricultural society of a hundred years ago, cannot meet the wholly different and much more complicated conditions of a present-day America, which is predominantly urban and industrial. Telephones, automobiles, radio, huge concentrations of population and industry have created conditions undreamed of even a generation ago—conditions previously unknown to legal experience, and not amenable to the simpler remedial measures of the nineteenth century. As Bishop William Lawrence tersely put it in a recent speech in Boston: 'We can no more live safely under the laws of our fathers than we can light this modern hall with sperm-oil lamps.'"

An example given was the following:

"Charles F. Dodge, wanted for perjury in New York, was trailed by a clever detective to Texas. The governor of New York promptly made formal request for the return of the prisoner; and the governor of Texas, after due hearing, issued the desired extradition warrant. That was in January, 1904, but it was not until December—nearly a year later—that Dodge could actually be brought back to New York. In the meantime there had been four writs of habeas corpus, three more extradition warrants, one injunction, one appeal, one contempt proceeding, and a conflict of jurisdiction between Federal and state officers. Even then it was necessary for the masterful detective to take the bull by the horns and put the fugitive into the hands of justice by an extra-legal coup.

"The Dodge incident, although an extreme example in a restricted field, is, nevertheless fairly indicative of the possibilities of delay, waste, friction and uncertainty which are almost everywhere involved in the present functioning of American legal institutions. Plainly there is something wrong."

The Judicature Act of 1873

"A century ago, when the total of the country's statutes was scarcely greater than the present traffic regulations of the city of New York, judges found time to listen to elaborate argument, to deliberate before making a decision, and to write opinions which became important contributions to the development of the law. Now the average judge is hard pressed to keep even a few steps behind a crowded court calendar. As for the practicing lawyer, the ablest and most successful are now forced to confine their energies and talents to particular problems presented by their clients—problems so special and restricted that no opportunity is afforded for comprehensive study of wide areas of legal experience. The bar associations represent only the collective activity of such busy lawyers, and are not organized with the solidarity or stability of policy which would insure the sustained and exhaustive type of effort that is needed.

"Business men are only too well aware of the legal perplexities which constantly beset them. Under modern methods of manufacturing, marketing and finance, there are contracts with statutes and rulings and boards at every turn. Legal advice is constantly needed, but much of this advice, even when given by the ablest of counsel, must proceed haltingly—on hopes and analogies, on considerations of what chances are involved and what objections are likely to be raised, and by whom. Such a situation means not only great expense but also the absence, to an unwarranted degree, of those conditions of certainty and uniformity which are so important to the safe, orderly and expeditious development of business and industry.

"Added to the growing impatience of the business community is that of the public generally. The press—ever a prompt reflector of the thoughts of the people as a whole—is filled with discussions of 'the crime problem,' 'law enforcement,' 'miscarriages of justice,' and 'abuse of legal process.' Moreover, many distinguished lawyers agree that the situation is one now calling for the concentrated attention of the ablest leadership.

"America's present situation with respect to the law is by no means unique. Not longer ago than the middle of the last century, England found herself in simular plight; and there, as here, the crisis grew so acute that public attention became centered upon it. The result was a succession of exhaustive, nation-wide surveys by commissions of eminent legal scholars, and the development from those surveys of the Supreme Court of Judicature Act of 1873—an enactment which has greatly simplified and facilitated the administration of English justice.

"The whole problem of making our machinery of justice modern, up-to-date, and adequate to its tasks is one affecting everyone who has anything pending or is likely to have anything pending in the courts. The practicing lawyers also realize that this is indicated by a remark made recently by one of them to a great medical scholar: 'Professor,' he said, 'you study the Middle Ages. I live in them.'

"Up to this time substantially nothing has been done. Some state bar associations, notably in New Jersey and Texas, have attempted to promote a modern judicial organization. A special committee of the American Bar Association has reported on the subject, and the American Judicature Society is working in this field. For the most part, however, there has been patchwork tinkering along obsolete lines, or a resort to the uncertain, not to say dangerous, expedient of creating administrative boards and commissions.

"Costly and useless formalities, which must be paid for by litigants, are not merely fruitful sources of the widespread feeling that our laws and our courts, which, in intention, are absolutely impartial, are unjust and oppressive to the poor. They are forcible reminders that we are attempting to meet the new and infinitely complicated needs of the modern world with forms of court organization and procedure designed for a time when the population of the whole country was less than the present city of New York.

"A prominent member of the English bar, speaking to one of the American Bar Association group who visited England in 1924, put it this way: 'To be sure, we have a common mother in the common law. We in England were weaned from her fifty years ago, while you in America seem still tied to her apron strings.'"

Better a Loss Than a Lawsuit

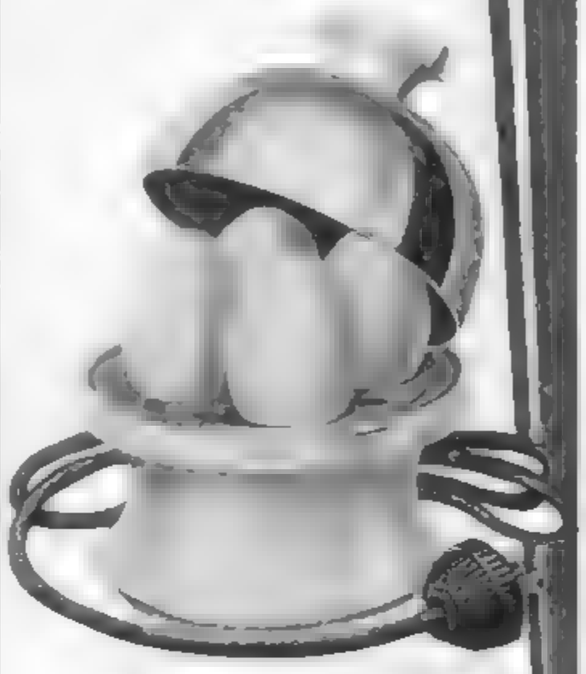
These are strong statements. They suggest research work. They fail, in the main, to tell you that such research work is usually pushed into existence by intolerable conditions and by an outraged public opinion, and that the reforms suggested would never leave their academic nest if public opinion did not grab them out and apply them by a demand on legislatures which cannot be refused.

The conclusion is inevitable that common law is often inadequate to meet our new, changing world. It is equally obvious that the whole system of procedure, forms of action, pleadings, trial procedure, appeals and all the long-winded claptrap of the law's past is mere junk. If Standard Oil, Steel or Ford tried to do business with the ponderous gravity of the law as conducted today in the United States, it would mean for them bankruptcy and the cackling laughter of those who owned no stock.

Yet we tolerate this musty business—we who are the stockholders, who, by public pressure or through legislation, and sometimes, when necessary, by changes in state constitutions, can change conditions. Today I have a debt of several thousand dollars due me. Just as if I were in China, I hold back from my first personal lawsuit. I would be in the business of that suit for three or four years! I would be suing a corporation which would spend on legal fees more than I could—even more than my claim. In the end, regardless of justice, I might be told that my lawyer's foot had slipped on a technicality. My life would be filled with annoyance and disgust. Were I back in the days of the Roman Republic, I could go to the praetor and perhaps finish the job by nightfall. They say our law and its machinery is archaic; it is more archaic than archaism.

My friend has invented a process for making an interlining for winter clothing. My

Cooks eggs just right



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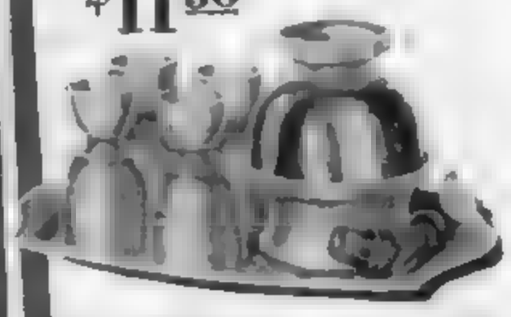

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friend's patent lawyer says "Oh, do not take out a patent. Why? Because the X Corporation, powerful, rich, will gain your secret and will manufacture the material for a quarter of a century while you go bankrupt with court costs and my fees."

In one state court, according to the Journal of the American Judicature Society, twelve cases were tried at one session. The average time these twelve cases had been pending was two years, three months and seventeen days. In every case the loser gave notice of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the state. Six months are allowed for the appeal. After that time the average time of pending would be three years more. Something like seven years to close a judgment!

"Shame on such a system," says the writer, "and shame on a people who will tolerate it!"

Of course the situation is grotesque, utterly unnecessary. Where is the basis for respect for law or the majesty of the law when the law itself, in certain cases, is not fitted to modern conditions but rather to the times and customs of Sir Walter Raleigh? On top of that, it snoozes in its procedure armchair. Why should the blame for disrespect for all kinds of law and its workings be put upon the citizen?

There is only one reason. He has himself to blame. He can blame a lazy public opinion which tolerates an almost intolerable comedy of folderol and errors.

One of the greatest industrial leaders of America, though asking me to withhold his name because of his obligation to his corporation, has said to me: "So far as my corporation goes, if we have losses in the form of our legal claims, I write them off the books. I turn them out of this office into the hands of a counsel and forget them. If anything is obtained, it is pure cream. The bother we would have in lawsuits would cost us millions in morale and waste, where the lawsuit is for thousands. Good or bad, the cause for suit I turn into the law's grind and say good-by!"

Why Convictions are Few

It is equally or more ridiculous on the criminal side. The Illinois Crime Survey shows that in Chicago 70 per cent of felony cases are eliminated before trial, and that only 12½ per cent of cases reaching trial result in convictions for the offense charged on trial and plea of guilty.

The report goes on to say that continuances—delays—are easy to obtain, and when not obtained otherwise, may be had frequently "by the simple expedient of failing to appear at the trial and forfeiting the bail bond, relying on the common practice of the courts to set aside the forfeiture on subsequent appearance. The cases promptly disposed of result in a greater number of convictions; those not disposed of promptly result in a great number of eliminations and dismissals." This condition obtains in many, indeed in most, criminal courts in the country. Delays scatter witnesses or give opportunity to gangsters to threaten them and even hound the complainant. The whole business becomes such a farce that one jeweler who had been robbed in a holdup, having wasted hours and days as a complainant witness, having been harried and hounded by politicians and even business associates to drop the case or adopt a failing memory, said to me, "The next time robbers come, let them take the loot! The only thing I will ask of them is not to tell anyone. I'll tell 'em to keep it a secret and not get me involved with courts, judges, detectives and lawyers!"

Nothing short of public demand will cure the absurdities of the modern lawsuit or the modern criminal trial, or raise again that respect for law and its operation and its operators which England lost and restored, and which we must restore, now that it is lost

Outside the common law, the reform of common law—the law based on precedents—there is also new legislation, statutory law. This may change common law or make new law. The great bulk of statutory law is passed by those legislators we have sent up to represent us. How they have failed to adjust the common law to the new world and how they have added, year after year, endless pages of silly, inconsequential, liberty-strangling, fanatic, badly drawn, vague, clownish laws will be described later.

But these are your legislators. You make them. When they refuse to stand behind you in your demand not only for fewer and better laws but for some management of justice, to establish sense in procedure, to make justice go forward without the rumblings of a worn-out truck and without the tinsel pomp and robes of the Middle Ages, when they even obstruct the feeble gestures of some bar association to obtain reform, when jury systems and expert testimony become ridiculous, when the personnel of jurists and lawyers fail in respect for law and its obligations to the citizen—then comes the call to your aggressive intelligence.

Public-School Law Courses Needed

But have we, as citizens, much intelligence to use in making the law and its machinery worthy of respect? And at this point comes the constructive suggestion:

"Justice," said Daniel Webster, "is the greatest interest of mankind on earth!"

It is a curious fact, then, that in general this truth and an understanding of law are not taught in the public schools. The whole foundation of society and of government is made up of the common-consent agreement to play the game of life according to generally accepted rules of conduct between man and man. It is the most of government.

It is far more important that a coming generation in America should have knowledge of the elements of law, of our system of law, our right to the command of law, upon which a people under a democracy furnishes a willing obedience to law, than for the coming generation to know who is the king of Afghanistan, or that the answer to the problem is that George had six apples more than John gave to Robert, or that cheese is an export of Switzerland, or that Richard the Second attended his own coronation

The lack of a thorough primary course in law in most of our schools is no scandal; it is merely another example of unimaginative backwardness which afflicts educators exactly as it afflicts jurists and lawyers

A population, given even a rudimentary knowledge of what good law and good legislation and good legal machinery are, would kick much of our own out the door, bag and baggage.

And then it would begin to respect and obey whatever was left and whatever new law common sense would add to it. Such a population, with the foundation of a public-school education in the good of our system of law, would see, with no scales upon its eyes, what clownish shapes our trusteeship of it has taken.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Child on the state of the law and its machinery, and what may be done about it. The second will appear in an early issue.

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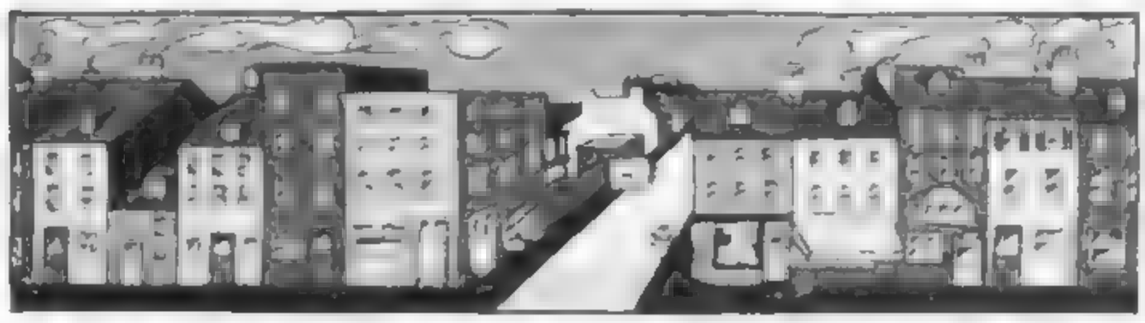

The Poets' Corner

Sisyphus Speaks

SUCCESS and the sought-for goal,
Then rest and praise;
These have the scorn of my soul
For eternal days.

The summit reached, gold won,
The victory's gains;
And the glory of toil is gone.
And what remains?

But I toil on against odds
The Immortals send.
And who may be sure that the gods
Must win in the end?

For never a day goes by
On the dreadful slope
But I heave my rock with a sigh
And a silent hope.

There may come a day, as I dream,
That They have not thought,
When the rock will roll to a scheme
That They never wrought,

And come to rest at the top,
By the groove I wore
For ages and ages, and stop
And go back no more.

And I shall sit on a shelf
Of my rocky neighbor,
A thing of scorn to myself
And to all who labor.

—Lord Dunsany.

Husband and Wife

WHATEVER I said and whatever you said,
I love you.
The word and the moment forever have fled.
I love you.
The breezes may ruffle the stream in its flow,
But tranquil and clear are the waters below;
And under all tumult you feel and you know
I love you.

Whatever you did and whatever I did,
I love you.
Whatever is open, whatever is hid,
I love you.
The strength of the oak makes the tempest a mock,
The anchor holds firm in the hurricane's shock;
Our love is the anchor, the oak and the rock.
I love you.

Whatever I thought and whatever you thought,
I love you.
The mood and the passion that made it are naught;
I love you.
For words, thoughts and deeds, though they rankle and smart,
May never delude us nor hold us apart
Who treasure our talisman deep in the heart,
"I love you." *—Arthur Guiterman.*

The Lost Road

IT MAY be out far highways our paths will never meet,
Along dim winding byways, or in the crowded street,
But still a dream will follow until it finds the way
By distant hill and hollow, forever and a day.
From April to December its steady course is set
For one may still remember
Where someone must forget.

It may be that together we will not reach the fold,
In dark or sunny weather before the world is old;
But there are lost winds drifting by valley, hill and stream
Where silver mists are lifting that still may take a dream
From some long-lost September down byways few have met,
For someone may remember
Where someone must forget.

Who knows where roads are leading, however wide apart?
Who knows what dreams are speeding from heart across to heart?
Through storm and tempest blinding the light so faintly shed,
Who knows where paths are winding through all the fogs ahead?
No glow may light the ember that once was flaming hot,
But—one may still remember
Where someone else must not.

—Grantland Rice.

The Phantom Mail Coach

(1720-1929)

GATHER up the ribbons, give the 'orn a toot!
The fares is in their places, the treasure's in the boot,
Letters for the garrison, an' all the soldiers' pay;
An' we set out from Bedford on the King's 'Ighway.

A lead team,
A wheel team,
A good, red bay;
A-takin' George's letters
Down the King's 'Ighway.

My! But we was jolly! Lord! But we was fine!
Pretty Mistress Polly an' 'er sister Caroline,
With orficers in uniform—red coats gay—
A-wooin' an' a-cooin' on the King's 'Ighway.

A short life!
A short life!
And Youth won't stay!
A-flyin' like the dust
Upon the King's 'Ighway!

A little 'alt for dinner, and a little pause to sup;
"Service of 'Is Majesty!" and now the time is up!
Out upon the meadows in the duskin' o' the day,
A-takin' George's treasure down the King's 'Ighway!

A sea mist,
A salt mist,
A dank mist an' gray,
An' I'd like to see it fairer
On the King's 'Ighway!

Now, who is that! An' who is there! An' wot's wrong below?
'Ands upon the bridle bits, an' won't let go!
Time enough to scream a bit, not enough to pray,
An' so we all was murdered on the King's 'Ighway!

For stilled tongues
Is safe tongues—
The dead they can't away,
To bring King George's troopers
Down the King's 'Ighway!

So, once in ev'ry hundred years, my lot it is to ride,
With the treasure and the letters and the fares inside;
An' we be only phantoms in the sea mist gray,
A-'untin' of our slayers down the King's 'Ighway.

A lead team,
A wheel team,
A ghost-team gray,
Wot can't get used to autos
On the King's 'Ighway!

—L. O. Welcome.

The SWAN Pen of the British Empire SINCE 1843

SWAN ETERNAL PEN
Gift Set of Inlaid Pearl, Fifteen Dollars

THEY give a *Swan* when they give a pen—in London or Cairo, Shanghai or Calcutta. They know that to give a *Swan* ETERNAL PEN is to give the finest writing instrument in the world. For, East and West of Suez, *Swan* is the one supremely perfect pen—the pen of enduring perfection.

Skilled hands have fashioned it for unfailing service, for eternal writing satisfaction. Into its making has gone an exquisite refinement of craftsmanship, worthy of fashioning precious stones and precious metals.

Behind it stand years of test by soldiers and diplomats, sportsmen and adventurers in the capitals and the far places of the world.

Only the utmost skill of hands could achieve the laboratory precision of *Swan* adjustment—and make that precision permanent. In this is the perfection of *Swan* ETERNAL PENS, the assurance of continuity in superlative performance which permits them to be guaranteed, not merely for a lifetime, but eternally.

Inlaid Pearl Swan Eternal Pen No. P46 Long, Clip Guaranteed Eternally TEN DOLLARS

Jade Swan Eternal Pen No. J46 Long, Clip Guaranteed Eternally SEVEN DOLLARS

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PLAY *like this*

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RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF AFRICAN BIG GAME

Continued from Page 12

rendered nervous for half a day, when we first held a gun in our hands, by the explosive rise from under our feet of a grown cock pheasant; both of us had climbed high mountains in order to overcome dread of precipices, but without success; both of us had tried single-handed sailing for the sake of the self-reliance that it compels when gales come and you can't get out and walk home. Both of us had medals for not running from our country's enemies, and both of us confessed to having been so timid under fire that what had passed for courage actually had been fear of appearing frightened.

I told him what the famous hunter, F. C Selous, had told me—that though experience had taught him how to behave in extremity, he had never wholly overcome his horror of a charging elephant. In fact, although I have been charged by elephants on many occasions, and am alive to tell of it because I could force myself to stand still and use my rifle, it is the truth that I have never done so without remembering Selous' confession that he, too, felt always afraid and only stood because he knew it would be fatal to turn and run. Selous may have, perhaps, exaggerated to encourage me. I think I probably exaggerated, too, that night, in order to encourage that young officer, whose need of self-reliance was as great as mine. More men incur disaster from listening to well-meant advice than from obeying their own intuition, and it may be that my confession of timidity at least the equal of his own contributed to some extent, the following day, to the disaster that overtook him. If he had thought me fearless, he might have kept a stronger grip on self-control in order to escape my criticism. As it was, perhaps he let go, feeling that I had no right to criticize him—as, indeed, I had not. I have felt the grip of fear too often and too keenly ever to feel otherwise than sympathetic toward a man who tries to struggle against fear, and fails. It is only those who make no effort who appear to me in any way contemptible.

By that time I had shot, at one time and another, probably not less than thirty lions, and I had learned that a lion is dangerous in any event. If he is armed with a modern rifle and can shoot straight, the odds are usually in the hunter's favor; but the odds are reversed instantly by the slightest mistake on the hunter's part, and with the odds in his favor, a lion is much more deadly than the most active and capable man possibly can be. The lion has speed, strength, a fair measure of cunning and a temper that, when fully aroused, suddenly maddens him and makes him disregard everything except his objective. There are no rules as to what a lion will do or not do. I have seen one charge and change his mind; and I have seen one slink away, only to change his mind and charge with such determination that, although he was drilled by three bullets from a .404, he struck my rifle and tore my hand before he fell dead.

Talked Into a Funk

All this I told to my officer friend. I dare say that we talked each other into something like a blue funk. Anyhow, we set forth after breakfast fully aware of each other's lack of natural courage, and so jumpy, both of us, that our native servants were affected by it and even my new gun bearer, normally anxious to display his courage, lagged, pretending that he had a sore foot. So, when the trouble began, we were nearly a mile in advance of the nearest possible assistance, and I only had one rifle—a chance I should not have taken, and that I would not have taken if the previous night's conversation had not reduced me to a state of mind where I was not much better than a mere beginner.

It was open country, with rocks and low wait-a-bit thorns in all directions. There was only one tree on the whole horizon and we walked toward it—a moderate-sized mimosa, misshapen, vaguely like a gallows in appearance, starved for water and so wind-blown that it leaned at a considerable angle. We had no especial plan that I remember; we merely gravitated toward that tree, watchful and a bit too close together. I kept to the right of him, with the excuse that a quick right-hand shot is the more difficult and that I was the more experienced of the two, but the real reason was that I thought he held his rifle none too steadily and, since he kept it pointed toward his left, with his finger constantly on the trigger, it was safer to stay on his right hand.

Nothing happened until we came within a hundred paces of the tree. Then, suddenly, both of us at the same moment saw a young lion peer at us from behind a rock to the left of the tree. It was his shot, but he bungled it; setting his foot on a loose stone, he fired and missed; the stone slipped out from under him and he fell; as he did so, the young lion moved toward another rock and I shot him behind the shoulder, killing him instantly. I then saw four more young lions, nearly full grown, slinking away behind a pile of broken rocks; I fired at one of them, but the bullet merely grazed the skin along his back, making him leap for cover.

Lions in Every Direction

My companion had twisted his ankle in falling; he got to his feet, but sat down again, remembering then to jerk another shell from the magazine into the chamber of his rifle. As he was in the act of doing that as fine a lioness as I have ever seen leaped into the lower branches of the tree and stood there for a moment, staring at us. Being toward our right hand, that was properly my shot, but my companion took aim from a sitting position; so I let him have it, feeling sure he could hardly miss. As he fired, a male lion, probably the consort of the lioness, strode out from the scrub behind him, within fifteen or twenty paces, and stood still for a moment, apparently puzzled. I had caught sight of the lion by sheer luck as I jerked my head sideways to get rid of a fly that was biting my ear. As I turned to aim at him, he charged my companion. I shot him behind the shoulder, too far back, however, to kill him instantly, and he escaped into the thorn scrub, where I could no longer see him, although I could hear him snarling as though a fight were going on.

My companion meanwhile had hit the lioness and wounded her; his bullet clipped her ear and skinned her left flank; probably it stung her without in the least reducing her agility, and certainly the shot enraged her. She leaped out of the tree and charged him. My companion lost his nerve; he tried to run—straight in the direction of the lion I had wounded. Panic is contagious, and I was so badly rattled that I could hardly utter a sound, but I tried to shout to him to stand still, stepping backward as I did so, in order to get both lion and lioness more or less in front of me. I don't know what words I used; they were possibly unintelligible. At any rate, he got between me and the lioness, preventing me from shooting her before she reached him. She knocked him down and I shot her, aiming at the kidneys, which is a knock-out blow if the bullet goes home; but my nerve was in not much better state than my companion's and I hit her hind leg. She snarled and slunk away into the scrub. I inserted another clip into the magazine of my .404.

Any lion is dangerous, but a wounded lion is ten times more so, and a wounded lioness is worst of all. Two frightened men are worse than one, since each one's fear reacts upon the other's. I have no doubt that when I approached to find out how badly my companion had been hurt, my mental state increased his terror, which he had been doing his utmost to overcome. He had not been very badly mauled, although his right shoulder was bleeding freely from a down stroke of the lioness' paw; apparently she had not touched him with her fangs. I advised him to lie still and let his shoulder bleed a while, as that might help to prevent the blood poison that almost always sets up from a claw wound. As I spoke I heard a noise behind me, and turned, expecting to see the lioness. However, it turned out to be three young lions. I fired at one of them and shot him dead. The other two vanished behind the thorns to right and left.

What happened after that seems idiotic, looking back at it. I had lost my head completely. I was able to force myself to stand still, but thought seemed paralyzed and such action as I was still capable of was not much more than automatic. People who have never felt that kind of fear cannot have the remotest conception of how numbing it is; it may be something like the hopeless numbness of a mouse in the claws of a cat; one can realize the danger, but can think of no way of escaping. I know now what I should have done. I should have followed my companion toward the tree.

He began to crawl toward the tree on hands and knees, and I stood still. There was a vague idea in my head that I was guarding his retreat—a ridiculous thought in the circumstances; probably a psychopath would diagnose it as an effort to excuse my inability to move backward or forward or to do anything constructive. At any rate, I presently had something else to think about that broke the spell to some extent, but too late for me to do what I should have done when my companion began crawling toward the tree. If I had helped him to reach it, and if we had stood together with our backs against it, both of us might be alive today instead of only one.

The wounded lion began stalking me from behind the cover of the thorn scrub. Thinking I caught a glimpse of his yellow flank through a gap in the thorns, I fired, but it was probably only a freak of sunlight, for I hit nothing. I believe that shot was fatal to my companion. He began to try to climb the tree to be out of harm's way, or perhaps to be able to shoot from a safe elevation, although I think his right shoulder was already too badly injured for him to have used his rifle from any position. At any rate, in his effort to climb he dropped the rifle, and I shouted to him to get it and stay at the foot of the tree, where he might be able to defend himself. However, as I spoke, the lioness leaped out at him. And, exactly at the same moment, the wounded lion attacked me. He came on, crouching low, at high speed, in silence. I shot him twice and he fell dead within ten feet of where I stood

The End of the Lion Hunt

Again my magazine was empty. By the time I had inserted another clip and turned to see how my companion fared, the lioness was in the tree and he was hanging from a low branch by his left hand. I fired twice in quick succession. The first shot went high and to the right, missing the animal's head, but plowing through the neck, nearly touching the backbone. The second shot went straight between her ribs, and it is a wonder that it did not kill her. Then she sprang, striking my companion on the head as she passed him, and the two fell to the earth together, she on top of him, clawing him and tearing with her fangs. My third shot drilled her backbone and she fell dead. But my companion was dead too. I buried him that same night.

Wisdom after the event is easy. Anyone can point out the mistakes we both made. But both of us, I believe, did the absolute best of which we were capable at the moment. Fear is paralyzing. It is not stuff that a man can conquer at a moment's notice, no matter how hard he may try, or no matter how deliberately he may put himself in danger for the sake of overcoming

(Continued on Page 237)

CORONA *for* CHRISTMAS

The best fun in the world is winning with brains

YOU know, quite a lot of people make good with just brains. Successful creative work and high scholastic standing are just as exciting and gratifying as winning in other sports. In the end it gets down to a competition in brains and nothing else.

Brain muscles keep on winning after body muscles have softened.

The point is that in brain sports, Corona is as useful as matched golf clubs or a well strung racket are in other sports. Of course, in college, you can hardly make the grade without a typewriter. Typewritten work invariably gets higher marks. Written work often gets no marks at all simply because no one can read it. In any form of literary competition, Corona is as necessary as running shoes to a runner or sharp skates to a skater.

As a matter of fact, every member of the family needs Corona. Mother's club work for example—papers to be read, resolutions, committee reports, publicity work; also the conduct of household affairs. Many times a year it would be a help to Dad when he has night work to do—speeches, articles for technical papers, an occasional important letter.

It's up to you to let the family know that your big Christmas need this year is a Corona. Families are kind of hazy about presents without a little guidance. It might work just to show this advertisement to one of your parents. A subtle hint like that is sometimes as effective as coming right out and asking. The whole family will thank you for getting Corona into the home.

We show here attractive Christmas gift carton and the regular carrying case

Corona is a great machine. You'll know that the instant you get your fingers on it. Smooth running as a new car, durable as a good reputation, easy to learn, so sturdily simple that it never goes wrong.

There are two Corona models: Corona with standard keyboard at $60 and Corona Special with three-row keyboard, at $39.50. Attractive carrying case comes with either model. Both are finished in many different colors. Sold by all typewriter dealers and in stationery stores, department stores and specialty gift shops. Dealers will be glad to send one on trial and arrange for gradual payment. An allowance will be made on your old typewriter.

CORONA

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc, 51 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BARGAIN SALE CROWD HURT IN

FLOOR COLLAPSE

THE department store advertisement had announced a special sale. Before 9 o'clock the next morning a great crowd had gathered waiting for the store to open. About 100 people, mostly women, were jammed into the store lobby. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the entire floor of the lobby cracked, gave way, and fell, carrying to the cellar beneath, all those persons in the lobby. The confusion was terrible. Water pipes broke, flooding the cellar. Women screamed. Many were injured, some of them seriously. Claims for negligence running into large sums of money were brought against the store. But this store owner was protected against just such an emergency by an Ætna Owners', Landlords' and Tenants' Public Liability Policy. Every claim against the store was promptly handled and all expense borne by Ætna.

A great hotel was in process of construction. Building materials were piled wherever space was available. A mixing vat of lime stood in the street next the curb, for the use of which space a special permit had been secured by the contractors. A mischievous child playing in the street near the operation grabbed a handful of this lime and threw it into a passing trolley, striking a man in the face and eyes. This man later lost the sight of his right eye and brought suit for negligence against the contractor. But this contractor was insured under an Ætna Public Liability Policy. Ætna immediately took up the case for him. After losing it in a lower court, Ætna took the case to a higher court and secured a decision favorable to the policyholder. All the cost of legal defense and court procedure was borne entirely by Ætna.

A shopper in a store in Providence, Rhode Island, fell down a flight of stairs and broke her leg. Suit was brought against the store for $5000. The store being insured under an Ætna Public Liability Policy, Ætna promptly took up the defense in the litigation that followed, saving its client both worry and expense.

These briefly told stories are actual cases chosen at random to illustrate the value of Ætna Liability Protection.

Through the Ætna you may secure protection against every insurable risk. Ætna insurance and bonding protection reaches from coast to coast and is the personal interest of 20,000 trained Ætna representatives, each one equipped to advise you in establishing a program of complete, economical protection.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company, The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, The Automobile Insurance Company, The Standard Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

(Continued from Page 234)

it. The only way I know of overcoming fear is to face it again and again, until at last it loses some of its power to numb the nerves and freeze thought. A man can wear down fear at last, as he can wear down any animal that lives, if he will stick to it; but after seven years of hunting lions and other big game, I was not much farther than I was at the beginning from envying those men and women who were born with iron nerves that do not tremble in the face of danger.

Nonsense has been written about lions, as well as much that is true that may seem incredible to those who have not hunted them. As a rule, a lion will avoid a tent as if he thought it were a trap, but one night, in what was then German East Africa, five lions grunted, sniffed and played around a pup tent, in which I lay clutching my rifle and wondering what would happen next. I did not dare to move. I lay still, probably, for half an hour that seemed like an eternity. At last one of the lions filled his lungs and roared like thunder; the others joined in chorus; and then all five of them strolled away, in no apparent hurry. I lay still until daylight, when my native servants came from a near-by village where they had spent the night, and we counted and measured the lions' footprints. There was no doubt there were five of them—apparently a family party of lion, lioness and three cubs. But I have no idea to this day why they played around the tent or why they did not burst in and make an end of me. I am merely grateful that they did not; and I have deliberately spared the lives of other lions, since then, by way of paying compensation.

Elizabeth Was a Hunter

Lions vary almost as much as human beings vary. There is no safe rule to go by, no way of predicting how a lion will behave in any given circumstances. Some of them are cunning, some not. Some of them are fools, and some so terrified of men that they are seldom seen, slinking away behind cover at the first hint of danger—that kind are usually much the most dangerous when cornered. Curiosity kills some lions—generally young ones—some of them seem fascinated by the sight of men and stay too long, like Lot's wife, when the part of wisdom is to hurry out of harm's way. A wounded lion in long grass is as dangerous as anything that breathes. Unless he is very badly wounded, the odds then are a hundred to one in his favor against the unwise human who goes in after him. He is undiscoverable as long as he keeps still, whereas every movement of the grass betrays his enemy, on whom he can spring from ambush without a second's warning If the grass is dry enough, it can be fired to bring him out from cover, but in my experience it was seldom dry enough.

For nearly two years I had a female mongrel dog who excelled at hunting wounded lions in high grass. She was small, extremely active and had a high-pitched, irritating bark. She would enter the grass and annoy the lion until he rushed at her, when she would yelp and run for it only to turn and renew the teasing until he rushed again. She was tireless and would keep on repeating the process, scooting with her tail between her legs each time the lion moved, until at last he would charge so furiously that I got a shot at him. It was her turn then to be ferocious; growling, she would rush in at the dead lion and sink her teeth into his belly. If dogs talk, as I sometimes think they do, I am willing to swear she boasted to the other dogs that it was she who killed the lions, I who merely looked on. However, Elizabeth came to a violent end. She was a shade too slow or else a mite too bold on one occasion, and a wounded lion struck her a blow with his paw that sent her high in the air, as dead as corned beef. That same lion nearly killed me. I believe he was dead before he reached me, but I have the scars to show where his claws went home before muscular action ceased, and his last leap fell short by an inch or two of taking me with him to kingdom come.

Man-Eating Lions

The lion, of course, is vanishing before the modern high-velocity repeating rifle and the poison set by farmers, who are rather reasonably anxious for their sheep. But even before the Kenya highlands became settled and the barbed-wire fences helped to break up the enormous herds of zebra, gnu and antelope, which formed the lions' principal supply of food, not even the strongest lions had things all their own way. Nature provided weapons for the weak and gave the lion some limitations. A lion's speed, when he makes his first charge and his first spring, is almost incredible, but he burns up nearly all of it in that first onslaught; and if he misses his spring, or mistimes it, he is very often badly out of luck No animal looks less able to protect himself than a giraffe, for instance, but even a young giraffe can kick like a trip hammer. I have seen a full-grown lion, who missed his spring at the neck of a giraffe that appeared to be about two years old, kicked in the air like a football; he was not killed; he crawled away, and though I hunted him for hours, I could not find him; but he was a badly injured lion and one not likely to go hunting again for many a day to come. A zebra, too, if a lion should miss his first spring, can take excellent care of himself. I saw one lion killed by zebras; he missed one, but clawed him rather badly on the rump; the zebra kicked him on the head, rolling him over backward; instantly a dozen other zebras turned and kicked the injured lion to death.

Man-eating lions are rather rare. Any lion will kill a man, but few of them will eat his flesh. Sometimes an injured lion or one that has grown feeble from old age will turn man-eater. It is no mean feat to stalk, lie in wait for and drag down a kill. An old lion or an injured one sometimes smells so catty that even a man can detect him at a distance, and the edible animals, protected by their extremely keen sense of smell, keep far out of his range. So he takes to killing women and children near the village water hole, and sometimes grows extremely cunning, so that he kills quite a number before he is finally brought to book.

Some lions, however, even in their prime, seem to prefer human flesh, and I have never heard of a satisfactory reason to account for it. They appear to be sports naturally vicious and invariably much more dangerous than the normal lion. They are like human dope fiends, capable of more than human cunning. I have shot three such and have seen several others; every one that I have seen, including those that fell to my own rifle, had a weird look in the eyes that suggested some form of madness. Native *mapangas*—witch doctors "men of wisdom" is the proper meaning of the word—have often assured me that such lions are possessed by malignant entities not, that is, exactly by the spirits of malignant people who have died but by the evil spirit that possessed those men before they died and that was forced to find another outlet when its human agency was dead and no longer available—a theory of crime perhaps worth studying.

A sick lion or an injured one is in pitiable case and has to hide to avoid his enemies, which are not jackals or hyenas, as might be expected, so often as the non-meat-eating animals on which he usually preys. Almost all such animals wander in herds, invariably with sharp-eyed and keen-nosed sentinels on either flank. Their instinct is incalculable. They appear to be able to tell with a sniff or a glance whether or not the invalid lion is able to protect himself; if not, they gore and trample him to death. So the sick lion hides and goes for incredible periods without food—even without more water than the dew that he can lick off the grass. When he does eat, mice or even insects are sufficient to keep life in him. I saw the lair of one sick lion that was littered with the feathers of small birds, although I never could guess how he caught them. Not counting shot or poisoned specimens, I never saw the carcass of a lion that had died from disease or injury, nor did I ever hear of one, either from white hunters or from the natives. It seems plausible to suppose that sick lions either recover or else are done to death by enemies. One carcass of an injured lion that I found had obviously been gored by wild pigs.

Lessons in Bravery

There was a day when the lion was needed to preserve Nature's balance by checking the multiplication of enormous herds of game. But nowadays the barbed-wire fence and the repeating rifle are reducing the herds too rapidly—so rapidly that the lion steals sheep and cattle, and has become a nuisance. If he has a use left, possibly it may be to provide experience for persons like myself, who knew no other way of conquering timidity, at least to some extent, than by facing the peculiar forms of danger that a lion specializes in producing for the hunter's benefit. At that he is a past master. He is such a spectacular beast. I have never killed one without feeling at least something, I believe, of the emotions of the victims in the Roman Colosseum, who were sent in to be torn by lions without a weapon with which to defend themselves. There was always a sense of someone looking on to judge whether the man with the rifle quitted himself as gamely as the beast with fangs and claws; and I have reason to be grateful to quite a number of lions who went to their own Valhalla and provided me with opportunity to make a few strides on the road to mine.

Wind-Swept Sentinels in Mount Rainier National Park, Washington

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With the hot-pan method the original flavor is actually imprisoned in the grain, so that the rice keeps its full freshness until used. Comet Rice is the highest grade domestic white rice, selected by trained experts from the choicest crops of the season.

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Brown Rice Flakes—
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Little tots and school-age children revel in these happy brown flakes, chock-full of crisp, candy-sweet flavor. Older folks, too, welcome breakfast smilingly when it includes a portion of the crunchy Comet cereal with that top-o'-the-morning taste.

And—in Brown Rice is the marvelous health value of Bran. Health-building Bran, four vitamins, nine minerals, iodin and lysine...those priceless elements that doctors and dieticians recommend. That's why Brown Rice is the ideal food. It's Taste plus Nutrition.

COMET RICE CO., 189 Franklin St., New York

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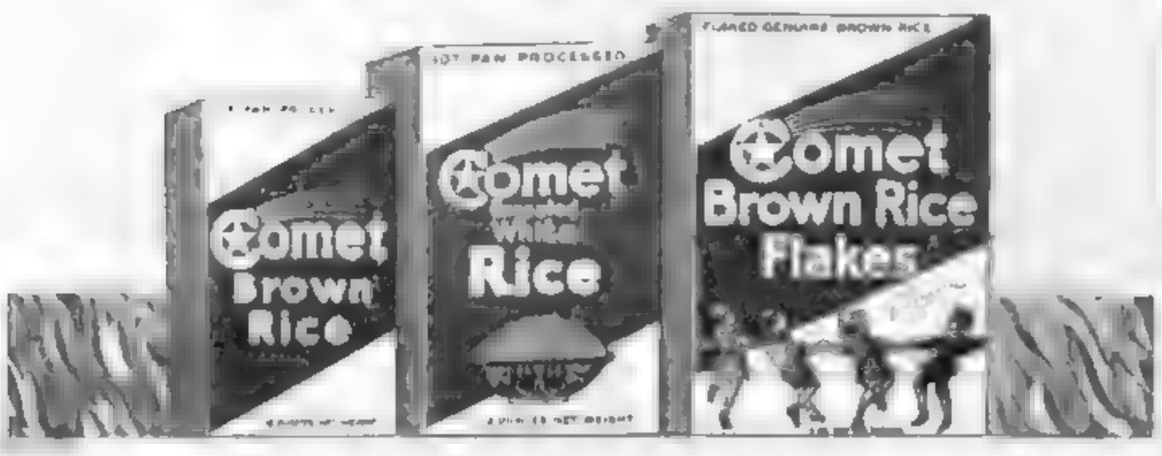
Comet Rice

WHAT MAKES BROWN RICE BROWN?

Brown Rice is natural rice, with its coat of brown bran. And, like whole wheat, contains all its original minerals, vitamins, iodin and lysine. Comet *Brown* Rice Flakes are the *only* flakes made from the genuine Comet *Brown* Rice with all the bran.



THE NEW CONSERVATION

Continued from Page 31

On August twenty-sixth, I carried to the conference of governors of public-land states at Salt Lake City the letter of President Hoover, setting out more definitely the proposal to turn these lands over to the states, his intention to appoint a commission of nine or ten members to make a study of this situation, and voicing the hope that a line of action might be followed that would "check the growth of Federal bureaucracy, reduce Federal interference in affairs of essentially local interest, and thereby increase the opportunity of the states to govern themselves, and in all obtain better government."

The Western States were stunned at the proposal to turn the public lands over to them. They insisted upon the prerogative of looking a gift horse in the mouth. One governor stated that this appeared to be "a fine large horse, but upon examination it might turn out to be a white elephant." If they were to have the surface rights, they asked, why should they not have the mineral rights also. The cost of administering these public lands, they feared, might prove a burden beyond the capacity of the states to bear.

But as time has gone on, this attitude of fearfulness has changed. The proposal looks better to the West as it becomes familiar with it. There are material advantages in it. There are possibilities of handsome profits.

The present situation in these Western States as to land not in the hands of individuals is next to impossible. This comes about chiefly because of the peculiar ownership of it. It belongs to three different agencies—the Federal Government, the states and the railroads. The situation would not be so bad if it were not for the peculiar manner in which this land has been distributed. The Government surveys mapped the western lands by townships and divided the townships into sections. There were thirty-six sections, each containing 640 acres, in a township. The land being thus surveyed, two sections out of each township were given to the states for the benefit of their school funds. In New Mexico and Arizona four sections per township were set aside for schools. Special grants were added for the support of universities, hospitals and other institutions.

These state lands were not awarded in solid blocks but in sections scattered throughout the public domain. Each section is completely surrounded by Government land or by land that has passed into other ownership. This makes it impossible to handle large areas in a block, and as grazing land, single sections are too small for consideration.

Checkerboard Land Grants

When railroads were built through the West they were given grants of alternate sections of Government land for distances varying from twenty miles to forty miles on each side of their tracks. Thus checkerboards were laid down in which alternate sections were owned by the Government and the railroads.

When the situation developed to the point where the railroads might have leased their grazing lands to advantage, they found that it was impossible for them to do so. They could not inclose large areas without fencing in Government land also, and this was not permitted. The Government has stuck to its policy of maintaining the open range and has forced it, in some instances, upon the railroad lands and grant lands as well.

Thus it develops that a greater area than that covered by Government lands falls under the pall of its mismanagement. The state lands, by and large, become open range also, are overgrazed, lose their pasturage possibilities and deteriorate as watersheds. This adds to the public domain, already bigger than Texas, an area of state land equal to all the Middle Atlantic States, which becomes a part of the open country that is not serving its proper purpose. The railroads, being unable to inclose their lands properly to protect them from overgrazing, present an additional area as big as New England that is improperly handled. Thus, ignoring state and railroad land that has passed into private ownership, we have an expanse of land equal to Texas, the Middle Atlantic States and New England that is not serving its proper purpose. This situation, presented in tabular form, but in round numbers in acres, would appear about as follows:

STATE	REMAINING PUBLIC LANDS	LANDS GRANTED TO STATES	LANDS GRANTED TO RAILROADS
Arizona	16,900,000	8,000,000	9,400,000
California	20,200,000	5,500,000	13,700,000
Colorado	8,200,000	3,700,000	4,000,000
Idaho	10,700,000	3,000,000	2,000,000
Montana	6,900,000	7,000,000	17,500,000
Nevada	53,400,000	2,000,000	5,000,000
New Mexico	16,300,000	4,400,000	4,000,000
Oregon	13,200,000	3,400,000	4,500,000
Utah	25,100,000	5,800,000	2,400,000
Washington	1,000,000	2,400,000	11,000,000
Wyoming	17,000,000	3,500,000	5,700,000

The new conservation contemplates that the Government lands shall be turned over to the states as and when they put themselves in a proper position to handle them. This means that the states must convince the Federal Government of their willingness and ability to do this, that they must pass whatever laws, create whatever agencies, are necessary for the proper execution of the task. The lands may be turned over to the states that do this. Where the lands are not wanted by the states or where those states do not give guaranties satisfactory to the Federal Government of handling them properly, they will not be released.

More Income at Little Expense

When a state receives the Government land, however, it is obvious that a greatly improved situation will exist for handling it. State and Federal lands will go into one pot and can be operated as a unit. They may be controlled, restored, leased, fenced as circumstances seem to warrant. Areas checkerboarded by railroad lands may be handled under agreements between the two parties owning them. Their interests will be identical and unit action should be natural and easy.

The state, dominating this situation, should be able to bring about the proper use of all its grazing lands. Great benefits to its citizens will come about through the restoration of this land and its proper use for the production of grass and of maximum stream flow. It will be required to prepare for this before the land will be turned over to it. President Hoover and Secretary Wilbur believe that the states are competent so to take care of these lands as to get proper returns from them. They believe that the states, being close to this problem, can adapt themselves to the varying requirements in different sections and work out individual solutions. They believe that turning the lands over to them is a step in the proper direction. They believe that it is wise to put the responsibility for handling such situations on the states rather than to leave it with a distant and bureaucratic Federal Government.

Some of the Western governors at Salt Lake City were at first fearful of the expense that would be incurred in taking over these lands. The areas were great and they feared that the situation had in it dangers unknown to them. They suspected that heavy expenses might be incurred.

Upon examination it was found, however, that every one of these states already had an official agency to handle its lands, usually under a state land commissioner. Such agencies were necessary to handle the lands already in the possession of the states.

(Continued on Page 241)

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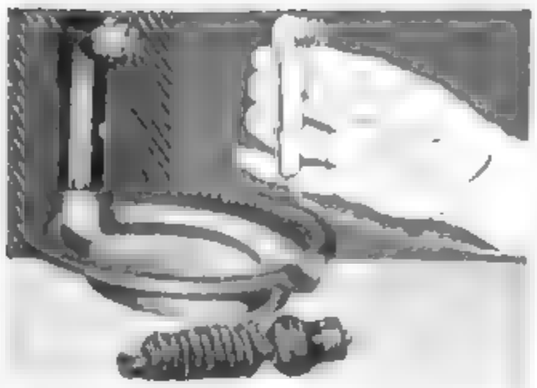

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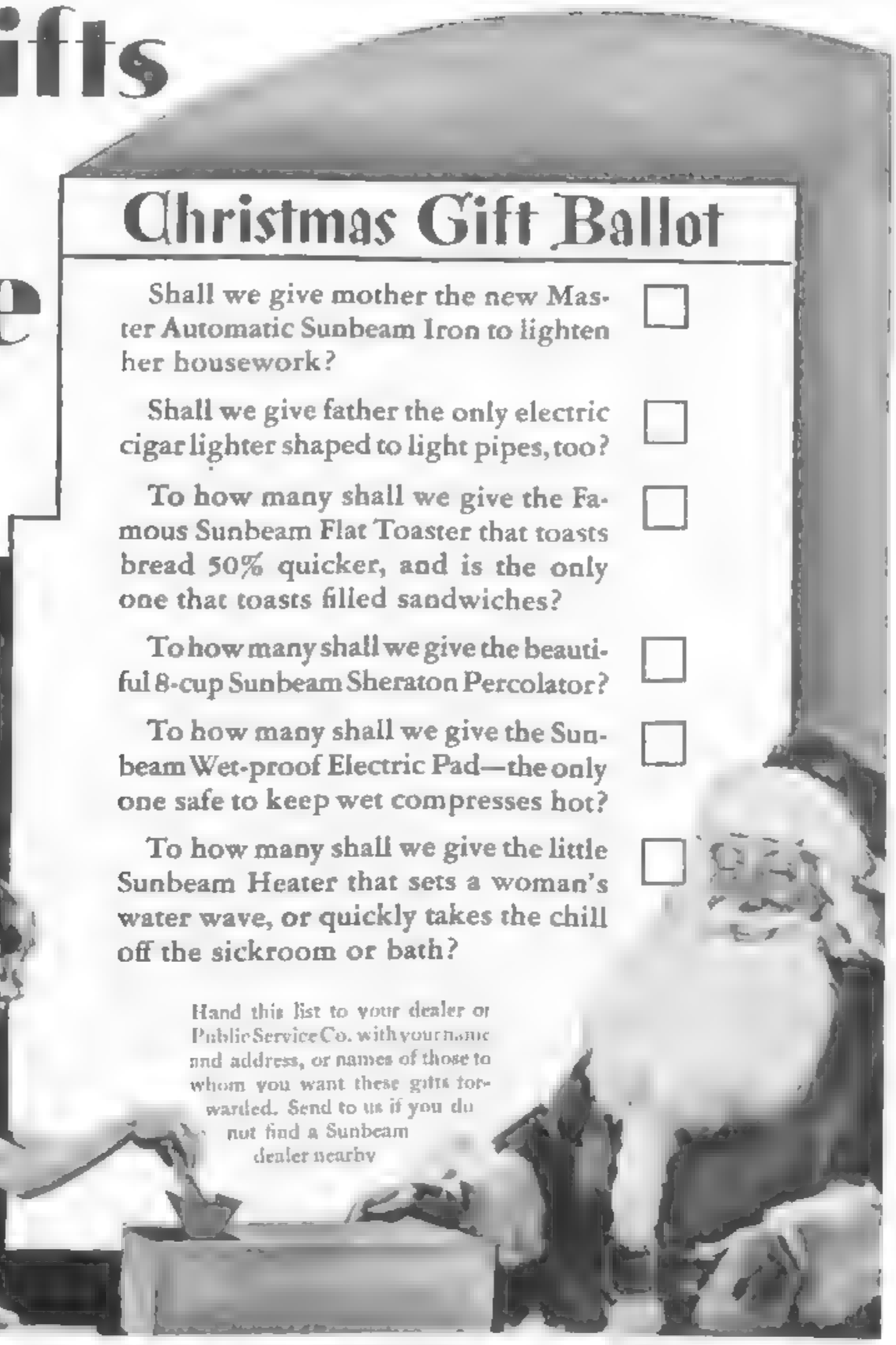

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To how many shall we give the Famous Sunbeam Flat Toaster that toasts bread 50% quicker, and is the only one that toasts filled sandwiches? ☐

To how many shall we give the beautiful 8-cup Sunbeam Sheraton Percolator? ☐

To how many shall we give the Sunbeam Wet-proof Electric Pad—the only one safe to keep wet compresses hot? ☐

To how many shall we give the little Sunbeam Heater that sets a woman's water wave, or quickly takes the chill off the sickroom or bath? ☐

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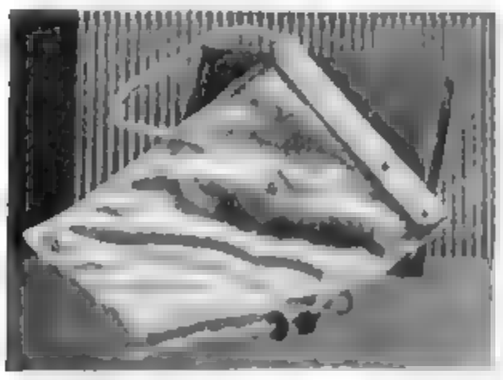

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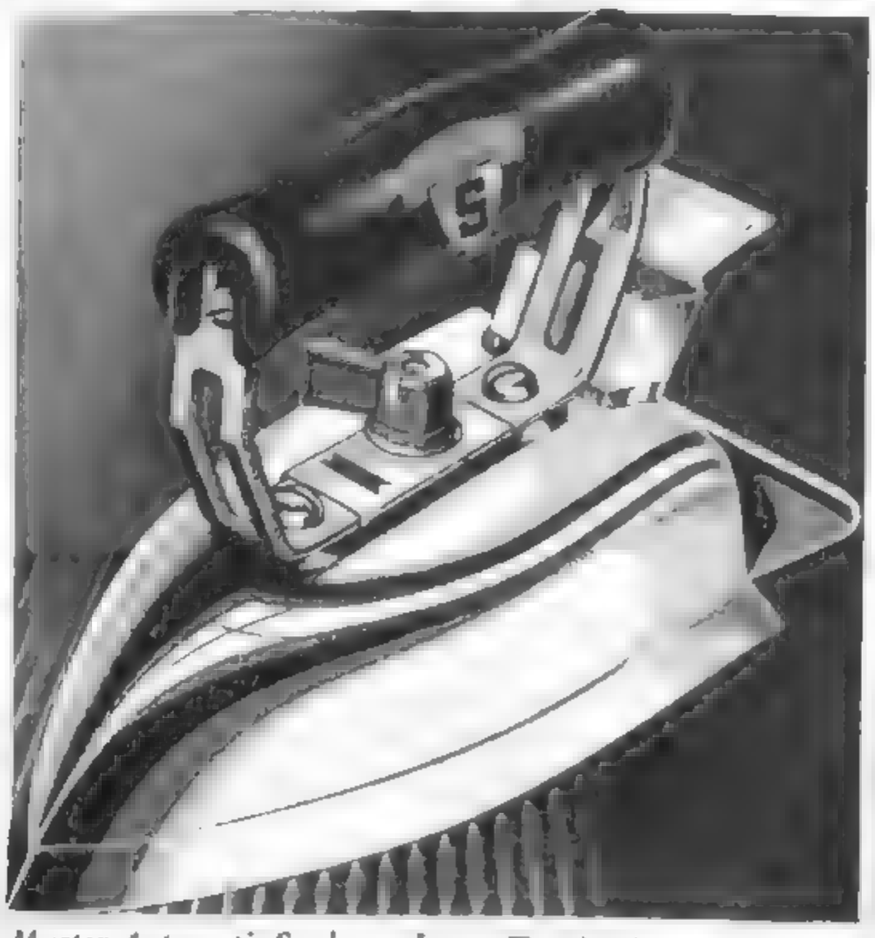

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Only 45 cents more than leading non-automatics, $7.95.

(Continued from Page 238)

An organization had already been developed and was functioning. It was looking after this land so inconveniently mixed with that in other ownership. The same organization would be able, with a bit of expansion, to handle the added lands. It might even develop that the added areas, together with a greater freedom in handling them, would prove proportionately much more profitable than the lands already owned by the states.

Take my own state of Montana, for example. It is already in possession of about 5,000,000 acres of land—an area about equal to that of New Jersey. It has a land commissioner and a staff that cost the state around $75,000 a year. That office collects in rental and lease money about $500,000 a year. Thus is a substantial profit shown from the state lands. There are about 7,000,000 acres of Government land, an area comparable to that of Maryland, within the borders of Montana. I am satisfied that an addition of $25,000 a year to the appropriation for the land commissioner would enable him to handle the added lands.

They are not so good lands as those already owned by the state, and proportionate returns could not be expected from them. The area being greater, however, and the obstacles of proper administration being removed, I am convinced that an additional $500,000 a year may be brought into the coffers of the school fund for Montana from these lands.

Similar situations exist in many of the states. Colorado, for example, last year received $642,000 in rentals for the surface rights of the 3,700,000 acres of state lands that have been turned over to her. She might get a comparable profit if she were to come into possession of 8,000,000 acres of Government land still within her borders. Idaho got $190,000 from the 3,000,000 acres of state lands she has received. There are 10,000,000 acres that might be added to this area. Washington got $315,000 from 2,400,000 acres and might add 1,000,000 to it. New Mexico got $316,000 from grazing leases for 4,400,000 acres, and might add 16,000,000 acres to it. Wyoming received from grazing and sales, from her 3,500,000 acres of state lands, $548,000. She might add 17,000,000 to that acreage. Arizona got $303,000 from leasing of state lands. She has 8,000,000 acres and might treble it.

Better Ranges, More Livestock

I believe that Montana is anxious to take over the public lands within her borders and to administer them to the end that they may be brought to serve their proper purpose. I believe that all the Western States will be anxious to do the same thing when they have further examined the proposal. Many of them are likely to find that surprising possibilities lie in these dormant possessions.

Many estimates are made of the degree of depletion of ranges in many parts of the West. With relation to some places it is said that their proper care would increase the number of livestock they would pasture by 50 per cent. Of other places it is said that the carrying capacity of the range might be doubled. Authorities from other important sections of the range country, and in position to know, state that the carrying capacity might be multiplied by five, by ten. It would seem to be a conservative statement to say that if the ranges were carefully handled and restored they might be brought to a condition where they would carry three times as much livestock as they do.

Thus we have the situation set up. The proper handling of range land would make it possible for livestock growers to produce three times as many beefsteaks and lamb chops on it as they do at present. While this land is in this way adding to the meat supply and the wealth of the nation, it would also be serving an indirect purpose that would be yet more important. It would be maintaining a ground covering that would prevent erosion and conserve the stream flow of the dry country, where water is the controlling element, upon which all else depends.

Nevada's Great Asset

There are infinite details to be disposed of before the Federal Government can turn over the public domain in any state to it. There is the matter of the 13,000,000 acres of land—an area equal to Vermont and New Hampshire—to which the railroads are entitled, but which has never been assigned to them. Large areas in which they still have the privilege of making selections have never yet been surveyed.

The final survey of this remnant of the public domain and its assignment to its proper owners has been one of those tasks of Government that has dragged on and on through the decades. One of the weaknesses of Government is that those assigned to given tasks tend to perpetuate instead of terminate them. Obviously this railroad-land situation should be taken hold of with vigor and cleaned up, whether or not the lands go to the states.

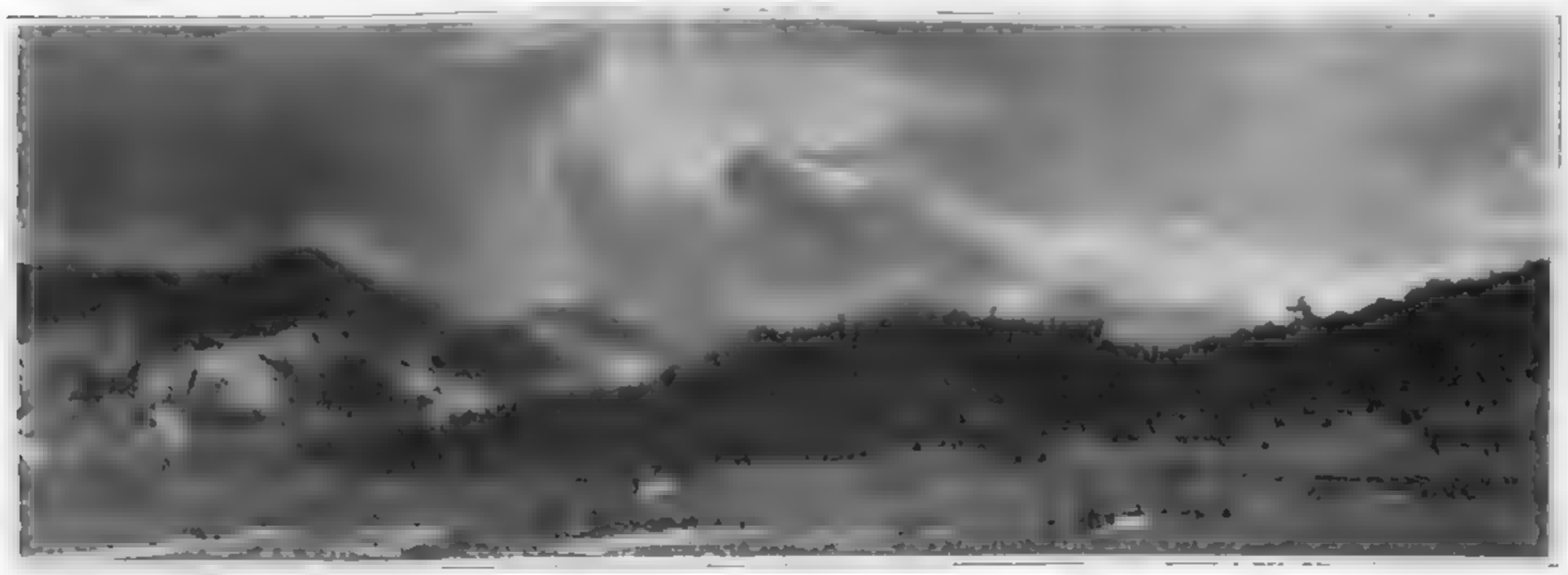
It is probable that Nevada faces the most difficult situation of them all. Nevada has but 77,000 people in it—a smaller population than any other state in the Union—and it is spread sparsely over a region which offers so few attractions to the settler that 78 per cent of its area still remains in the public domain. The extent of the unclaimed land in this arid state is as great as the area of Pennsylvania and Ohio combined. So there is little wonder that its handful of citizens, half as many as there are in Scranton, Pennsylvania, should be appalled at the prospect of assuming responsibility for its operation. Yet this land is the one great asset of the state of Nevada. It constitutes an estate of magnificent proportions. Time may develop it into a property that will furnish the revenue that is so badly needed for local government.

This care of the public domain, the primary purpose of which is the conservation of stream flow in the desert country, naturally ties into the work of the Reclamation Service. That service is custodian of a revolving fund now amounting to $145,000,000, which it uses for the development of irrigation projects in the West. It develops these projects, and they afterward return the money, which it puts into new projects. The fund was created in 1902, when much of the land to be reclaimed was Government land. Lands that have any chance of such reclamation are now largely in private ownership. Their development has become the concern of their owners and of the local community, and not that of the Federal Government. Taking that development to Washington and turning it over to the Government furnishes an example of paternalism and bureaucracy carried to the extreme.

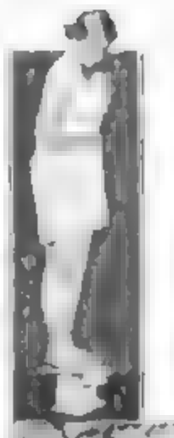
From the standpoint of the new conservation, the problem of reclamation should be resurveyed and a new set-up established in the light of the changed conditions that have been brought about during the past quarter century. The commission that the President has established will be asked if the proper use of this reclamation fund does not lie in the building of dams, the establishment of lakes that store water, and if the application of that water to the land is not a local or state matter. If further study confirms this theory the Federal Government will be able to devote itself and its revolving fund to stopping this precious water that is prone to spill itself at the wrong time and promptly run away, without having served any purpose, from the region in which it is so badly needed. This storage of water in the semiarid country has infinite possibilities that have as yet been but suggested. With the restoration of the watersheds, those possibilities will have been greatly increased. The Federal Government, by concentrating upon storage and freeing itself from the detail of administering local projects, may greatly increase its usefulness.

The Money From Minerals

When the proposal to turn surface rights over to the states was made, there were those who took the position that they should have the mineral rights as well. The new conservation does not go this far. It takes the position that practically all the net returns from lands leased on a royalty basis for the production of coal, oil or other minerals already go to the Western States. Under the law the Federal Government takes 10 per cent of the returns from such leases to cover the expense of operation. The state in which the minerals were produced gets 37½ per cent. This leaves 52½ per cent, all of which goes into the reclamation fund and all of which is spent in these same Western States. Since the Western States at present get all the money from minerals, there would seem to be no great possibility of increasing their return under their own management. The conservation of mineral resources has aspects that are national and often call for a consideration from a viewpoint that is different from that of individual states. For the present, at least, it is considered advisable that the Federal Government should retain the subsurface rights of these Western lands.



A California Sunset



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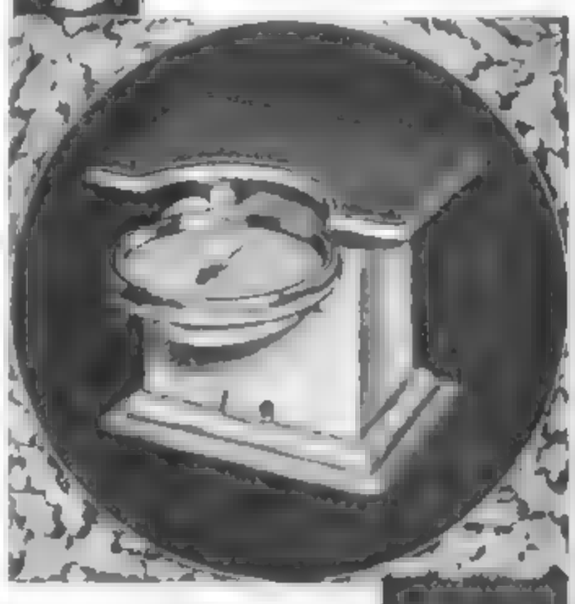

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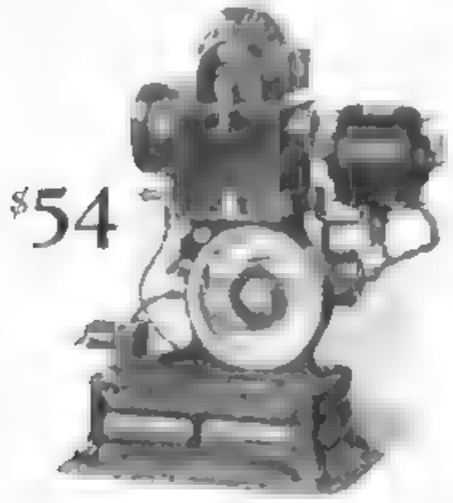

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Automatic Motion Picture CAMERA & PROJECTOR

THE HOME OFFICE—WHAT IT IS; AND THE HOME SECRETARY—WHAT HE IS

(Continued from Page 41)

So I asked her, in my deepest and most impressive tones, "Would you like to go out by my secret stair?"

She was thrilled to the marrow, and I let her out of the third door, which opens out onto a steep staircase, at the bottom of which one comes out into the courtyard. I hope the poor lady got away without being followed by spies.

In the development of the Home Office it is a long jump from Tudor times to those of the middle Georges, when life and politics had become more stabilized. At the end of the eighteenth century there were two Secretaries of State, with practically equal powers. They appear to have jumbled the work up together—foreign affairs, colonial affairs, home affairs—and, in fact, everything else relating to government. But in 1782 it was decided to allocate their duties more or less accurately—the two Secretaries being Charles James Fox and Lord Shelburne—and Fox took over the direction of foreign affairs, and the Earl of Shelburne took over everything connected with domestic affairs and the colonies. But—possibly because he was a peer—he took precedence over Charles James Fox, and thus reestablished the right of the Home Secretary to be the senior of all the Secretaries of State. England was at that time engaged in the great struggle with France and the American colonies. One of my predecessor's first duties was to issue a circular to the mayors of all the towns in the country, asking them to enroll volunteers for the defense of the country.

Secretary to the King

It is interesting to note how many of the great Prime Ministers have at some time in their career held the office of Home Secretary. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Asquith are three who at once come to my mind. Lord Palmerston, who is one of my great heroes in the political history of England, died in the year in which I was born; and if I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should, indeed, like to think that some of his spirit was breathed into my infant body. He was above all else a Briton. "My country, right or wrong" would have been his attitude; just as, I fear, it is mine today. You will remember how he once spoke in the House of Commons from the evening of one day until the dawn of another in the defense of some poor wretch who was a Greek by birth, but happened to be a British subject and had been ill treated in the east of Europe—when he ended up with that memorable declaration containing the well-known words "*Civis Romanus sum*"—speaking of the right of every Englishman, wherever he may be, to the protection of the forces of Great Britain. I sometimes wish that modern politicians had a little more of the spirit of Lord Palmerston in them.

It is, perhaps, interesting to wonder what the Home Secretary did in Lord Shelburne's time. I think his main powers were still derived from his position as secretary to the King, exactly as are many of the present Home Secretary's powers. For instance, nobody can present a petition to the King except through the hands of the Home Secretary. No body or council or deputation may present an address to the King until its language has been approved by the Home Secretary. His Majesty's replies are all drafted by the Home Secretary, because a constitutional monarch can only act in accordance with the advice of his Ministers. You will easily see that if the King were to make some reply of vital importance contrary to the views of his Ministers, it might upset the whole parliamentary government of the day. Consequently, the reply is drafted as I have suggested; though, naturally, it is in many cases talked over with His Majesty or with his own private secretaries before being finally settled

Again, there is the question of the use of the title "Royal." Many hospitals desire to be allowed to call themselves "The Royal So-and-So Hospital." Perhaps a new bridge or road in some part of the country is built by the corporation of some big town, and they want to be allowed to call it "The King George V Bridge." The grant of that or any similar honor, such as raising a town to the dignity of a city, conferring the title of Lord Mayor upon a mayor, is only sanctioned by His Majesty upon the advice of the Home Secretary.

British Justice Versus American

The curious effect of this constitutional monarchy is that the King, who acts on the advice of his Ministers, can do no wrong; it is the Minister who does wrong. And even if His Majesty were to wish personally to decline some proposal after discussing it with me, it would be my duty to write and say that I had discussed the petition with His Majesty, but had advised him not to grant it; thus taking the constitutional liability upon my shoulders. In the old days the matter was sometimes a little more definite. When the Duke of St. Albans of the day was very hard up, and presented a petition asking for a pension to be granted to him, the Secretary of State replied, "I have obeyed Your Grace's commands by presenting your memorial to the King. His Majesty put it in his pocket without expressing his pleasure one way or the other on the occasion." The result of which was that the poor duke got no pension.

Another of the Home Secretary's greatest responsibilities, which comes down from medieval times, is not derived from any act of Parliament, and that is the advice which he gives to His Majesty in regard to the prerogative of mercy. Every man who is convicted and sentenced in this country has a right to appeal to the King, who is the sole fount of mercy, and he acts by and with the advice of the Home Secretary. Obviously, that is a most terrible responsibility; particularly in the case of a death sentence. Many proposals have been made from time to time for a committee of one or two judges and the Home Secretary to decide in capital cases, but I have always felt that it was impossible. One judge has already tried the case with a jury. In practically every murder case there has been an appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal, where three or four of the senior judges again hear the case. But the Secretary of State, acting for the King, is not bound by any technicalities, by any laws or by any rules. He can take into consideration, up to the very last minute before the execution, any new fact or any new argument which may be put before him by any living soul, and every possible effort is made, first by his staff and then by himself, to see if there is any reason whatever why the dread sentence should not be carried into effect.

I remember once, when I was down at my home in the country, that one of my senior staff came to see me with a mass of documents relating to a particular murder case. It was Eastertime, and I said to him, "You must have had a busy Easter."

He replied, "I was working at the Home Office all day on Good Friday, Saturday, Easter Sunday and Easter Monday, in touch with the police of the district where the murder was committed, because I had a doubt in my mind." I can recall the case well: A man riding a bicycle was shot by another man wearing a light brown overcoat, and identification depended almost entirely upon the fact that the prisoner was caught wearing such a coat. Three days before the execution the real coat turned up, having been found in the lodgings of the real criminal, and the man wearing the similar coat got off. No court or committee could have been kept in session up to the last moment to decide a matter of that kind.

I was myself criticized a great deal a year ago in the case of three men who were convicted for a murder. Three days before the date fixed for the execution I decided that there was no reason why they should be reprieved. The next day certain further facts and information came before me—I am not even now going to say what they were—and I decided to revoke my previous decision and advise that the death sentence should be commuted to one of penal servitude for life. How could a committee deal with matters of this kind? There must be one man who, until the last moment, can intervene; and one man upon whom, unfortunately, the final responsibility must rest.

I am bound to say, speaking, as I am, to American citizens, that I believe our system to be infinitely superior to that of your country. A few weeks only elapse between the trial and the execution of the sentence. There is one appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal, and no more. There is then the final appeal to the Secretary of State. The essence of justice is that it should be swift and sure—swift to detect crime and sure in its punishment. Last year there was only one undetected murder in this country, and, as of course you know, the number of murders here is so small in proportion to the number in the United States as to be almost negligible. In many ways you may be ahead of us, but in the detection and punishment of crime I am prepared to yield to no country in the world in my admiration of the police force and the judiciary of this country.

Protecting the Worker

Again, I wonder what my predecessor, Lord Shelburne, would have had to do in the Home Office? There would have been no industrial side in those days, because there were no Factory Acts and no Workmen's Compensation. Most of these great subjects which occupy so much of the time of the staff and of the Secretary of State nowadays are the product of modern legislation. The factories in Lord Shelburne's time, and, still more, the mines, must have been horrible places. The early part of the nineteenth century was a period which cared nothing for human life or human misery. The Industrial Revolution, which converted England from a land of home workers and hand-loom workers to a land of factories with machine power, involved untold misery. The slavery—for it was nothing else—of young children, in both factories and mines, hardly bears description. There was a case of a boy, which came before a government committee at that time, who had to work fourteen and a half hours a day, with only one break of half an hour. He was under the charge of three overlookers, or foremen, one of whom was specially employed and paid to thrash these wretched infants when they got tired at their work. To Lord Shaftesbury we owe the great improvement in our factory life. He laid the foundation of that wonderful system of factory inspection and welfare work which has now spread not merely through England but through the whole world. I shall hope to deal more with this in detail in a later article, because I know that in America you

(Continued on Page 245)

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Bosch Radio Model R, decidedly away from the commonplace. It has built-in electrodynamic speaker. Price, less tubes . . $280

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It is a gift for all the year as well as Christmas. Bosch Radio is the startling success in screen-grid radio of today, its beauty of tone is outstanding. With a selectivity and sensitivity infinitely fine, it also has the power to give you the stations you want. There are seven tubes in Bosch Radio, three are screen-grid, two are the new large amplifier type in push-pull. New console cabinets with concealed electrodynamic speaker are fine examples of the cabinet makers' art. Models from $119.50 up, less tubes. Hear the superiority of screen-grid Bosch Radio demonstrated at your dealer's.

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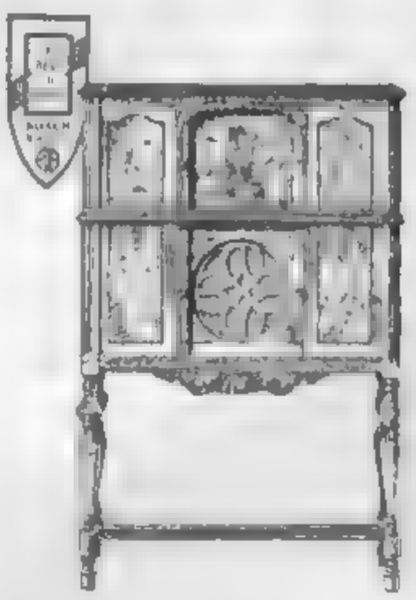

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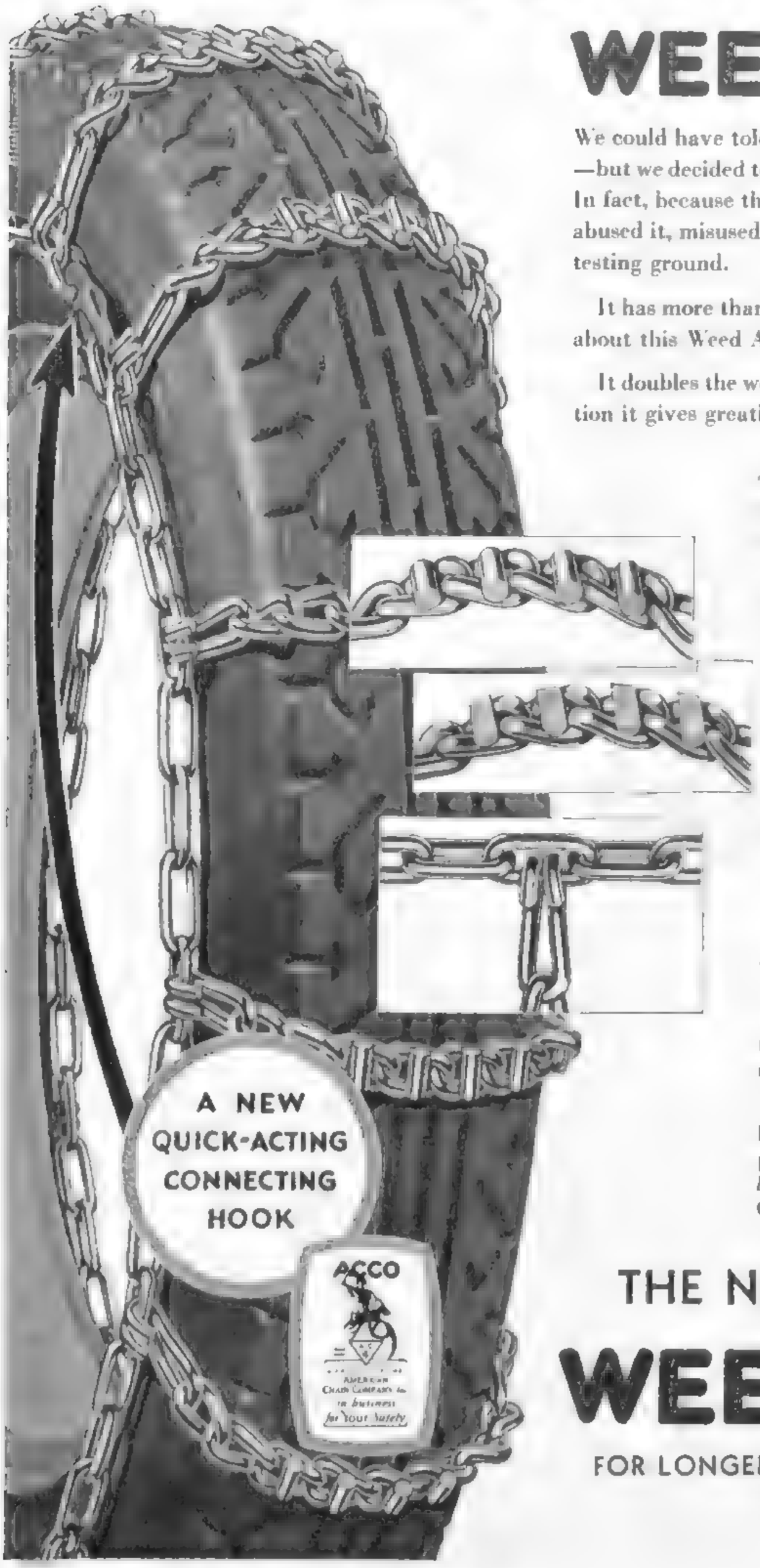

WEED AMERICAN

We could have told you two years ago about this wonderful new tire chain —but we decided to give it the most brutal tests that chains could be put to. In fact, because this new tire chain of ours seemed too good to be true, we abused it, misused it, and tried it out on every sort of street and road and testing ground.

It has more than proved its great advantages. So now we are telling you about this Weed American Tire Chain.

It doubles the wear you expect after using ordinary tire chains. The traction it gives greatly increases the margin of safety.

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THE NEW CROSS CHAIN

Across the contact links we have electrically welded reenforcing bars, of 9/32" hardened steel. These reenforcing bars, besides gripping the road, strengthen the chain against early breakage.

WHEN THE CROSS CHAIN WEARS

The cross chain shown at left (see inset) has already travelled a great many miles. An ordinary cross chain would have worn through long ago. Note the reenforcing bar is only partly worn through, and the link proper is just starting to show wear.

THE NEW SIDE CHAIN

It's electrically welded. It has more links. It can't kink. It's tougher. It's stronger in the pull and withstands the roughest ruts.

Get Weed Americans. The name WEED is stamped on every hook. Made by the American Chain Company, *Inc.*, Bridgeport, Conn. *World's Largest Manufacturer of Welded and Weldless Chain for All Purposes.* In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, *Limited*, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

THE NEW

WEED AMERICAN

FOR LONGER WEAR, BETTER TRACTION, GREATER SAFETY

(Continued from Page 242)

are, perhaps, in some ways in advance of us in the amenities you provide for the workpeople in your great factories.

In Lord Shelburne's time there was not much for the Aliens' Branch of the Home Office to do; I doubt if there was such a branch at all. There was then none of the vast traffic to and fro between the nations of the world, and there was no need for a guardian of the gates of Great Britain. Today there is such a need, and the guardian is the Home Secretary, who has been given by Parliament absolute power to admit or reject any alien of any nationality. He need give no reason to anyone for his action; although, of course, if Parliament liked to demand a reason and he refused to give it, Parliament could carry a vote of censure and he would have to resign. But I have never myself had any trouble in that way. On my authority, admission was refused to a considerable number of undesirable aliens, and when questioned in the House of Commons, my answer always was: "The House has intrusted the Secretary of State by act of Parliament with these powers, and in my considered opinion it is in the interests of this country that the alien in question should not be allowed to land here." And the House invariably supported my action. But in addition to making the Home Secretary the warden of all the ports, Parliament has intrusted him with the control of aliens who have gained admission, and has provided him with a drastic weapon—deportation—wherewith to get rid of a guest of this country who in any way abuses our hospitality.

The power to deport a man who, maybe, has created large business interests in England, has many ties here, and has British-born children at British schools, is a very great one, but I think its very magnitude insures for it a wise use. The consequences may be so serious to the individual that there is little chance of its being abused. Here again the discretion of the Home Secretary is absolute. He can only be called to account for his actions in Parliament, and though I ordered the deportation of a considerable number of aliens in my time, I cannot remember that I was ever challenged. So with naturalization. The power of granting to foreigners British nationality lies in the hands of the Home Secretary, and while I occupied that office I took endless pains to insure that the privilege of British nationality was not conferred upon an unworthy recipient.

A Thought for the Children

It is rather an interesting fact that the aliens' administration of the Home Office was so effective that when war was declared on the fourth of August, 1914, within twenty-four hours every German spy in this country was under lock and key, and no information got through to the Germans as to the movements of our troops. In consequence, the whole British force was moved across to France without a single soldier being lost—a great tribute, of course, to the army and navy—but I think a still greater tribute to the administration of the Home Office in its immediate and effective muzzling of enemy agents.

I see as I write that the new Socialist Government, acting, no doubt, on the advice of my Socialist successor at the Home Office, Mr. Clynes, has decided to prohibit the entry of Trotzky, the well-known Russian communist, into this country. I admit that I have had some anxiety during the last few weeks as to whether they would stand up to their extreme supporters in regard to this matter. But I am glad that they have had the courage to do the right thing. To have allowed Trotzky to settle in Great Britain and to become a center of intrigue whence the poisonous propaganda of this super-Bolshevist could filter through the land would have inevitably worked grievous harm to our country.

The Children's Division of the Home Office would also have been nonexistent in Lord Shelburne's day. There were no reformatory schools, no probation system; there was no League of Nations at Geneva pressing forward the better treatment of children throughout the world.

I suppose that Lord Shelburne had something to do with police, though there were no policemen. But there were people who carried out some of the duties which are now done by policemen. One reads of the Bow Street runner in Dickens' early novels—that kind of half private and half public detective. But the Secretary of State was then responsible for the maintenance of law and order, and in those days there was no Secretary of State for War. There was a Secretary at War—an office which Lord Palmerston subsequently held for many years, but he was merely the administrator of the details in connection with the army. It was the Secretary of State—that is, the Home Secretary—who was the exponent of the King's pleasure in matters relating to the troops.

A Safety Valve for Hot Air

Equally, in those days there was no Prisons Department at the Home Office. The prisons belonged to and were controlled by the local authorities. What they were like a hundred years ago those who only know a modern prison can have no conception. Men and women, old and young, hardened criminals and first offenders—all herded together; sanitation almost nonexistent, cruelties constantly perpetrated, food bad, no windows. Our prisons were simply hotbeds of crime. The descriptions which one can read in the novels of the early Victorian age are sufficient to make one blush for shame for the record in my own country—and I believe we were even then far in advance of most countries so far as regards prison organization. Fortunately, however, John Howard, Elizabeth Fry and other great reformers appealed to the consciences of our forefathers, and today everything is changed. There is now a great Prison Commission, with a high official at its head, with offices in the Home Office, and with the ultimate responsibility for all the acts of government and control of all the prisons resting in the Secretary of State.

You have doubtless heard of meetings in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, which are the blow holes of the hot air which is generated in the underworld of British democracy. There were bad rows in Trafalgar Square as early as 1886. As a young man, I remember them well—John Burns and others made revolutionary speeches. John Burns must look back upon them with interest from the retirement of his library, where he now has made, perhaps, one of the finest collections of books on London which there is in London today. A great Londoner and House of Commons man—the first Labor Member to become a member of the cabinet—John Burns, in his retirement, has the good wishes of us all. But I sometimes wonder if his mind goes back to the time when he was a leader of the Revolutionary Social Democrats, and they marched along Pall Mall and Piccadilly, smashing the windows of the clubs and shops. Doubtless they thought they were very fine fellows, doubtless they thought that the revolution had come. But not a bit of it; the windows were reglazed and England went on with its work, undisturbed and undismayed. But the police had a good deal of trouble. Sometimes the square was lined with cavalry, and of course bigger crowds than ever came, partly to listen to John Burns and partly to see the cavalry—for the English people love their army—until finally Mr. Asquith made a few simple rules, establishing the right of the Home Secretary to permit meetings from time to time, provided notice was given to the police and detailed arrangements made, and now there is never any trouble. The same happens in Hyde Park—the hot air escapes instead of blowing up the boiler, and there is no trouble.

This is only a cursory review of some of the activities of the Home Secretary. You may imagine that he has a difficult time—certainly a busy one. For nearly five years I worked fourteen hours a day, and often, I am sorry to say, on Sundays as well. Never when I went for a holiday, shooting in Scotland, for instance, did I have less than two hours' work a day. You can't put off decisions for which your department is waiting, which may involve, if not life or death, matters of almost as much importance to some section of the community. And when, after shooting, other men went off to the smoking room to chat or play a game of bridge, the wretched Secretary of State retired to a private sitting room, which was generally given to him by his hosts, to do his work, and back the next morning the boxes were sent to the Home Office.

Of course, I was guarded night and day. There was always a policeman in uniform outside my house in London. I remember once a friend of mine, driving in a taxi from a railway station, coming down Queen's Gate, saying to the taxi driver, as they neared the house: "That's the house—where the policeman is." "Gawd, sir," said the taxi man, "why didn't you tell us it was Jix's house?" When I went to my home in the country, my private detective, who was responsible always for my safety, came and lived in my house there. I think, as a matter of fact, that he had a very good time, as latterly I had one who was the tennis champion of the police force, and a great swimmer and athlete, and he enjoyed himself to his heart's content.

One day, however, I remember I was inspecting one of the convict prisons, where the men were working out in the fields, and as I passed along one of the prisoners said to me: "I say, guv'ner, is that the 'Ome Secretary in front?"

"No, it isn't," I said.

"Are you sure? We was told as 'e was coming today."

"Yes, I am quite sure," I replied.

"Oh, well," was the reply, as he took up his heavy spade, "if it 'ad bin 'im I'd 'ave 'ad a go at 'im!"

I passed on, and as I turned around and smiled at him I think he realized the joke, and smiled back. But what a mercy for him that he mistook his man. For myself it might or might not have been dangerous but for him it might have meant death, as there is always a warder with a loaded rifle standing on guard over the convict squad when they are working in the open, and my own detective, who was within a yard of me, was also fully armed.

A Very Busy Life

In addition to the duties I have outlined in this article, there is the frequent attendance upon the Sovereign, the constant attendances at courts and levees, the official journeys as Minister in Attendance on the Sovereign when performing public functions; there are the attendances on the cabinet and in the House of Commons, where any day a storm may arise around the devoted head of the Home Secretary. Beyond this, there is his responsibility for training, looking after and educating his family of about 8000 boys and girls in the Home Office Schools, and when you add that to the control of the police and the management of the prisons and the improvement of the conditions in our factories, as well as work in connection with the suppression of or helping in cases of industrial diseases, you will realize that the life of the Home Secretary is full enough. Throw in, now and again, in addition to this, a general strike, a raid on Arcos or a disturbance in the police force, and you have a very busy life.

I have filled several other offices, but I remember, when I was appointed, the late Lord Oxford and Asquith, who had been Home Secretary before he was Prime Minister, writing to me to say that the Home Office is the one in which a man of courage and determination can best impress himself on his day and generation. Whether I have succeeded in doing this is for others to say.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Lord Brentford. The next will appear in an early issue.

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LYON

STEELART FURNITURE

CONFESSIONS OF A DEAN

(Continued from Page 35)

and so complete a series of failures that, to his very great satisfaction, we were easily able to drop him under the rules.

At my college, as at nearly all men's colleges, there is a rule which aims to prevent women from entering men's dormitories. A boy who invites one in against the rule is usually dismissed. The necessity for this regulation will be understood by all reasonable mothers who will pause to reflect. Waiving any question of immorality, in men's dormitories the showers are usually in the basement, and boys go about the entries in the same careless freedom of dress and undress that they enjoy in a man's athletic club. The university police had reported that a woman had been entering a freshman's room during the morning hours. The offense was repeated and we learned that the visitor was Mrs. Chester, the young and attractive but not very sensible mother of the occupant. She had been unable to resist the temptation to see whether her son had put up his curtains; and, a little later in the fall, was merely wishing to assure herself that he was using his woolen blankets. This had happened when the boy was out of the dormitory. But not long after, one Sunday evening, the policeman had noticed them approaching the building. He was sure the boy knew the rule, but did not quite trust the mother.

He explained to them that ladies could not enter dormitories without special permits from the dean's office and that these were granted only rarely and for special occasions. He indicated to them a common room where they might visit. A little later to his astonishment, he found them leaving the son's room. The boy admitted to me that he had told his mother it would "make no difference," and my experience with him had revealed him as one of the lukewarm, self-pitying type who always criticize a rule and never themselves. The mother was—in part at least—to blame not only for this offense but also for the boy's general attitude. I felt, however, that a few weeks' suspension might give this young man a much-needed stiffening up. It is clearly impossible for the college to inquire into the degree of relationship between young men and their feminine visitors, especially in these days when, to the unpracticed eye, there are no longer any outward differentiæ between mothers and their daughters. I realized that he and his mother would probably raise a great hue and cry about the injustice of suspending a son because he had been visited by his mother. In this I was correct, and it was probably that one of my decisions which was most frequently criticized. I still feel that I was right, though possibly I overdid it just a little when, in writing the mother about her son's suspension, I explained that were she subject to academic jurisdiction, it would have been necessary to suspend her as well.

Parents Reverse Their Rôles

These two episodes had followed each other in close succession and I find that after the second I scribbled in my diary, "American undergraduates are overmothered." A single swallow does not make a summer, and the unexpected appearance of even two unwise mothers need not upset a hardened university official who for many years had been forced into familiarity with the maladjustments of American social and family life. If, in the autumn when these two otherwise insignificant episodes occurred, I became conscious of what my friends at first amusingly called the "feminine peril," it was for a quite different reason. The college of whose staff I had been a member for more than a quarter of a century had certainly grown in numbers. Yet fathers seemed to be becoming rarer visitors in our offices. This was not because young men had improved, but because the rôle of the fathers, even when sons were in serious trouble, was more and more being assumed by mothers. Just as they had disappeared from parents' associations, fathers were by way of disappearing from the offices of their sons' colleges. If you wrote them, the mother replied and on the rare occasions when it was necessary to suggest that they come down, it was the mother who came. This was a trend bound to have unfortunate effects, and it was the recognition of this fact that led me to conclude that undergraduates were overmothered. I realize that what might be called the barriers between the sexes have been breaking down. Many occupations and professions previously preempted by the male have been opened to women, with no loss to society, and many foolish prejudices which restricted the range of their legitimate activity have been removed. The rôles of the male and the female parent are, however, not interchangeable, and though there are functions which the mother only can perform, there are others which should be quite as exclusively the father's province. In certain phases of a boy's life in college it is only a man who can guide him, since his problems are peculiarly those which concern the young male's adjustment to masculine society.

A Boy in a Man's World

Almost everyone will admit that after a boy has reached the age of twelve or fourteen he does better under male instructors. This is not because a man knows algebra, Latin, French or English better than a woman of the same intellectual aptitudes and training in these subjects. It is because there is far more to a boy's education than these formal subjects of study. Education is also quite as much a matter of proper emotional attitude and social adaptation. After a boy becomes conscious of sex differences, as he inevitably does in those years, there is a distinct loss where he spends too much of his time and receives too much of his training even from the most admirable and competent women. It is a significant fact that women instructors do not clamor to teach in men's colleges. Their own instinct or good sense tells them that their sex or that of their pupils will militate against their success. Boys' preparatory schools almost never employ women teachers, though they do have highly successful house mothers, and women nurses in their infirmaries. This may rest upon an unconscious recognition of profound psychological differences and it may be in part lingering prejudice. However much of this prejudice may be removed, it is still true that a man's life and a woman's cannot be entirely the same. Neither, therefore, can their education. Sometime and somewhere the boy must learn to live in a man's world. A boy occasionally—indeed often—fails at the university simply because he lacks the necessary intellectual capacity. That, in the interest of his further training as a useful social being, should end his college course. It is not a matter that calls for any intervention whatever by father or mother in college offices. If, however, he is in difficulty in a dean's office because of his behavior, it is because he has been unable as yet to adapt and adjust himself to that man's world in which he will be called upon to live. The father, if he has the boy's confidence, can do far more for him than the mother in such a crisis.

In my experience with mothers—even excellent mothers—at such unhappy junctures, I have found that the maternal protective instinct almost inevitably asserts itself. They wish to spare the boy all possible unhappiness and pain rather than really to further the difficult and often essentially painful process of social adjustment. A year's removal from college, and hard work on his own in association with other men who are also earning their living, is in some

(Continued on Page 249)

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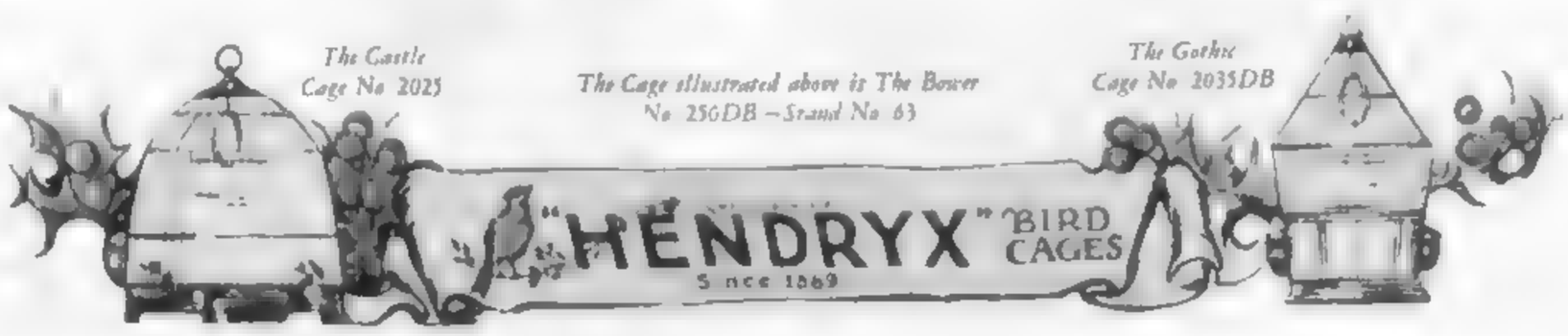

(Continued from Page 247)

cases an effective normalizing agent. A father will often see this, but I can remember only one mother who willingly accepted this recommendation.

Any dean who has been long in service can cite instances where some young man whose aberration was serious had to be treated with decisive severity. The youth will return a few years later to thank him with fine sportsmanship for that timely jolt over which his broken-hearted mother wept. One such mother once followed me back into my office and, laying her head upon my desk, assured me between sobs that she would not leave until I had relented and restored her son to good standing. Since a wise and, I believe, humane, if masculine, committee had decided the boy must be out at work for a year, and could only return on the recommendation of his employers, the situation would have been ludicrous had her mother's grief not been so utterly sincere.

Harrowing as such meetings are, in the rare instances where a boy had to be finally dismissed, I have encountered worse from distracted mothers who, resorting to all feminine arts and devices, threatened and cajoled by turns. That is why trustees of colleges should be careful to see to it that their deans of men are neither too young nor too handsome, for though I was fortunate enough not to suffer from either of these professional handicaps, I was twice treated by mothers in a manner which their sons would have described as "vamping."

We have seen that a man's college is of necessity a man's world, and whatever ardent feminists may say, as I have seen it, it is not the woman, it is the man who pays. The father usually foots the bills. This is as it should be, and regrettable only when his intervention and interest, as so often, go no further. If, however, in the less formal but none the less important sides of a young man's education, feminine intrusion is too pronounced, it is the boy who pays. He pays in maladjustments, unpopularity and unhappiness.

The Fear of All Real Boys

The activities of youth, even on a college campus, are conditioned and in large part directed by subconscious fears, prejudices and presuppositions which are as old as the race. The greatest fear of the primitive tribesman was that he might not pass the tests of manhood and that he would be compelled to spend his life in the woman's house, in woman's garb. The dominant rooted fear of the young collegian today is that he will be regarded as a sissy. Today, as in primitive times, that is the deepest disgrace of the normal young male, and consequently his greatest, if unacknowledged, fear. This explains much of his boisterousness, his rough-housing and occasionally his unhealthy desire to practice all masculine vices. There are many fields in which his male prejudice against female domination is strong and resentful. I knew one devoted sophomore son who failed to make a club for no other reason, so far as I could discover, than because it had become common gossip among his classmates that his mother picked out his neckties. It was taken as an indication that he was tied to the proverbial apron strings. All this is stupid and foolish. It is not logical, it is psychological; but just for that reason it is all the more serious. Anyone who is curious can see these instinctive fears and resentments revealed in the unconscious habits of undergraduate speech. When a boy's friend has given him good advice, he commends him with "Spoken like a man"; and I have heard the best and most devoted sons in the world reject and completely rule out of court a classmate's suggestion with the one withering phrase, "He talks like an old woman."

Nobody Loves a Sissy

A mother who would really understand her son must come to recognize that this attitude of unreceptivity to female suggestion extends into domains like religion, where even the educated public is rarely conscious of its existence. We cannot here enter into all the phases of this clouded realm of youthful fears and prejudices. Let it suffice to say that there are, however, aspects of a boy's life concerning which he will accept reproof and guidance from a grown male who is almost a stranger where he would not brook interference from feminine relatives.

Any fairly intelligent man who has dealt with the young of his own sex realizes that there is no more tragic life than that of the lad known to his classmates as a "mamma's boy." He is hopelessly out of it in any community of masculine or even feminine youth, for even girls share this secular prejudice against the sissy. It is for this reason that the increasingly frequent assumption by fathers that the direction of a son's life in college can be turned over to his mother is a fallacy of American parents which all too frequently results in unhappiness and disaster.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles. The next will appear in an early issue.

"Oo-o-o! Lookit th' Lady Exercising That Horse!"

GOOD NEWS

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Planters Salted Peanuts are always as fresh as the latest Extra. Crisp as a newly printed newspaper. As big and plump as the Sunday Edition.

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There's a Francisco Auto Heater especially built for your car at somewhere between $3.50 and $10.00. Available everywhere and quickly installed, it will flood your car with comforting warmth no matter how cold the day.

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Or any other of 10,000
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and buy your chauffeur a couple of Kozak cloths.

You never *need* ride in a dirty car. It can be Dry-Washed with a Kozak cloth . . . without water or anything else . . . *in five minutes*

The maid can use the other Kozak for polishing plate glass windows . . . and properly caring [illegible]

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You will also see it displayed in thousands of Colonial . . . Cities Service . . . Indian . . . and other gasoline stations in the Kozak colorful, holiday gift package. A useful remembrance for friends with nice cars . . . particular about appearances. Or direct from factory by return mail upon receipt of one dollar each . . . but please order today and avoid usual Xmas mail delay

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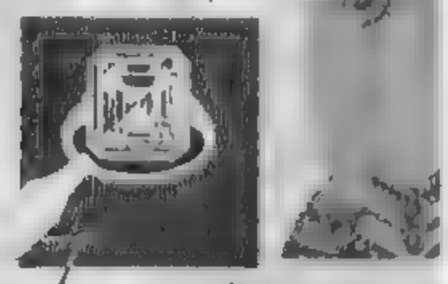
Send [illegible] Kozaks . . . Xmas packed, for which I enclose [illegible] cash

Fine Jewelry is set with HOPE STONES



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ROADS OF REMEMBRANCE

Continued from Page 25

Twenty minutes beyond Isle aux Noix the traveler enters the United States by Route No. 9, which by some is called the Roosevelt Highway—a Road of Remembrance. There are billboards at once—large billboards and small billboards. It is a road of waffles. There are stretches that lead the traveler to think that the road may have been built in memory of waffles long since dead, of waffles yet unborn. Either that or franks. As soon as one enters the United States he is in the frank belt. If you have forgotten it, there are billboards a plenty to remind you where franks and waffles may be had. Hot waffles. Hot franks. Franks with skins, and franks without skins. Nor is that all. Buy Stencho Cigarettes. Lucille Lush smokes Stencho Cigarettes. It says so on the billboards.

President Roosevelt's Advice

It is a good road, this Roosevelt Highway; a smooth, pleasant road. One slips along it so rapidly that one is apt to get his billboards mixed, especially after being in Canada, where there are no Roads of Remembrance, no billboards; nothing but the grass and the trees and the rivers, mellowed by time and marred a little, but only a little, by the hand of man. This Roosevelt Highway is a Road of Remembrance, built to enable the people to see this beautiful northern country; this ancient highway down which trotted the painted Indians, and along which swung the French in their gay white uniforms, the British in their scarlet coats and the Americans in their ragged militia jackets. Eat Spoilmolar's Chocolate Wadgets! Stop at the Nervyrack Hotel, Peacekill, New York! And some people call this the Roosevelt Highway!

President Roosevelt's under jaw jutted out until his glistening teeth were in line with his ragged mustache. "Do not," he shouted in his high-pitched voice, thumping his right fist violently into the palm of his left hand—"do not let selfish men or greedy interests skin your country of its beauty, its riches or its romance."

The ancient road from Canada winds along the shore of Lake Champlain. Far away, rising above its blue island-dotted surface, loom the Green Mountains of Vermont, as fair a spectacle as any land affords. Near at hand are billboards advertising hotels—hotels, some of them, a hundred miles away. A few of the signs are modest signs that please the eye—signs built in the manner of ancient tavern signs. But the larger part of them are tremendous, violently colored signs that fail to blend, somehow, with the distant masses of the Green Mountains, that cramp the imaginations of those who would call into their minds the tall ungainly figure of Ethan Allen, leading his hard-boiled Green Mountain Boys against the British lobster-backs.

Here are signs a plenty—fine large signs. They say nothing, unfortunately, about Indian massacres, nothing about the British armies, nothing about the exploits of Rogers' Rangers. One scarcely knows where he is, on this road. Well, look at the map. Where are we, anyway? Ah, yes! Valcour Island ——

General Arnold with his fleet of schooners and row galleys, knocked together by New England carpenters, moved into the narrow channel between Valcour Island and the shore, and anchored there to delay the British fleet, by which he was outnumbered two to one. All through the day he fought the British, who so hemmed him in that he could never, they knew, escape annihilation; but after darkness had fallen he slipped between the British ships without a sound, and at daybreak had vanished. Twenty-four hours later they caught him again. Surrounded by seven British gunboats, Arnold fought them like a madman with his single galley, pointing every gun with his own hand and protecting the retreat of his other vessels. When at length he ran for shore, his galley was torn and splintered, and his decks littered with dead and dying. He ordered his marines to set fire to the American vessels as soon as they were grounded, leap into the water, wade ashore with their muskets, and form in such a manner upon the beach as to guard the burning vessels from the approach of the enemy. He remained aboard his galley until driven off by the fire, and was the last man that reached the shore. He kept the flags flying, and remained upon the spot until his little flotilla was consumed; then, with the small remnant of his brave soldiers, marched off through the woods and reached Crown Point in safety."

This section is in the Fir Balsam Pillow Belt. The signs tell you about them. Many of the signs state that their pillows are made of pure balsam. Seemingly, the countryside is flooded with imitation or impure balsam pillows.

A little further along lies the Adirondack State Park; and this, thanks to the activities of the State Conservation Commission, is a clean and debillboarded section. More than two thousand billboards were removed from the highways in the state park by the commission—a state of affairs that has caused some grief to the persons who contend that the Constitution of the United States protects all persons who wish to maintain eyesores on private property; for most of the billboards eliminated by the commission were on private property.

Eventually, however, the traveler emerges from the Adirondack State Park and finds himself approaching Lake George. Billboards, messy filling stations and sign-covered trees and barns reappear in regiments and battalions as the traveler approaches the spot where that great French gentleman, the Marquis de Montcalm, stood quietly and unprotestingly with his officers while his Indian allies from the north and west butchered the women, the children and the disarmed soldiers from Fort William Henry.

Profits From the Public's Money

They are difficult to locate, these historic spots; but one with good eyes may glimpse an occasional marker, a very small bronze tablet amid the towering billboards. Between the slightly cockeyed billboard of the Applepeel Hotel and the broad red-and-yellow sign of the Nearly There Hotel one may descry—if one is quick and alert to avoid being bumped by the speeding tourists from Ohio and Illinois and Indiana—a very small bronze plate which reminds us that Gen. Henry Knox passed along this road in 1775, dragging the captured British cannon from Ticonderoga to General Washington in Cambridge.

It is, however, little use to stop suddenly at signboards announcing Here It Is, for such signs, instead of indicating the site of historic Bloody Pond or the battlefield of Lake George, have been erected to show the location of a small, sign-plastered place that has advertised its steak dinners farther than the guns of Fort George were ever able to shoot.

The road from Lake George through Glens Falls and down the Hudson is one of the three leading billboard centers of Eastern Billboardia. Everything that is advertisable on billboards is advertised in this stretch of territory. It is one of those perfectly billboarded sections that has caused more headaches than can be laid at the door of bad liquor, and has led newspapers and individuals into making pointed remarks. The San Francisco Examiner, in mid-1928, declared: "As fast as the American people invest a million to make a roadbed attractive to motorists, the signboard companies, by spending a few hundreds of dollars, make the roadsides hideous . . . and seriously depreciate that investment."

In Hendrik Hudson's Day

Col. Frederick S. Greene, Superintendent of Public Works in the state of New York, takes little pleasure in the special privilege that steals roadside beauty from the people. "As everyone knows," he says, "a dirt road has no advertising value; but after the state has expended fifty thousand dollars or more per mile to convert a dirt road into an improved highway, traffic is immediately attracted and signs inevitably follow the traffic. Signboard companies thus reap, without any return to the state, a benefit which the state has provided through expenditure of millions of dollars."

There is a side road out of the town of Saratoga to the beautiful high land nearer the Hudson, known as Bemis Heights. It was at Bemis Heights that the second battle of Saratoga was fought, the battle that instilled confidence in the weary, wavering American colonies: the battle that whipped Burgoyne, and that is known as one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world.

Morgan's riflemen, most dreaded body of men in the Continental service, able, while running across broken ground, to load their rifles and to hit a saucer at two hundred yards, dashed from the hilltop at Bemis Heights with Morgan, bellowing like a bull, at their head. They fell on the flanking party that was advancing before General Fraser's right wing, and opened on them such a deadly fire that they broke and ran in dismay. Then, with the speed of the wind, Morgan wheeled and fell upon the British right flank with such appalling force and impetuosity that their ranks were at once thrown into confusion. "The finest regiment in the world," Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne called these Virginians, trained and commanded by an ex-teamster in Braddock's army by Dan Morgan, whose back was scarred with the welts of a whipping he had received in his youth from British officers [illegible]

There are signs on a rounded hilltop that looks across to the rolling fields of Freeman's Farm and the misty valley of the Hudson.

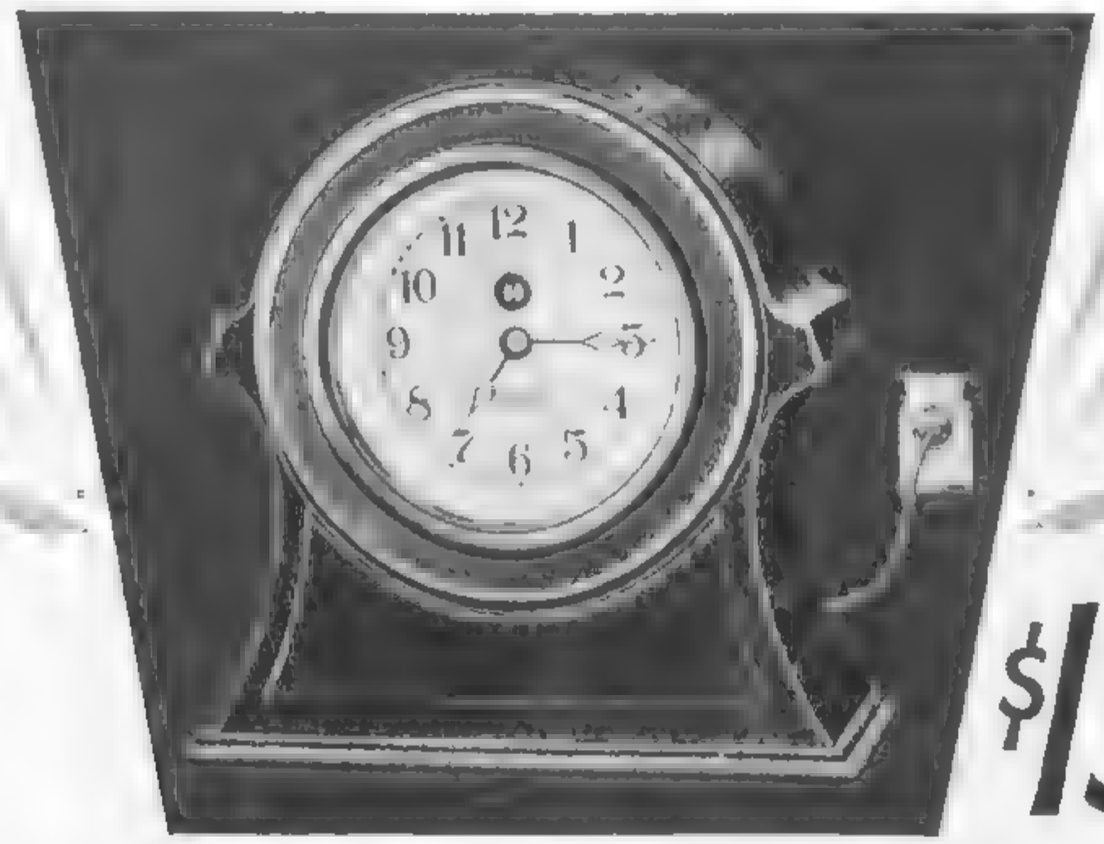
Cowering meekly among these billboards on the rolling hilltop is a small and unobtrusive sign. "Colonel Morgan," says this bashful little sign, "held this position to prevent the retreat to the West."

There, on the ground where the billboards pose drunkenly, Morgan's riflemen lay and prevented the escape of Burgoyne's army, hemmed in and headed off the red-coats and the blundering Hessians, so that the rolling fields and the wooded slopes of this fertile country might belong forever to all the people of America, and to their children and their children's children; and it seems moderately reasonable to raise a question as to whether Morgan and his riflemen would have fought as ferociously as they did if they could have foreseen the thoroughness with which

(Continued on Page 253)

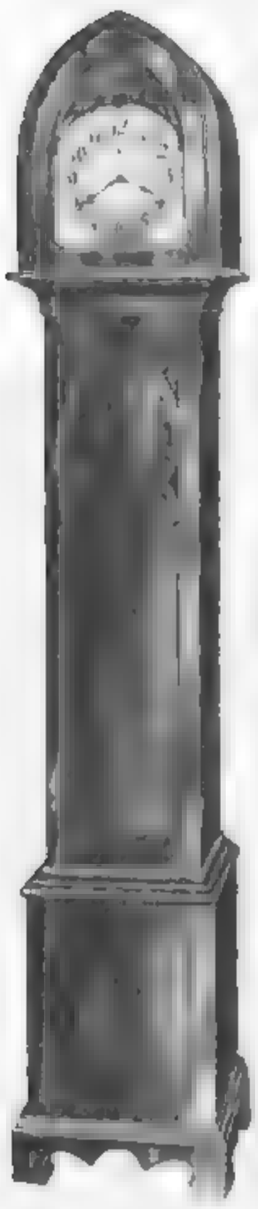
The Shore of Lake Erie

THE MODERNS ELECTRIC GIFT



$15

ROSEMARIE, a very popular all-purpose model, in beautiful shiny bakelite. Adaptable to almost any room in the home or office. Priced at only $15 in handsome mottled mahogany or walnut. Choice of twelve other colors for $1 additional.



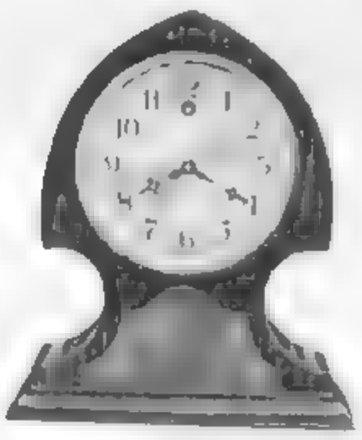
WALES HOSPITALITY: dignified, aristocratic, handsome. Hand-carved solid mahogany or dark walnut "hospitality" cabinet. $197.50

ELECTRIC TIME
From the light socket

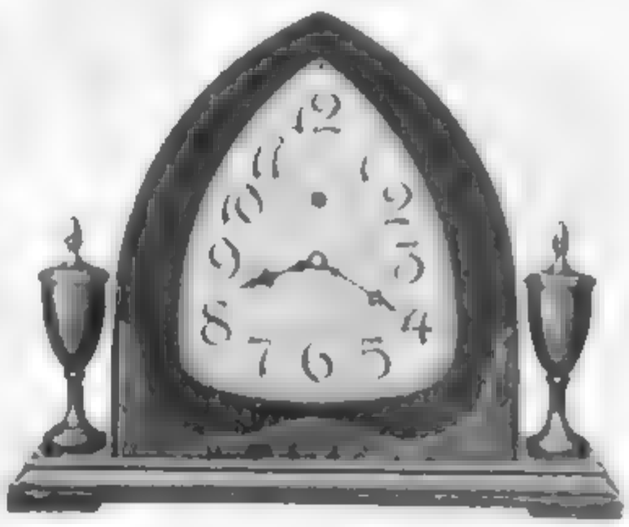
SOLVE this year's gift problem with this most modern electrical gift, unique, useful, lasting. Give one of the many models of Kenmore Electric Clocks.

Kenmore Electric Clocks make absolutely correct electric time available for the home. They are kept regulated to Official Observatory Time by the new free time service supplied by your electric company. Kenmore Electric Clocks never have to be wound. They contain no springs, pendulums or other mechanisms of the ordinary clock. They do not even "tick". You can plug the Kenmore into any electric outlet without any special installation.

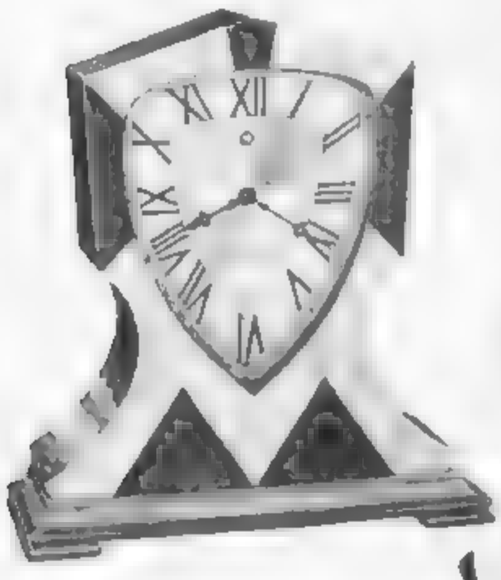
Dealers are showing many handsome models of the Kenmore priced from $7.95 up. Mantel clocks, desk clocks, boudoir clocks, kitchen wall clocks, many in beautiful colors. See them at any dealer's. Or write for the new illustrated booklet, which shows all models in full colors. The Kodel Electric & Manufacturing Co., 517 E. Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



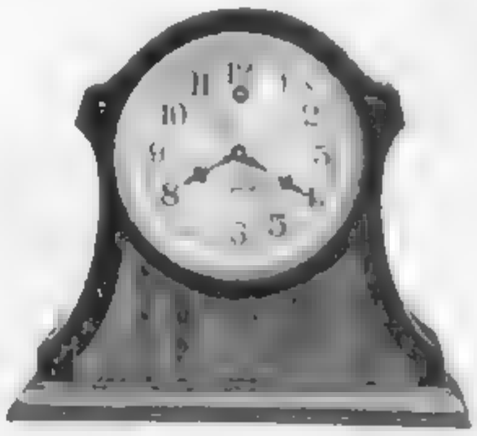
BEACONSFIELD. Moderately priced Gothic design, graceful conservative beautiful in rich mahogany or dark walnut finish. $27.50



LEVERHULME. Graceful, semi-futuristic creation of distinctive appearance. A very popular model. Walnut or mahogany. $50



GLASTONBURY. Distinctive two-tone modernistic design of contrasting woods. A different, ultra-fashionable model. $70.



PENN. Distinctive in its simplicity and subtle beauty. Rich two-tone walnut or mahogany case, inlaid with high-light panels. $27.50

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MONITO Sock styles don't "just happen." Neither are they the result of bright ideas that "come to someone *just like that.*"

First, the Monito Stylist originates a new conception which is sketched on paper, much as an architect might draw up a plan.

Then there's a visit to what we call our style laboratory—a little room tucked away in a quiet corner of the great Moorhead mill. A room small in size, but great in importance, for here the ideas of the Monito Stylist are translated into actualities.

The Monito Style Laboratory is a cheerful room. Cones of yarns of all colors and all shades of colors line the walls. Ample windows afford perfect light for the Stylist and his assistants who operate the special machines used for experimental purposes.

In an atmosphere of harmony and quiet needed for real creative effort, the needle arrangements of the knitting machines are changed many times as revisions, improvements or elaborations are made on the original design. Color schemes are varied again and again until a new number is created that shall be worthy of a place in the outstanding line of Monito Advance Style Socks.

There is a haberdasher near you who features Monito Advance Style Socks. He offers an interesting showing of socks of authentic style, socks of complete comfort, socks of trim fit and long wear—Monito Socks! Ask to see them.

© M. K. Co., Inc., 1929

MOORHEAD KNITTING COMPANY, INC., HARRISBURG, PENNA.

CREATORS OF ADVANCE STYLES IN MEN'S SOCKS

(Continued from Page 250)

the billboards were going to skin the highways and the abutting property of the very three things against whose removal Theodore Roosevelt warned—of their beauty, their riches and their romance

The billboards flit rapidly by as one continues on into Albany and descends the river through Kinderhook and Hudson Hudson—there's a name that ought to bring up memories of some sort! What memories does this neighborhood bring to mind? Look around a bit. Soffback Girdles? Earbruise cabins and overnight camps? Ye Olde Clamme-Shelle Tea House? Yes, all of these; but there's something else.

Let—me see! Hudson—Hudson! Frederick Hudson? No, that wasn't the name! Hendrik Hudson! That's it! Hendrik Hudson and the Half Moon!

Hendrik Hudson was musing idly on the romance of this great new Western World. He rested his elbow on the taffrail of the old Half Moon as she wallowed slowly up the great river, and swept his eyes along the sky line to the eastward. "Drink Zoozleoop, the Tonic of Distinction," he read. Visit Ye Olde Timey Shoppe, Antiques of the Better Sort: Welcome to Hick Hook, The Little Paris of the Hudson. Get Your Double Cross Waffles at Ye Olde Woffle Shoppe at Fishe Hook; Crump and Cramp, Hardware, Drugs, Fir-Balsam Pillows, Chow-Dog Puppies and Player Pianos; Invest in Zuyder Zee Manor." Hendrik's elbow slipped from the taffrail and his chin descended violently on the water butt—violently, but without sound. The Half Moon rose from the river at an acute angle and vanished behind a cloud wraith. It had gone up in the air in search of its brother ghost, Romance

The Scenic Wonders of the World

Discouraged at the filling stations and refreshment huts and billboards that rim the New York-Albany road, the traveler strikes across the Hudson and up into the Mountain Lake region of New Jersey. The mere sound of the region has a romantic sound. Mountain lakes! It calls to the mind bosky glades and crystal clear tarns close under the rocks of Lovers' Leap! Unfortunately, the filling stations and the hot-dog stands and the billboards are so thick in the Mountain Lake region that the lakes themselves can scarcely be seen by the passing motorist.

Passing rapidly through the region of indorsed Frankfurters, the traveler arrives at one of Billboardia's most prominent beauty spots—a spot that is designated on billboards as the Eighth Scenic Wonder of the World—to wit, the Delaware Water Gap. The billboards do not name the other seven scenic wonders of the world, but from the present heavily billboarded condition of the Delaware Water Gap, it might not be unreasonable to guess that they are as follows: 1. The gas-house section of Newark, New Jersey; 2. The railroad underpass four miles west of Trenton, New Jersey; 3. The outskirts of New Brunswick, New Jersey; 4. The painted barn on the outskirts of Bangor, Maine; 5. The hill of the fifty-five billboards, just south of Baltimore; 6. The reflecting bay near Bridgeport, Connecticut, that reflects the billboards on its shores; 7. The sky-line billboard display outside of Hartford

The traveler who presses on through the beautiful and fertile Pennsylvania Dutch country is impressed by the manner in which the hotels and the business men of a town will plant their billboards in the next town. The business men of Bethlehem, for example, have erected a large number of noisy billboards in the near-by town of Nazareth. The city of Reading, too, has sown its billboards far and wide throughout the country; and the ancient barns near Reading are splotched with signs.

So, in time, one comes to the long, rolling road through the most fertile country in all the world—the long road that tops the swelling rises of Lancaster County and leads to the little town of Gettysburg. There are red-white-and-blue markers by the side of this road, and they bear the letter L, placed there because the road is named in honor of Abraham Lincoln. There is a little bronze marker, too, by the roadside, telling those who have eyes to see that this is the Road of Remembrance

There was an encompassing, overwhelming, distant thudding in the air, a thudding like a thousand devils beating a thousand feather beds with a thousand sticks. Dust hung over the roadway as though the beating had continued since the beginning of time, and through the dust went a steady stream of blue-clad columns, moving perpetually to the south. The sun beat down on them out of a sky of pallid, sickly blue, and the perspiration dripped down their bearded cheeks and made mud splotches on their wrinkled blue jackets. Guns and ammunition wagons toiled past them, creaking and rattling and banging; and officers called hoarsely to their men, querulous from the blazing heat. Along the roadside, resting in the dusty grass with their heads between their knees or dragging themselves to the rear, were the wounded—pale men, ghastly men, men with their arms bound to their sides, with blood-stained rags around their legs or their heads; men who limped and men who babbled. "Git on up there!" bawled a cupless boy who used his musket as a crutch. "They chewed hell out of us at Devil's Den! Give 'em hell, or they'll be in Philadelphy tomorrow . . ." The blue-jacketed ranks rolled their eyes at the white-faced boy and toiled on toward Gettysburg. The ammunition wagons jolted and wailed. The dust hung over the road like smoke, as though the fiery sun had scorched the marchers with its rays, and the Union forces moved closer to the thudding of the guns.

A Road to Forget

This is the Road of Remembrance. Tourists Accommodated. $1 Dinner—All You Can Eat for $1. Gloop's is the Home of the Best Five Cent Cigar. Don't Suffer from Colds; Use Sniff's Cold Remedy. Chew Brownbeard Plug. Smoke Orduma, the Nation's Sweetheart Smoke. Tourists Accommodated. Hotel Bullethole, Gettysburg. Cannonball Lodge and Overnight Cabins; Free Digging for Bullets. Seven Miles to the Abraham Lincoln Garage and Overnight Cottages. Tourists Accommodated

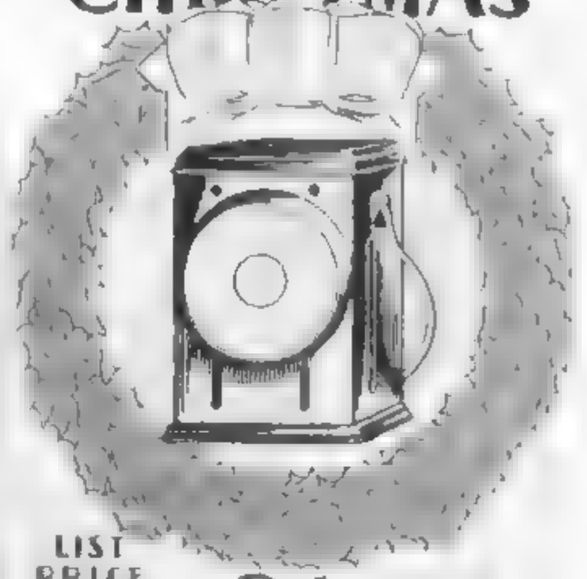
So this is the Road of Remembrance!

The road from Baltimore to the nation's capital, traveled at one time or another by all the great men of America, is a smear of billboards. The country between Philadelphia and New York—historic ground, all of it—is an offense to the eye and to the ear and to the mind, and at times to the nose. The Boston Post Road, along which men from all the colonies trudged to join Washington, to fight the Mexicans, to preserve the Union, is a welter of eyesores

Travelers on railroads have been, by law, given protection from solicitation on the part of salesmen. "It would seem lawful," says Chauncey Shatter Goodrich in the California Law Review, "to extend similar protection to travelers on public highways, even though the drummers in the latter case assault the eye instead of the ear."

A Stream Near Ketchikan, Alaska

for A MERRY CHRISTMAS



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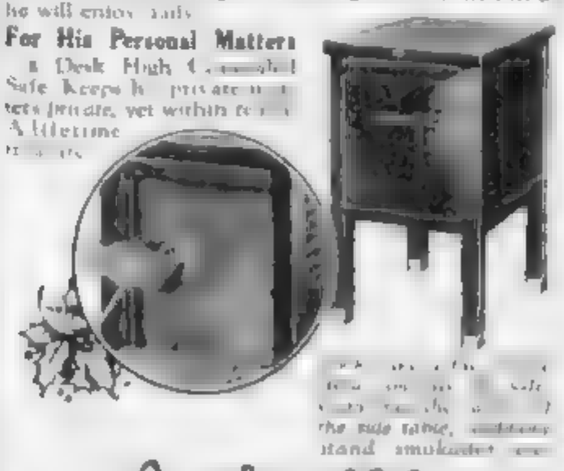

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Profits From the Start

A PRINCE OF PROPHECY

(Continued from Page 13)

ceremony. A great agitation reigned at the castle. The Rumanians blamed the Russians and the Russians the Rumanians. Each suggested a different solution. King Carol, who was honorary colonel of a Russian regiment, had wanted to lend his uniform to the Prince Dolgorouky. Unfortunately, His Majesty was a small man, and the prince, a giant. At last, at half-past four, they announced to us the arrival of the lost trunks, and a few minutes after five o'clock we were at Sinaia

When all the invited guests were assembled, the court made its solemn entry into the gallery called the Salle Mauresque, where the baptism was to take place. The gallery was decorated with flowers and brilliant with lights. King Carol and Queen Elizabeth, better known in the world by her poet name of Carmen Sylva, walked at the head of the procession. The King wore in honor of the godfather and the godson—his Russian uniform and Russian military orders. The Queen, already at this time very stout and changed by age, still charmed all eyes by the immaculate whiteness of her hair, such as I have never seen on any woman, and by her beautiful teeth, displayed in her almost perpetual smile. The Crown Prince Ferdinand followed, accompanied by his three oldest children, all equally fair and rosy. Carol, chubby and already nearly as tall as a man; Elizabeth and Marie Mignon, now respectively the former Queen of Greece and the Queen of Jugo-Slavia, ravishing little girls of nine and five years, with long silky golden hair.

The mother, Crown Princess Marie, in accordance with the traditions of the Orthodox Church, could not assist at the ceremony and could not make her appearance for which we all waited—until after the baptism of her son.

At last we saw enter the Prince Dolgorouky, superb in his recovered uniform of aide-de-camp general. He was, in fact, a gigantic man of a very noble appearance, wearing a short beard and long boots. His chest was covered with decorations and he proudly held in his outstretched arms the little prince in his christening robe. Amidst a burst of beautiful choral music of the Orthodox Church, the priests in their gold-embroidered robes proceeded to the benediction of the lustral water, contained in a large silver font surrounded by lighted candles and white roses. Following the ritual of the Greek Church, we heard the Prince Dolgorouky declare three times in a strong voice that he "renounced Satan in the name of the servant of God, Nicholas"; then turning his head three times to the right and three times to the left in sign of abjuration.

The House of the Spirits

Then the child's clothing was removed and he was plunged by the metropolitan primate into the baptismal water, from which we saw him emerge, crying and screaming, but Christian and godson of the Emperor of Russia. Then the Prince Dolgorouky, unmoved, held out his arms and received again the royal infant, who screamed and fought under the anguished looks of Miss Woodfield, anxiously impatient to take back her burden. Some minutes afterward, the beautiful young mother, the Princess Marie, entered, wearing a white dress, set off by pearls and the huge sapphire-and-diamond brooch, a present from the Czar to his godchild's mother. The court received the congratulations of the assembled guests and retired. The brilliant ceremony was over.

None of those who assisted at this fairy christening in this royal castle hidden in the depths of the woods imagined for one moment that a few years only would pass before Providence carried off the godfather and him who represented him on this day. Prince Dolgorouky was the only one of the aides-de-camp of Nicholas II who followed to the last the fortunes of the imperial family, and perished in Siberia, a victim of his fidelity. And not one of us thought then that little Nicholas would become one day Prince Regent of Rumania, and that by a combination of extraordinary circumstances it would be he who would assure the continuation of the dynasty instituted by his great-uncle, the King Carol. Yet, strange to say, someone who had not been invited to the baptism foresaw these events. This was the old learned man who had retired from the world—Professor Hajdeu. He was then living near the town of Campina, which is on the highroad from Bukharest to Sinaia, in this same district of Prahova where we all lived. He was a strange old man at whom everyone shrugged his shoulders. Since the death of his only daughter, Julia, many years before, he had given himself to occultism. A thousand fantastic tales were recounted of him, notably, that he believed he had inclosed the soul of his daughter in a bottle and that by this means he was able to communicate with her. Professor Hajdeu possessed, just out of Campina, on the border of the highroad, a little estate on which he had built, after the death of Julia, a ridiculous house, which had the air, at the same time, of an Egyptian tomb and a caricature of a fortified castle. He had had the railings and the doors painted in black and silver, which added to its mournful appearance, and people called it the House of the Spirits. It was there that he was said to receive the visits of the powers of darkness. Whether there was any truth in all the tales which were told of this old man I do not know. Anyway, it was a fact that he lived retired from the world, and this alone was perhaps enough to make people believe that he had lost his reason.

An Audience With the Prophet

A short time after the christening of Prince Nicholas, the crown princess received from the hermit of Campina a most extraordinary letter, of which she spoke at the time to me and to several other people. In this letter, old Hajdeu solemnly announced that her son Nicholas was called to a destiny which was from all points of view providential; that he would, in the course of time, exercise authority and save the country from anarchy. In token of which, before quitting this world, he, the wise man Hajdeu, would leave to him by testament the castle of his soul, his dear domain of Campina, the House of the Spirits. Was it that he feared to distress the mother who might begin to imagine the death of her oldest son because of Hajdeu's prophecy concerning the younger one, or could it be that he was persuaded by some mysterious motive, known to him alone, that Prince Carol would retire from the throne and would never reign? In any case, he ended his prediction by saying that the part which the Prince Nicholas would play in the country would not be because of the death of his elder brother, Carol, who would continue to live. The prophecy, like all true prophecies, seemed a little vague. It was received in the royal family, first with astonishment, then with amusement, and finally it was forgotten. But when the child was about four years old, Professor Hajdeu asked to be received in audience by the crown princess. This favor could not possibly be refused to a member of the Royal Academy. The audience was granted, and old Hajdeu appeared at the marked hour in a very shabby and old-fashioned tail coat, the dress prescribed by court etiquette. With his untidy white beard and ruffled white hair, he looked very much like an old wizard, as the crown princess described him to us after the audience. As soon as he had been admitted into her presence, the prophet had renewed his prophecy and had asked to be allowed to see the child. Prince Nicholas was then shown in, and, in spite of Hajdeu's

(Continued on Page 256)

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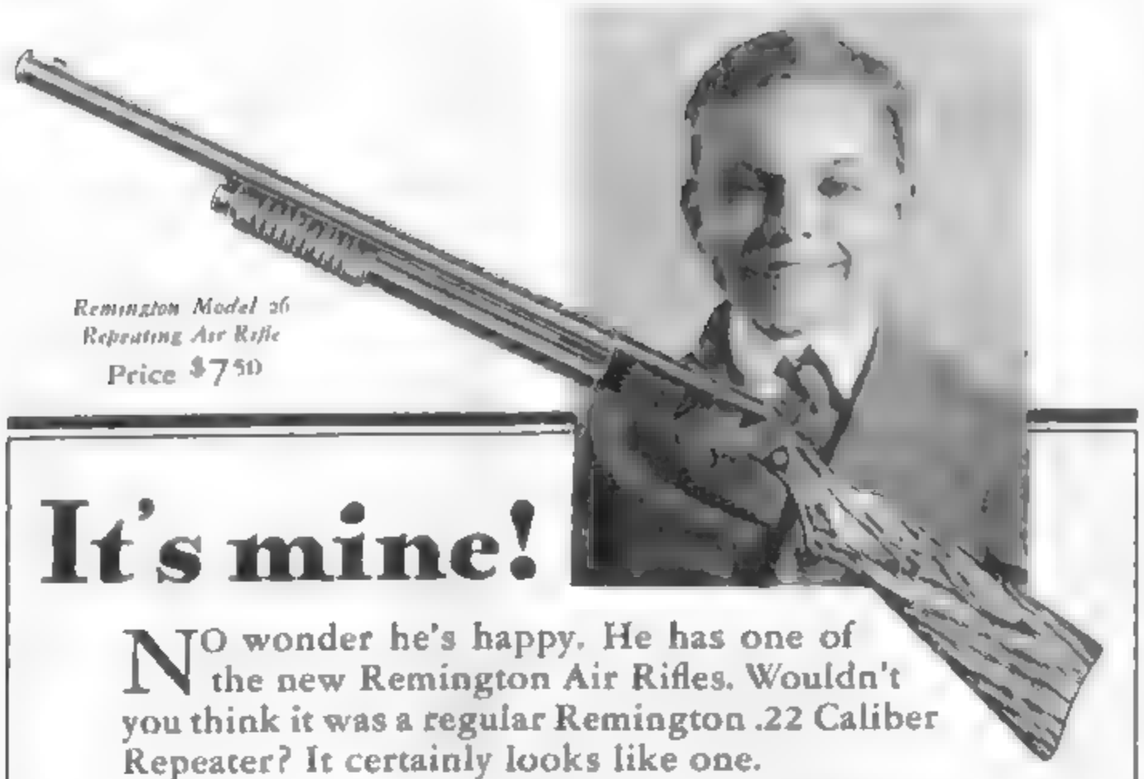

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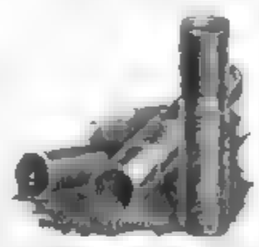

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(Continued from Page 254)

queer appearance, did not manifest the slightest sign of fear, shyness or dislike.

"He recognizes me," said the old man. "He knows me well. For fifteen years I have communicated with his soul."

Then he again announced his intention of leaving by testament his house at Campina to the young prince as a sign of public recognition, and he left the palace after having prophesied his own death, which was to happen very soon. My recollections of this curious happening I have recently talked over with Queen Marie herself, as I did not want to write anything on the strange subject without comparing my memories with her own.

Since then, each time I have happened to pass in an automobile on the highroad of Campina, either with Princess Marie or with Prince Ferdinand, we always gave a glance at the fantastic and ridiculous house that the crown princess had named Nicky's Castle.

The little prince of the prophecy grew up, as had his brother and sisters, under the watchful eyes of Miss Woodfield, successor to Miss Green of the dynasty of nurses from the nursery at Windsor, and he in no way excited the attention of grown-up people, except by his extreme turbulence; his restlessness and love for speed were celebrated in his family from his earliest age.

During one of his first visits to Posada, I could see him among the other children, not able yet to walk, dragging himself on the polished floor of the drawing-room, and, by using his arms and legs, managing to move with great quickness. His movements were of an extraordinary rapidity. He never stayed in one place. From his earliest childhood, this little boy, born in the century of mechanics, dreamed of nothing but carburetors and motors, lamps and pistons; his first and most treasured toys were baby motor cars. He disdained the horses that his mother adored. He was the child of an acute modernism, and the funny thing was that he knew it and said it. When he could scarcely talk he expressed clearly the position which it was his ambition to occupy in life: "I don't want to be a prince or a gentleman. I want to be a mechanic and a useful chauffeur."

Princess Marie's Little Wolf

This democratic declaration scandalized his nurse, but amused his mother very much. At the court they repeated this remark. His enthusiasm for motor cars was surprising to old King Carol, who had hesitated a long time before using an automobile for himself. He had not done so until his friend, the Emperor Francis Joseph, even older than he, had been converted to this new way of locomotion. The intelligent expression of the little boy who would become a useful chauffeur, his cleverness in maneuvering a little child's automobile, hearing him speak the new language of the repair shop, astonished and amused the old Sovereign. Now, when the crown princess entered the King's room each morning, the first question he asked was always this: "*Was macht der Nicholaus?*" "What is Nicholas doing?"

In fact, he was always doing or undoing something. He either smashed or repaired. He was never idle; his mind and his hands were always at work. His sisters could tell you something of this activity of his, particularly Marie Mignon, the present Queen of Jugo-Slavia—she whom I nicknamed Queen Cinderella. She could tell you of his collection of girls' hair, principally pulled from her head, which he kept in a cupboard, and which became a very rich collection. Nicholas was what is called a terrible child, but nevertheless infinitely charming and attractive, a child endowed with too much vitality.

I had the opportunity to get better acquainted with him when the crown princess sent her two youngest children, Nicholas and Ileana, to Posada to stay for a week with us. Prince Nicholas was a thin and nervous child, but his brother and elder sisters were quite the opposite; they had a magnificent color and lovely hair, and they were stout and sturdy. Nicholas was light and agile—like quicksilver. He was a pale child, and delicate looking to anyone who did not observe the fire of his eye. With his long nose, his hair rather silver than gold, and his pale blue eyes which glowed sometimes with a fierce light, he had the air of some proud and savage little animal, and his mother often called him "my little wolf." During the meals, I saw that he was behaving toward poor Miss Woodfield rather like a little fox. Sitting between her and me he made a series of attacks upon his nurse under cover of the table. He pinched and scratched her, but the calm face of Miss Woodfield gave no indication of the tortures to which she submitted, and I learned to what height the stoicism of an English nurse can go when it is a question of defending before strangers the reputation of a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. The little boy's naughty spells did not last long. They denoted only an excess of vital energy that age would subdue. The instant after one of them Nicholas would throw his arms round the neck of Miss Woodfield and all was forgotten.

One Way to Amuse the Prince

His extreme activity, combined with a certain physical delicacy, caused him often to be ill. During his visit to us he was obliged to stay in his room for a few days, because he had taken a cold and had a sore throat. When very hot, he had insisted upon sitting beside the chauffeur while out for a drive. The other children went out every day without him and even had picnics. It was the time when the chestnuts were ripe, and the children contested for them with the squirrels. Delicious amusement, this easy gathering of chestnuts, which finished with an open-air tea taken in the woods. It was terrible for poor Nicholas to stay alone under those conditions and to be obliged to keep to his room. One afternoon I remained at home with him and tried to amuse him. I didn't succeed all at once; he did not care much for tales or to be read to—not even stories of red Indians. What could I do? I saw that he was beginning to grow fidgety, and even unhappy. Gazing out in the direction of the woods where the chestnut trees were to be found, with his nose glued to the window, he looked like a pathetic little wolf in a cage, pining for its liberty. I tried to think up something to keep him away from the window. I was really sorry for him. I asked him if there was any game which he liked that we could play at together? Then, somewhat timidly, he asked me if I could, by any chance, draw for him in his album a racing automobile with a very long hood. He said he did not know how to draw, but he knew how to paint, and if I would only draw the car, he afterward would be able to color it.

I promised him that I would try. I brought a new catalogue of racing motors from my husband's room, where it was never difficult to find this sort of thing; and I did my best to make a sketch of the car which Nicholas thought might be the winner. I drew very slowly and took great care, and in this manner the time passed. Nicholas was close to me, leaning over my work, and he was so excited that he held his breath to see better what I was doing. He gave me directions and technical advice of which I was much in need. The form of the radiator was not altogether like the model; I had to rub it out and begin it again. I had to arrange it so that one could see also the extra wheel on the side. Obediently I used the India rubber to repair my numerous blunders, one by one. At last the drawing was finished to the satisfaction of the two collaborators, and it was the turn of the painter to exercise his talent. It was I now who gave good advice. "Be careful not to go over the line of the carriage with the red; you need a lighter gray to paint the tires, and a mixture of yellow and red to imitate the light copper hoods."

The only means which I found to keep a little boy happy who liked nothing so much as speed, shut up in a room for a whole afternoon, was to keep him working at a reproduction of the machine which would permit him to win the race in his dreams.

When Miss Woodfield came back from the chestnut picnic with the other children, she was very much astonished to find her little prince so quiet and contented.

The prophecy of the old Hajdeu had been almost forgotten by the few people who knew about it, when one day we learned of his death. His will was opened, and it was found that he had, in fact, left all he possessed—that is to say, his absurd house of Campina—to Prince Nicholas of Rumania. King Carol, who was very severe in regard to everything that concerned the prestige of the royal family, firmly opposed himself to the idea that any member of the reigning family should accept a legacy from one of their subjects. The newspapers registered officially the renunciation by the hereditary couple in the name of their son Nicholas. Nicky's Castle was turned over to the Rumanian state, to serve as a public building, and the whole matter was forgotten. The loss to the prince was not great. The House of Spirits looked so sinister and uncanny that it would have been necessary to pull it down and rebuild it before any person would consent to inhabit it.

In waiting to become a useful chauffeur, the godson of the Emperor of all the Russias showed remarkable aptitude in managing a bobsled that had an engine provided with a fan like a real automobile. I remember a winter when we found the royal family all assembled at Sinaia, and recall a ride of more than an hour that I took in the midst of pine trees covered with snow, glittering in the sunshine, in the bobsled of Prince Nicholas, who took the turnings in a very masterful manner. His passion for mechanics amused my husband, who took him to the workshop where his cars were repaired, where he himself spent long hours, each time the royal child came to visit us at Posada.

Not Destined to Reign

The young prince's vocation was remarked by Monsieur Louis Bleriot when the hero of the Channel crossing—a great friend of my husband—came to stay with us in Rumania, the same year that he had accomplished his exploit. Louis Bleriot flew at Bukharest before the King Carol, the Queen Elizabeth and all the royal family, and the first who asked to be allowed to get up into the plane and see the motor was Nicholas. Constrained less than his brother by the conventional education of a future king, because he was not destined to reign, he was always making funny replies and using expressions that provoked laughter. Endowed with a keen sense of humor, it amused him to give nicknames to all the people he met. King Carol having received the visit of the heir to the throne of Germany, little Prince Nicholas had discovered in his big cousin, the Crown Prince of Germany, a resemblance to a white rabbit of which he was particularly fond. For this reason he always called him "the rabbit," and imagined that he had the right to do so, because he himself was called in his family "the wolf." One morning Nicholas arrived at the breakfast table dancing and jumping, an illustrated paper in his hand. The Crown Prince of Germany had become the father of a third son, and to explain the event, which seemed to enchant him, Prince Nicholas cried aloud: "The rabbit has had a rabbit!"

One might have supposed that this child, who was so gay and so natural, would devote himself in peace to his passion for the mechanical arts until about his sixteenth year. Even after the death of King Carol, and even after the Great War, he seemed sufficiently removed from the throne so that his tastes might be respected. However, a grave and unpardonable act committed by his elder brother, Carol, brought profound trouble to the royal family only a short time before the glorious peace, which had recompensed the sorrows and the sacrifices endured by Rumania and its sovereigns during the years 1916, 1917 and 1918.

King Ferdinand and Queen Marie had had the unhappiness of seeing their eldest son commit a crime against his country. Wearing a uniform borrowed from the enemy and provided with a false passport, the prince had clandestinely left his regiment, still mobilized, and crossed the frontier of Russia with Mademoiselle Lambrino. He had celebrated a morganatic marriage at Odessa, then occupied by the Austrian and German troops, and had thus transgressed at the same time all the laws of his country and of his family. In the opinion of all honorable people, by this act Prince Carol was disqualified from ever becoming king and at the same time chief of the army. Any soldier who had been punished could say that he was less guilty than he in whose name the punishment had been given.

A Useful Chauffeur

For the first time, the necessity of having to play a political part in Rumania in the future seemed to approach the Prince Nicholas. If his brother was declared unfit to exercise the supreme power after his father's death, what would happen? The logical thing would be for the younger brother to be declared heir to the throne in his stead. The same thing had already happened in a neighboring royal family, in Serbia, where the eldest son of King Peter, Prince George, having shown certain signs of mental disorder, had been replaced by his younger brother, Alexander, today King of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

But Carol was not ill; he was simply the prey of uncontrolled passions which he was incapable of controlling. The father and mother pardoned their prodigal son for this first offense, and the nation followed their example. But the alarm had been given for Prince Nicholas—an education more strict and more intensive seemed desirable. Queen Marie desired keenly for her youngest son a few years in the ranks of the British Navy, where her father, the late Duke of Edinburgh, had had in other times the honor of being commander in chief.

A year later, Prince Carol, having made the tour of the world of dissipated young men, and having, as it was thought, entered definitely into the path of wisdom, married in great pomp, at Athens, Helen, the lovely, gifted and charming daughter of King Constantine of Greece and of Queen Sophie. It now seemed that Prince Nicholas could look forward to the prospect of a life as a useful chauffeur, and a younger son—a vocation to which he was more and more inclined. But on his schoolship at Malta he had learned at the same time the theory and the practice of duty as they have been taught for centuries to young men in the navy of His Britannic Majesty.

In October, 1922, Prince Nicholas came on leave to Sinaia to assist at the coronation of his parents, which took place at Alba Iulia. We saw him arrive at Posada, driving his motor car. The little wolf had become a handsome young man, but his tastes had changed very little. I smiled to see him taking with my husband the road to the garage and workshop, where they went to discuss and compare the merits of our two cars. Prince Nicholas appeared then altogether carefree and happy; a sailor he was, and a useful chauffeur too. The birth of Prince Michael, son of the Crown Prince Carol and the Crown Princess Helen, had assured the succession to the crown in direct line. King Ferdinand was in perfect health, Carol appeared settled, and the son which the crown princess had given him was a magnificent child. The prediction of the old Hajdeu had decidedly fallen where all false predictions deserve to fall—into oblivion. The autumn of this same year I left Posada by motor, and in passing Campina, I glanced

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at the House of the Spirits, at one time Nicky's Castle. I had difficulty in seeing it, so completely was it hidden by bushes and vines.

The silver of the railings had turned black, and the black paint of the doors was white with time. It was clearly to be seen that the Rumanian state had allowed to fall into ruins the heritage of the old visionary, long ago refused by King Carol for his little nephew Nicholas.

In the winter of 1925–1926 I made a journey to Egypt, and it was during my stay at Cairo as guest of Lord Lloyd, who occupied then the post of High Commissioner for Egypt, that I heard, on the eve of the New Year's Day, of the unhappy event that had just occurred in my country.

We were ready to start on a hunting excursion. It was the tea hour and all the guests were gathered around Lady Lloyd, when the high commissioner entered the room, an open telegram in his hand. He turned to me and said: "This is the end of your crown prince." He showed me the telegram announcing the scandalous flight of Prince Carol and his renunciation of the throne, this time definitely. My heart was heavy in thinking of my country, of the unhappy parents, of the young wife of Carol, and of his little boy. I asked myself what would happen to this dynasty, in the Europe of overthrown monarchies, as a result of this last heavy blow.

A Reluctant Regent

On my return to Rumania, I learned of the decisions that King Ferdinand had taken: Carol was declared disinherited from all his rights; he would live for the future in exile, under the name of Caraiman, which is simply that of the highest mountain of those Carpathians which had sheltered his cradle. Rumania should some day have for her legitimate king the son of the Princess Helen, who would succeed his grandfather. The child was then only four years of age, but it could be reasonably hoped that the reigning King would live long enough to see his grandson, Prince Michael, attain his majority. Fourteen years pass quickly in the life of a people. King Ferdinand had not long since reached his sixtieth year, and appeared in good health. There was consolation to be found in these thoughts, for the country and for the royal family.

On the second of October, 1926, we accompanied Queen Marie to the station at Sinaia. She was leaving to visit the United States of America, with her son Nicholas and her daughter Ileana. The face of Prince Nicholas beamed with joy at the thought of visiting the country of mechanics and of the immense workshops in which were manufactured many of the best motors in the world. What marvelous good fortune for a prince born with a passion for machines.

On the evening of this departure King Ferdinand came to dine with us at Posada, where some friends and relations from France and from Italy were staying with us whom the King had known and appreciated, and found pleasure in meeting again. During the day, the doctor of the King had telephoned to me to tell me to be sure that we served His Majesty only his proper diet at dinner.

This severe diet astonished me; I knew that the King suffered from digestive troubles which everyone believed to be transitory. A few weeks later we learned that the King suffered from a cancer and that all the doctors considered his case hopeless.

A Prince in Overalls

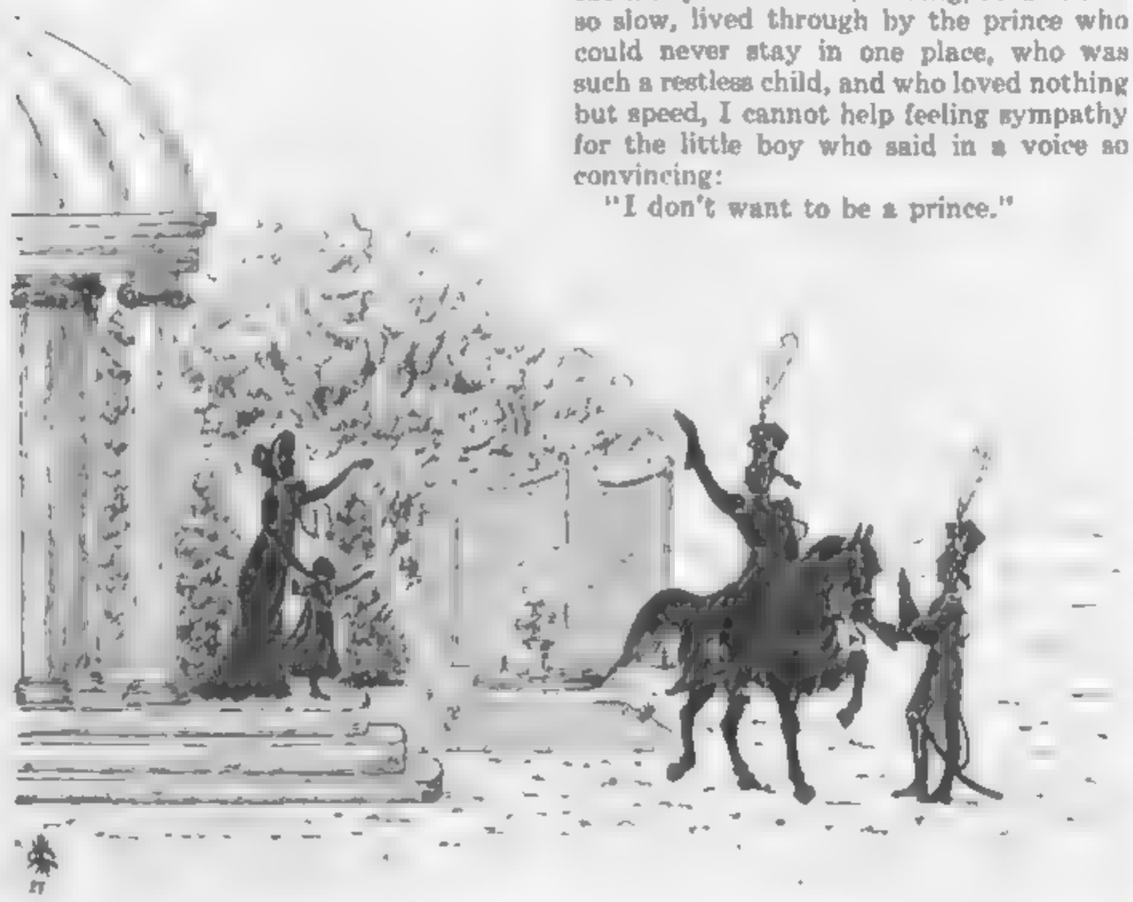
On the twentieth of July—the day of the death of King Ferdinand—when I arrived at the palace of Sinaia, I met one of the ladies in waiting, who told me, through her tears, that little King Michael had already left for Bukharest with his mother, the Princess Helen, accompanied by the prince regent. This was the first time that I had heard given to Nicholas the new title which designated the high function that he would perform until the majority of King Michael.

I asked myself how the young regent would look upon his new duties. They are overwhelming. Among these duties are the speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament and speeches on every public occasion; daily audiences, private and public; work with the ministers; the signing of decrees; inspection of troops, reviews, official visits, the inauguration of hospitals and schools in provincial towns and appearances at banquets and serving on committees. I wondered whether Prince Nicholas would bring to his high position the spirit of duty taught to him aboard his British vessel school at Malta.

During the time that has elapsed since then Prince Nicholas has remained faithful in his heart to his first conception of life. The moment that he enjoys an instant of liberty, he puts on over his clothes the blue overalls of a mechanic and goes to try his motor in the workshop, as he did in olden times! He calculates that when he can give up his power to his nephew, the King, ten years from today, he will then only be thirty-six years old—still young enough to be able to live the life of a useful chauffeur. Today, in 1929, the prediction of old Hajdeu is on all points accomplished: Prince Nicholas is a great help to his country; it is he who protects and makes possible the continuation of the hereditary monarchy instituted in Rumania by King Carol. Carol still lives.

But when I think of all the official tasks, the many ceremonies, so long, so dull and so slow, lived through by the prince who could never stay in one place, who was such a restless child, and who loved nothing but speed, I cannot help feeling sympathy for the little boy who said in a voice so convincing:

"I don't want to be a prince."



Ever symbolic of the great Allis-Chalmers spirit is the welder. Metals wither under his blinding torch only to be joined again in stronger union . . . only that there may be formed a newer, more perfect product to bear this respected name and mark.

That men may move larger loads and build *better roads*

IN BUILDING the Monarch, Allis-Chalmers did not strive to build a track-type tractor to meet competition . . . but rather to build a track-type tractor which competition itself must strive to equal . . . a tractor that would give men sufficient power to move larger loads and build better roads . . . a tractor that would combine the greatest drawbar horsepower with the lowest cost per unit.

Thus, in Monarch Tractors, the world's greatest builder of power machinery achieved an ideal. Monarchs represent the highest development in tractor efficiency . . . They have established an entirely new precedent in track-type performance . . . They have lightened labor on the farm

. . . in the logging camp . . . and for the road construction gang. They have aided progress wherever they have gone . . . Allis-Chalmers through its Monarch has made another great contribution to power machinery . . . Through the same engineering genius that commands the respect of the entire world, it has created an outstanding track-type tractor.

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Greater traction, due to unusually long tracks. Weight balanced well forward

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ROAD BUILDING

Combination of clutches and truck-type steering wheel makes accurate steering easy and natural

Allis-Chalmers Monarch Tractors

HE DOES HIS DAILY DOZEN IN A SWIVEL-CHAIR . . . .

Yet he has Athlete's Foot

HE doesn't even play golf... yet were he the holder of a dozen records in ring or field or track he couldn't have a more annoying case of the infection now popularly called "Athlete's Foot"!

He doesn't know, to be sure, that *that* is what he has.

But from time to time he has noticed a bit of redness* between his toes, he complains to his wife, sometimes, of a slight itching* . a little rash-like eruption* .

It doesn't inconvenience him . . . yet just *bothers* him . . . keeps cropping up in his consciousness . . . a sort of unpleasant uneasiness

Most of us can sympathize with this man so many of us are bothered and puzzled in just the same way, and, like him, we don't know what it is!

Which probably means that we are victims of a species of ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and commonly called Athlete's Foot!

Now all are agreed as to the principal cause

Athlete's Foot may manifest itself in several quite different ways* but the most modern medical thought is now in agreement that a vegetable fungus called *tinea trichophyton* is the cause. And careful laboratory research has revealed that Absorbine Jr., the familiar antiseptic, *kills* the Athlete's Foot germ, and helps prevent its spread

Which is fortunate, for Athlete's Foot is such a *healthy* infection so easily overlooked at first . that it has stolen up on the Nation until it is found simply *everywhere!* The United States Public Health Service even asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"* . . . suffer from it without knowing what it is

Again, tests conducted in such widely separated universities as those of California and Pennsylvania reveal that probably 50% of the students involved are infected

There can be no doubt that tiny *tinea trichophyton* has made itself at home in America!

It lurks where you would least expect it

One of the worst features of Athlete's Foot is that it is most apt to be contracted in the *very* places where people go for health and cleanliness and recreation! In spite of the most rigid sanitary precautions the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors — on the edges of swimming pools and showers . . . in gymnasium . . . even on hotel bath-mats.

And from such places it is carried into millions of homes to infect whole families!

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. kills Tinea Trichophyton

A series of laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, through bacteria counts and micro-photographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the Athlete's Foot infection.

This will be good news indeed to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing what it was that was troubling them nor how to rid themselves of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for the distress signals that announce the beginning of Athlete's Foot.

At the first sign of infection begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure.

Probably your medicine cabinet *already* holds a bottle or two of Absorbine Jr.—almost everybody uses it for sore muscles, aches and sprains, bruises, burns, cuts and abrasions.

ABSORBINE JR.

At all druggists', $1.25—Send for Free Sample.
W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

Though Athlete's Foot is caused by the germ—tinea trichophyton—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the two smallest toes: redness, skin-cracks, tiny itching blisters, a white, thick moist condition or dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay

INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION

(Continued from Page 4)

public becomes frightened at its own stock-market excesses. The use of both life insurance and trust funds is increasing at an enormous rate, and both the life-insurance companies and trust companies are bond buyers of necessity. Estates commonly invest in bonds, and estates are larger and more numerous than even a few years ago. Then, too, the position of bonds has been strengthened by the retirement of many large issues. If public sentiment should suddenly change, as it so often does, there might be a rush to buy bonds which would create scarcity value in the best issues.

Nor is it feasible, as far as anyone can see now, to carry on business entirely by means of stock issues. A large part of the economic activities of mankind is conducted by governments, national, state and local. Government provides us with water, builds, maintains and cleans streets and highways, builds many of the bridges, provides sewers and waste disposal, inspects buildings, builds and conducts schools, asylums, prisons and poorhouses, sets aside forests and parks, and performs no end of other essential services. Governments have always raised capital for permanent improvements by means of bond issues, and such improvements must necessarily increase in the future.

In the same way, the more substantial works which we associate with the greatest of all industries, agriculture, and with the land in general, have almost invariably been carried on by means of mortgages, bonds or other fixed-rate investments. Stock financing of real estate and buildings is very slight. Obviously, if investors concentrate wholly upon stocks and neglect bonds entirely, the whole business structure would go to pieces because of the paralysis of government, agriculture and building construction.

Even when we come to utility and industrial corporations, the advantage does not lie wholly with share financing. When bond prices are high, corporations of this type are able to secure large amounts of capital upon which they agree to pay an exceedingly low rate of interest, such as 4 per cent. With this cheaply acquired capital they are enabled to earn large profits for the common stock. Moreover, the burden of debt is nothing like as great when interest charges are low as when they are high. Loans which cost 7, 8, 9 per cent and more are what break the back of the corporation. Assuming a low rate of interest—and the country has had many such periods—the corporation is then able to be very generous to a small amount of stock. But if it has no capital except stock, the task of earning large dividends for all of it is not so easy.

Corporation Surpluses

There are those who argue that the popularity of stocks over bonds in recent years is part of a fundamental change brought about by the country's reaching a creditor position and accumulating surplus capital. The huge corporation surpluses are merely an expression in individual form of what the country as a whole is experiencing. Formerly when capital was scarce with us, the corporations were obliged to finance their fixed assets with bond issues and to obtain their working capital from banks. Thus they were vulnerable to business depressions and money-market troubles. No one wanted the stocks of such companies and everybody wanted bonds.

This was a vicious circle from which the corporations could not escape, because the more bonds they put out the weaker their stocks were. To buy bonds was a national habit. Investors, for the most part, knew something about bonds and nothing about stocks, and this condition was accentuated by the vast Liberty Loan campaigns during the war. This is what might be called the creditor-country explanation of why stocks became so popular, and is set forth further in a recent speech of President Simmons of the New York Stock Exchange:

"Since the United States possesses a surplus of capital, it need no longer be as wary of share investment as in former times, when share prices were rendered oversensitive by our relative shortage of capital. Not so many years ago share investment was in fact looked upon as a distinctly risky pursuit, and in the popular manuals explaining security investments, shares were often entirely omitted from consideration. Today the great investing public has abandoned this view of the matter."

Mr. Simmons thinks our new status as a creditor nation has produced the possible danger of surplus capital inflating inventories and commodity prices. "Fortunately, the good sense of American business men has prevented this from occurring. Our surplus funds, for this and other reasons, have found a salutary outlet in the securities market. That is the basic reason for the enormous expansion of new security flotations in this country and the frequently rising prices for standard American issues. Many people have misunderstood this expansion in the security market. They have considered it only superficially and by itself."

Are We a Creditor Nation?

But this is taking in a lot of territory. Are we really a creditor nation, of which France and England are the outstanding types? By accident, because of the war, we were forced into a creditor position, financially speaking, despite still being in a debtor economic stage. Even now we are not a mature creditor nation like France and England, but are in an adolescent or at least a vigorous early-manhood stage. The creditor nation sits tight and lends its money abroad because it has no opportunities at home. We loaned money abroad because we were forced to, and never for lack of growth and opportunity at home. Indeed, it is a question whether we have a surplus of capital in this country, all things considered. If we were a real creditor nation we would probably drop our tariff and look for foreign outlets for our accumulated capital, instead of expanding domestically in so many directions.

Indeed, it seems to me that the advantage of holding stocks in good American companies over a period of years lies not so much in the fact that this is a creditor country as in the very opposite condition—namely, that it is still a young and growing country. If we really were a creditor country we would be *rentier*-minded like France. No country is so saturated with capital as France, and despite the losses in Russian bonds, fixed-rate securities sell at high prices there. In England the investment trusts never ran hog wild to common stocks as have our investing and trading companies, and have always maintained a high proportion of both bonds and preferred stocks.

But regardless of the validity of these broad international comparisons, it is clear that the popularity of stocks was too long in coming. They should have been taken up long before, and the public appetite for them acquired gradually rather than all at once, to avoid the inevitable stomach ache from rapid overeating. Instead of differentiating between the purely speculative aspects of stocks and their inherent investment values, we have either neglected them for bonds or gone crazy over their get-rich-quick possibilities.

We swing from one extreme to the other, paying too much at one time for immediate returns, which are bonds, and at another for the more remote equity values in stocks. I make no pretensions of ability to forecast security prices or movements, but in February, 1925, at the conclusion of a series of articles on bonds in this magazine, the statement was made "that no doubt the moderately large investor or even the middle-size investor fares better in the long run with a diversified list of stocks and bonds rather than with bonds alone." At that time stocks were almost unheard of in a popular sense and only bonds were being discussed.

In the same way, when the stock market is the sole subject of conversation, either because of its wild flights upward or nose dives downward, it is well to remember that bonds have great advantages of an extremely practical nature. Except where there is total loss, as with the Russian bonds of the old Czarist régime, the market for fixed-rate securities is more stable than that for stocks; it is less subject to violent and exaggerated speculative and manipulative movements, and as a whole produces fewer striking losses as well as fewer gains. Though over a period of decades or even years bonds have varied considerably in price, their movements in general have been slow, gradual and devoid of sensational uprushes or sinking spells. Stocks of unquestioned quality could decline to prices far below recent quotations. That they might advance to even higher levels is equally true. But the general principle is that extreme action either way is far more likely than in the case of bonds.

One result of these facts is that the bond investor lives in an air of less excitement and mental disturbance than the stock buyer. He is not hoping for a fortune and he is not fearing a clean-out. He rarely gives up his regular business, as many stock buyers do, to try to become a millionaire in the market.

Stocks are better than bonds only where the comparison is over long periods of time, where the investment management is both bold and skillful, and where the fund invested is large enough to assure diversification. These conditions are so hard to meet that as a practical matter many investors, both individual and institutional, are safer with bonds than with stocks, or at least with a large proportion of bonds. As the treasurer of one of the largest life-insurance companies remarked a few months ago:

"Had we had the greater portion of our funds in common stocks bought three or four years ago, we should have had a handsome appreciation today. The purchase of common stocks in the initial stages of a tremendous bull market is demonstrated by subsequent events to have been a highly profitable policy. It is equally true that the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, which sold amid great enthusiasm at 109 in 1920, registered its highest price in 1921 at 86½, a decline of 22½ points, while the decline to the low of the year was 48¾ points. The preferred stock, on the other hand, showed about the same price range in each year, while the bonds actually advanced."

Salting Down the Profits

The little book on Common Stocks as Long Term Investments, by Edgar L. Smith, first published in 1924, was seized upon a few years later as the Bible of the common-stock idea. But the point was made in this book that while common stocks are more desirable over long periods of time, such as twenty years, this may not be the case at all for shorter periods. Commenting on this earlier statement of his, Mr. Smith recently added that the "individual problem is not necessarily solved by transferring *in toto* from bonds to stocks." Though there may be hazards in bonds because of the changing purchasing power of the dollar, it is no solution to rush "from one newly recognized hazard only to incur and even to create another risk as great or greater."

When stocks are still soaring, those who are profiting thereby regard the buyers of bonds, mortgages, annuities, single-premium insurance, savings-bank deposits and other fixed obligations as idiots. But a certain proportion of these stock winners are constantly cashing in and investing their proceeds in the very type of investment which they scorned a few months or weeks or even days before. Moreover, they are looked upon as fortunate by those who are still in the game. The very fact that people do not feel that they have realized their winnings until they have salted them down in fixed-rate maturities shows up the essential fallacy of the argument so prevalent, until a short time ago, that stocks are the only real investment worth having.

When the United States Steel Corporation paid off its bonds last spring at 115, a stock-market gossip writer penned an item headed The Joke on Carnegie. The joke, of course, was that the retiring steel master took bonds with a fixed principal rather than the common stock, which had reached the equivalent of 260 by the time the bonds were retired.

But what shallow reasoning! Mr. Carnegie was sure of the money he wanted and could use in his lifetime, and no one was sure of the common stock when the deal was made. It turned out well, but there were years of uncertainty and extremely depressed prices for this stock and total loss for others which started out almost as favorably.

Fads and Fashions in Finance

Even during the great bull market of the past few years large numbers of stocks have declined rather than risen. At the very time of greatest public excitement over the fortunes being made in a few shares, a still larger number were falling or wholly inactive. More and more the speculative public was hung up with stocks which refused to give a satisfactory account of themselves. Whole groups of stocks representing entire industries started out on a grand whoopee and consequently attracted numerous followers, only to quiet down or even to sink to lower levels. The losses sustained caused very little comment because the country was absorbed in the profits in the favorites of the moment.

The last previous period of large-scale stock financing was from 1919 to 1920. Thirty-five new issues of more than half a million dollars each were brought out in the last quarter of 1919. A recent compilation shows that the original investment in these thirty-five stocks has been cut almost in half and that the average yield through dividends has been only 2.16 per cent. Only fourteen of the thirty-five issues have any value today. Probably these figures cover an insufficient period of time to be of much value.

But this we do know—that alternations of public interest have been the rule in the security markets. Nothing is more dangerous than these fads and fashions. It holds not only in respect to stocks and bonds but in regard to different industries. When an industry is popular any issue can be sold, but when the financial bubble bursts the whole business suffers.

The excessive over-popularity of radio stocks in 1924 is a case in point, and more recent booms have been those in investment trusts, trading and holding companies and aviation shares.

A hundred other instances might be given, but they are not new in principle. People seem to think that the holding-company idea is new, but it was resorted to on as relatively large a scale in 1901 and 1902 as now. Always there is the failure of the financial public to feel its way, to proceed cautiously and carefully. Nothing is done by halves, but always by extremes.

In the past there has been almost a regular movement from wide-open speculation at one period to tight-fisted investing at another. Not only were stocks immensely favored in 1919, with a shift to bonds after 1921, but the same phenomenon was manifest at the beginning of the century. New

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stocks listed on the Stock Exchange in 1901 were six times those in 1898. But when prices began to fall in 1903, the listings of stocks fell off and those of bonds trebled.

Financial sentiment changes swiftly and often More than that, the issuing bodies governments, corporations and bankers - are just as quick and sensitive to give the public what it wants—which means, of course, what can be sold on terms favorable to the seller. In the merchandising of securities, as of ladies' hats or dresses, it is the public taste and sentiment of the moment which is catered to. Corporation officials talked a few months ago as if they never intended to finance again except by stock. But if winds shift enough they will soon act as if bonds were all they had ever known.

There is, I feel certain, significance in the fact that the great institutional investors, such as life-insurance companies, savings banks, trust companies, foundations and universities, have confined themselves and still confine themselves largely to bonds and other fixed obligations. It is true that most of the newer crop of investment trusts have gone in exclusively for stocks, but this is a departure, as already mentioned, from the earlier English precedent.

Speaking broadly, the great trustee institutions, with their sense of responsibility to the public for the money in their care and with a life expectancy far beyond that of individuals, do not lean heavily toward common-stock investments. Such institutions are expected to live and serve for generations to come, and should, naturally, be above the feverish activities of the market place. But the implication of this statement is sharply challenged by an increasing number of common-stock advocates. They urge, far more boldly than in past years, that life-insurance companies and even mutual savings banks should invest in common stocks. Where failure to do so is caused by legal restrictions, the laws are declared to be antiquated. If there is no legal prohibition, then the trustees and officers are evidently unwilling to take the trouble to discriminate between speculative stocks and those with a high investment rating. They are further charged with being timid and asleep to the opportunities all around them. They suffer from excessive caution.

Present Income or Future Profit

But even if the institutions have satisfactory reasons of their own for not investing more heavily in common stocks, the individual investor need not be deterred thereby—so runs the argument—because of the difference in circumstances. The individual wishes to make all he can, naturally, but the trustee type of institution has no such incentive. Its only duty is to return to those for whom it acts a predetermined sum plus reasonable interest. It must return a given number of dollars, not an equal or increased purchasing power. But before reaching a conclusion in this matter let us look a little more closely into the investment problem of the institution.

Consider a great life-insurance company. It is responsible to millions of people. It may run into a pandemic or war and must not be subject to the hazards of an unfavorable market in time of dire need. If a substantial portion of its assets were in common stocks, public confidence might be shaken if the value of these were drastically, even though temporarily, reduced. According to authoritative estimates, the life-insurance companies alone, not counting trust companies, savings banks, foundations and universities, will be obliged to invest more than $35,000,000,000 in the next ten or eleven years.

Under such circumstances, most life-insurance companies prefer the fixed type of investment, such as bonds and mortgages, suitably chosen in a well-balanced list of maturities. This system brings in a constant stream of payments of principal without resort to the market itself, in addition to interest. Then, too, the most heralded advantage of stocks is the prospect of a profit in years to come. But in the case of a savings bank or life-insurance company that would mean benefits for future rather than for present depositors and policyholders. Such institutions cannot fairly postpone possible but uncertain accretions to principal for future beneficiaries and neglect the living, many of whom will have died or ceased to have an interest in the company. In other words, the trustee type of institution must put most of its money to work immediately. It cannot go without income part of the time in hope of future profits.

Whether these facts have any application to the individual I leave to those who read this article. It is a question of which the investor values the more—continuing assured regularity of income and reasonable stability of principal, or the possibility of future profits. It is true, of course, that there are a few conspicuous instances of successful stock investment by trustee institutions of great size; the most notable being a life-insurance company in Canada. This is one of the largest stock investors in the world.

If Everybody Bought Stock

A committee of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks has just reported in favor of permitting their members to invest in common stocks of railroad, industrial and public-utility companies, with proper provisions as to eligibility, the combined investment not to exceed either 5 or 10 per cent, and investment in any one company not to exceed one-half of 1 per cent of deposits. This is all very well, but no individual or corporation is going to make enormous profits in stocks if allowed to invest only one-half of 1 per cent in any one stock or only 5 or 10 per cent in all common stocks.

The Canadian law, under which one company has achieved such a notable success in share investments, limits the stocks purchased to those on which dividends of at least 4 per cent have been paid for seven years. This almost automatically shuts out the type of stocks which people dearly love to buy when they go mad with speculative whoopee. It takes most of the kick out of the game. The president of the company already referred to was quoted recently as saying of common stocks: "They are excellent things for our company, but I would not say they were good for all insurance companies. Many of our investments are of long standing and our position in them is exceptionally strong."

The difficulty is that if all the trustee and eleemosynary institutions should rush into common stocks on a large scale with the idea of making a real killing, serious losses would surely be incurred. In that case the life-insurance scandals of 1906, which arose from frantic operations in common stocks, might well be repeated.

We need a little common sense in these matters. The life-insurance companies alone must invest $35,000,000,000 in the next ten or eleven years. In addition, trust companies, savings banks, foundations, estates and universities must invest immense sums along similar lines. If these institutions—a change in the state laws is assumed—should shift over almost entirely to common stocks, they would drive them to inconceivably high levels and destroy the whole financial structure of government, agriculture and building at the same time.

The very thought of such a course is monstrous. What one company can and has done could not be done by the entire industry without economic influences of a far-reaching and probably destructive character. The same thing has been proved over and over again in the case of individuals. A few can and do buy stocks profitably, but when the world and his wife try to do it, there is always a smash. In other words, it is difficult to eat one's cake and have it too. Mr. Smith, author of Common Stocks as Long Term Investments, in a recent discussion of the subject, said that the very

(Continued on Page 264)

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THE same accurate equipment as used in Commercial woodworking shops everywhere. Write today for complete information.

COMPLETE $89
Includes planer, saw, lathe, electric motor, buffing, sanding and grinding attachments.
EASY TERMS $9 down $9 a mo.

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Useful THE YEAR ROUND

ANY man will be glad to find a Nockabout Knit Jacket among his Christmas gifts.

It is the jacket a man would select for himself, not only because he can wear it the year 'round but because Nockabout is the only knit jacket with the patented reinforced sleeve.

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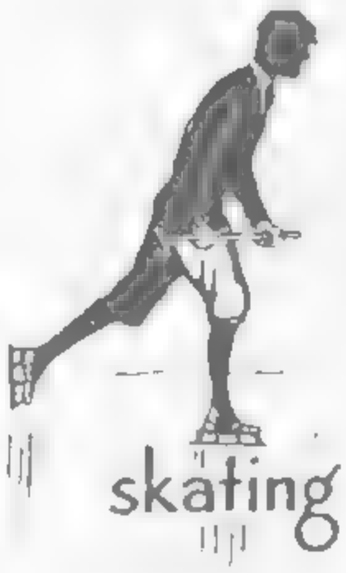

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Look for the Nockabout label on the garments—at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, write us for illustrated folder.

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KNIT JACKETS
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THAT pounding, sizzling, spitting, leaking—"radiator static"—can be eliminated by installing these REMARKABLE NEW DOLE VACUUM VALVES No. 2-B on your steam radiators. Then you will enjoy silent operation and abundant heat. Your comfort will be increased, your fuel bill definitely reduced.

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Unique triple-action construction. A new application of principles. A new design. Good looking with modern non-tarnishing chromium plated finish.

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The new Dole Vacuum Valves are automatic and foolproof. With them your radiators heat quickly and HOLD THE HEAT long after your fire is banked. That means more heat from less fuel, fewer firings, constant comfort, 70 degrees in zero weather. Each valve is fully tested and guaranteed; they will help you go through MANY winters free from radiator trouble day or night.

See your heating contractor NOW. Have him install these ECONOMICAL valves before cold weather sets in. Write for free booklet. Send us the name of your heating contractor.

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(Continued from Page 262)

acceptance of the theory that they are the only investments "by too large a proportion of investors in itself tends to raise prices for shares to a point where even their long-term value becomes less certain."

The truth is that the life-insurance companies, exactly the same as individuals, have had open to them for years a medium of investment which combines the fixed principal and interest feature with the privilege of becoming a stockholder at some future date and profiting from that privilege. I refer, of course, to the convertible bond or bond with stock warrants affixed. There is no need, and there has never been any need for years past, to confine oneself to either senior or junior securities, to bonds or to stocks. The convertible bond combines the two features, on the whole, in a satisfactory manner. Possibly in some cases the buyer has paid too much for the conversion feature from a strictly bond point of view. Yet many convertibles have been inherently good bonds and would have remained such even if stock prices had not risen. But stocks did rise and the bondholders enjoyed profits as great as if stocks had been bought in the first place.

Then, too, life-insurance companies in New York, whose laws forbid the purchase of common stock, are now permitted to buy preferred shares under certain restrictions, and this liberalization is generally welcomed and approved. One company in a year and a half has bought $27,145,000 of preferred stocks; the average yield being 5.161 per cent, or 5.8 per cent if certain tax benefits be considered.

Not Much Difference

One final question should be raised. It is true that the New York laws do not permit savings banks or life-insurance companies to buy common stocks. But other states with similar institutions have more liberal laws. A few savings banks in New England have some nice profits on bank stocks, which they are allowed to buy, and one savings bank in New Hampshire declared an extra dividend of 13½ per cent not long ago. But, speaking generally, I do not notice that savings deposits carry a substantially higher rate in the more liberal states or that life insurance is sold any cheaper. Nor did the New York companies sell life insurance any cheaper during the years when they were free to buy common stocks.

Universities and philanthropic institutions are always trying to increase their endowments, and they are always poor in relation to the demands upon them. If common stocks are the open sesame to riches, why do not these institutions, with their huge sums to invest and with such distinguished financiers on their boards of trustees, make all the money they need out of stocks? Yale has shifted heavily from bonds to stocks in the past ten years, but the net increase in income is reported to be one-half of one per cent. Certainly tuition is not given away or any sign put out that the university has all the money it wants.

Why Are They Conservative?

Last spring the foundations set up by the late Andrew Carnegie were obliged to turn in for redemption $100,000,000 of bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. It was a profitable transaction for these philanthropies, thank you, because the bonds were paid off at 115 instead of 100, and the proceeds were reinvested in other high-class bonds to yield a substantially larger return. But why didn't the trustees buy common stocks? Among the trustees are two partners of J. P. Morgan & Co., who should know what to buy. It is true that large blocks of preferred stocks were purchased, and also some convertible bonds, but no common stocks. According to the reasoning of the high priests of the common-stock cult, this must have been almost a breach of trust. Why, with such a sum as $100,000,000 to invest, it should have been possible to make two or three billions, at least, in a few months' time.

Lastly I would like to know why it is that when great corporations set up pension funds, the proceeds are so rarely invested in their own common stocks but usually in government, municipal and other similar bonds? If these stocks are as profitable as we have been told for several years past, it ought to be possible, by investing in them, to pension off old employes in the height of luxury.

Of course, the answer to all these questions is simple enough. Our economic system is one of checks and balances, and a conservative influence, like that of bonds, is needed. Those who still have the idea, so popular recently, that all that is required to make everybody rich is for everybody to buy common stocks are merely ignorant of the nature of the economic system.

WANTED—YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 19)

for future use. We want young men who have mixed up their book learning with some knowledge of actual conditions in business life. And in our estimation they should matriculate pretty early in the college of reality and hard knocks. I know this is a highly unpopular doctrine with some mothers, but I speak with a wealth of experience at my back. And so I repeat that how a college youth spends his summers is a significant index of his character to his prospective employers.

"It goes without saying that we scrutinize very carefully a man's scholastic record. If he has taken the liberal-arts course in college, we like his standing to be good, well above average; but we don't particularly care to have him a star of the first magnitude. In fact, we're a little afraid of first-magnitude stars. Men of such outstanding brilliancy very often—not always—fail to pan out well; they're apt to possess defects of temperament, emotional instability; very often they're not able to mix with their business associates or to take orders in the right spirit. So, with the liberal-arts men an all-around good record is all we demand. But when it comes to a technical man, we want him to be first flight. I remember a case in point. The applicant was a graduate from a technical school and his record was—well, just so-so. The job we had in prospect for him was important—a foreign post. He got as far as an interview with the chief of that department, and then he was turned down with a flop. 'But why?' he demanded. 'Because of your record,' was the reply. 'My record's pretty good,' he retorted. 'That's right,' we said; 'but pretty good is not good enough for us.' This high standard for technical men may not be a requirement of all companies; I can only speak for my own.

"Another factor by which we gauge a man is his appearance and personal response in the interview—his clothes, neatness, the way he sits, stands, moves about, and even his tone of voice. Right here I should like to say that in some colleges it is rather a pose to be so careless and slack in the matter of clothes that it amounts to slovenliness. Remember, the prospective employer meets these lads on their own campus; he comes directly from a business office where neatness, cleanliness and trim good looks are necessary to hold down even a minor job; and these college youngsters are so habituated to their own slack appearance that they are not aware how it strikes an outsider—but such things count for a lot, and a general sloppiness of appearance doesn't impress an employer worth a cent.

"There are certain youths who strike the visiting representative right away as good

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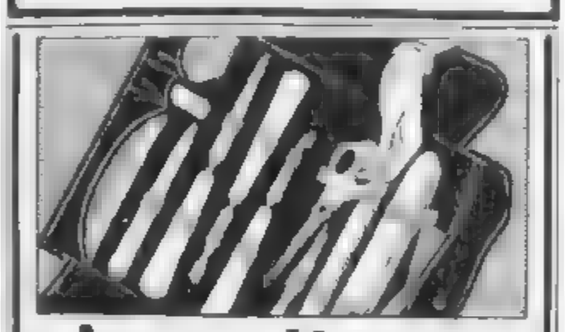

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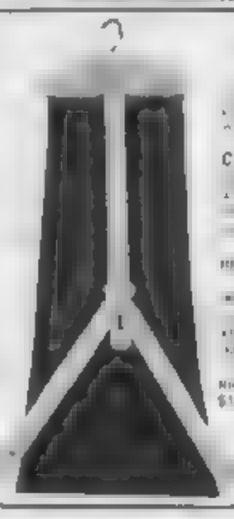

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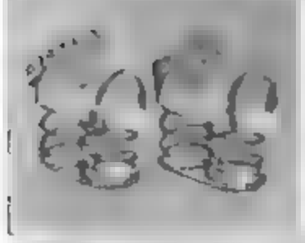
Can be used indoors or outside—just as a child likes to jump on a bed, so he gets even more fun out of Kangru-Springshus. Doctors recommend them. Price $3 the pair; add 50c west of Rockies and Canada.



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THE "OVERHEAD DOOR"

Opens Up—Completely Out of the Way
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material. These young men have personality; they give out a spark; they're easy, natural, straightforward, responsive to leads, not arrogant or boastful, and yet not excessively shy; the employer is able to get on a footing with them and talk man to man. Of course, these boys make a better impression than the extremely reserved or embarrassed youth whose tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth. I always feel sorry for these fellows; I'd like to advise them to get out and mix around. They'll have to if they intend to be business men, for one of the great elements of success in business is knowing how to mingle with all sorts and conditions of people on the footing of common humanity; and nothing can damn a man so quickly with the herd as a standoffish manner. It may be pure shyness, but it is bound to be mistaken for arrogance or superiority. There is an intensely shy, reserved young man right now in our training school; we chose him because of his record and because I believe he has some real stuff concealed up his sleeve. But the other day the training instructor said to me, 'I declare, I don't know what to do with Jones. He's still hiding out on me.' Some day Jones may wake up; at present he's just marking time.

"In common with most big organizations of the present day, we have a cadet corps of likely young men whom we train for foreign posts and also for administrative and sales work at home. Then, when a need arises or some specific position has to be filled, we have our reserve material right on hand."

The next concern from whom I sought concrete information is one of those vast, Atlas-like companies which carries upon its muscular shoulders one of the vital necessities upon which all modern civilization rests. Like the marines, this corporation enjoys the reputation of being hard-boiled. Here the pace is fast, the work hard and the rewards of success commensurately high. In this company the youth begins at the bottom, pays his way in body sweat as he goes along, and no rose petals are strewn in his path.

The Acid Test of Character

"'The first thing we do with a new recruit," said an executive of this corporation, "is to try him out to see what his metal is. A soft young chap in this process of testing is apt to think we're a terrible lot of ruffians and to go hollering home to his mamma. When I was superintendent of a plant, we had a place where we put metal in a bath of acid, and the fumes were pretty bad; not injurious, but nasty. We called it the pickle factory. Well, we'd put the newcomer into the pickle factory as a test, and if he stuck it out we'd know he had rugged stuff in him. Hard-boiled? I don't admit that. Here is the proposition in a nutshell: A man must have staying stuff in him and the employer must find it out. After all, business isn't a ladies' knitting parlor. We've got to find out what men are made of. You'll find that most big corporations which produce a staple commodity, where competition is intense and time an important factor, have evolved some practical method of testing the newcomers and weeding out the unfit. We haven't the time to monkey with them, and that's the sober truth. So we purposely give them a mean job that'll make them sweat and break their finger nails and dirty up their clothes. And when a young fellow comes in, high-hatting around, talking as if the world was his golf ball, or if he has a pull with the higher-ups, so that a job has to be handed to him on a gold-embossed plate, the word just sort of quietly leaks around, 'Sock it to him, boys!' and the newcomer gets socked a-plenty while everybody watches to see how he stands the gaff

"The point is that big, busy companies have to make these tests; we've somehow got to get underneath the bright shiny gilt of youth and determine whether it is pinchbeck or gold below. We must make these acid assays of character, just as we make acid tests of metal to see what the reactions are. If a man is going to crack up under a strain, we want to find it out right away, before we waste valuable time and training on him. As it is, we have to spend a lot of money training our employes; it takes about two years before we get them squared away to be of any real use. And we can't afford to put that training on a man who hasn't a big enough natural base to carry it without foundering and hasn't a decided aptitude for hard work.

"Many parents who have heard of the high salaries paid in this company come to me and say, 'What's the best way to start in my boy with your concern?' They want me to write letters introducing their sons to heads of departments. They want a pull. And I tell them the truth: 'The best way to start your boy off right is to tell him to go and stand in line at the gate of the plant, along with the other fellows hunting for manual jobs, and take his chance with them.' Well, the parents don't like that. The mothers especially. 'But they'll give my boy some rough manual job,' they protest. You bet your sweet life they will! And that's the best thing that can happen to him—to get put over the jumps without fear or favor and rub sweaty shoulders with the *hoi polloi*. There's no law I know of that's going to keep a lad a manual worker all his life if he has the stuff in him to rise, and the experience will temper him as nothing else can."

How to Apply for a Job

"'But I didn't raise my boy to be a manual laborer,' the mothers object. And that is such a common objection these days that I should like to retort with another question addressed directly to the women of America: 'What are you raising your boys for? Answer me that.' I have seen mothers coddle their sons, drag them around as escorts to summer resorts, take them joy-riding over Europe, using them as dancing partners and gigolos at night clubs and cafés, with no conception of the damage they're inflicting on the unformed characters of the lads, who get to thinking they can play their way through life. I've seen a great deal of that sort of thing, especially since the war. Father is too busy to be an escort, and so the son is turned into a gigolo; he is deflected from the busy workaday paths of a man's life among men, and he is in for a tough struggle to find his way back, if, indeed, he finds it at all; for he may wake up later to discover that he has no special place in the world. He has been made into that most tragic creature, a bystander in life, a hanger-on. He has missed one of the deepest and richest experiences common to all humanity—the intensive, day-to-day struggle down in the arena among his fellows to earn his livelihood and to maintain his standing and prestige as a man among men.

"And remember that man was put on earth to work. That is Nature's great law. That is how he keeps clean, healthy and fit to enjoy life. I stress this particular angle of the problem not only because it is a common cause of disagreement between a man and his wife in the discipline of their sons but also because it is of grave concern to industry. The business interests of this country are developing at such a rapid pace and the scope is so vast that we need all the men we can get, but they must be good men, with bottom, stamina and the will to work; business has no time for the weaker sisters, the gigolos and playboys.

"And now for a few remarks on applying for a job. First of all, apply in person, if at all possible. Don't write. A personal interview is necessary in any case before a person is employed. In that interview be yourself, natural, straightforward, sincere. Don't flatter. Don't overestimate your own qualities. It is true that you are trying to sell your own services, but don't overdo the self-selling job. It creates antagonism—sales resistance, as it is called. State what

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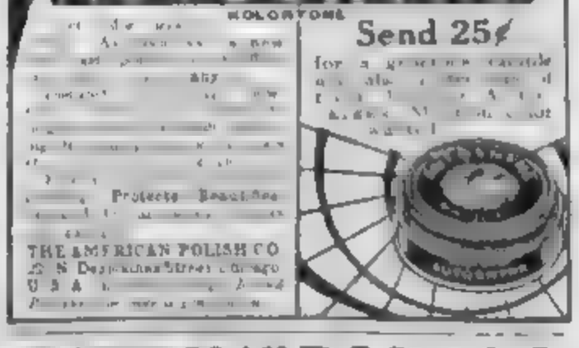

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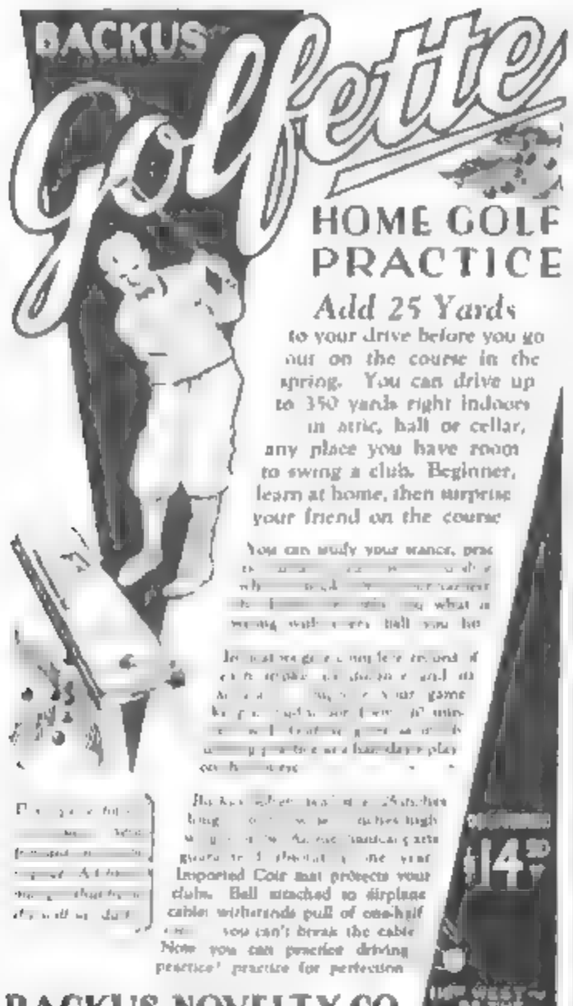
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you want, also your training and experience, if any, in that line of work. Don't dump out all this information, however, in one big mouthful; for if you do you may wind up your remarks and find a blank silence on your hands. Play out your stock of information a bit at a time, giving the prospective employer a chance to put in his oar. In other words, make the conference mutual, not a monologue. The human animal just naturally abhors a monologuist; he wants a chance at the ball himself. An ideal employment conference should be a running discussion with a free give and take, a straight-from-the-shoulder, man-to-man talk, without flourishes or flowers. Think out the essential points of the interview beforehand. These points should include, first, the kind of job you want; second, your experience; third, your educational background and such personal information as naturally enters in the give and take of discussion. Don't be too exigent in the matter of salary, until you have had a chance to prove your worth. If you like, tell him what salary you were getting before.

"If you want to clinch the personal interview with a letter briefly restating the essential points, do so. It will probably be placed on file or go to the morgue. In this letter use plain paper. Don't use anybody else's letterhead. If you are in business for yourself, by all means use your stationery. It's indicative. Type your letter, and paragraph it according to the main points I have suggested above. Don't be humorous or facetious in the interview; your prospective employer may not be feeling facetious that day. Remember that it is a strictly business conference, not a social rendezvous, so don't smoke or become familiar or crowd on too much social sail. Keep the appointment promptly. Stand until requested to sit. If not requested then remain standing, and do so without an injured-dignity air. Control your temper completely, even if the other party to the conference shoots some nasty cracks. The chances are he is trying you out, so don't let him get under your guard. Simple sincerity and courtesy are your strongest weapons of defense.

"And finally I would say to the young man entering the business world, don't be too satisfied with your own personality and attainments. If you don't possess certain desirable qualities, go after them and enlarge your stature. Take your job as seriously as possible, but don't take yourself too seriously. Play the game with all that is in you—and play it straight."

UNDER THE CORK

(Continued from Page 64)

over a feast of pie, doughnuts and coffee, a dividend would be declared.

Another source of income was watermelon peddling. At the height of the season one could buy melons at the wharves from wholesalers three for a nickel and occasionally four for a nickel. We had a patched and battered little toy wagon, and we would invest a nickel, load our three or four melons into the wagon, strike out for a promising residence section and raise our voices in another sort of chant:

W'a-a-termelon!
Red to da rind,
Five cents apiece,
And you eat 'em all da time!

When we had sold out and thus accumulated fifteen cents—perhaps twenty—we would hurry back to the wharf for another load. When evening came, though tired and footsore, we might have money enough to take us both to a show.

Off to New York

Father, painfully aware that he was not able to give us the attention and discipline we needed, and believing that a rabbi's home was incomplete without a woman in it, anyhow, decided to ask our mother's second—or is it third?—cousin, Hesse, Perri Yoels' daughter, who lived across the street from us in Srednike, to become his second wife. She agreed, and in the course of a few weeks came over to America and they were married.

Half the time father didn't know where we were. For a long time he knew nothing of our singing on the streets or peddling melons. Some of our activities were carried on while we were supposed to be at school. We loved the theater, and frequently in the evening, when we had accumulated a few extra pennies, instead of going home, we would hasten gleefully to the gallery of some theater where vaudeville or something musical might be heard.

Father began to intimate sadly that I was nothing more or less than a *zulik*—a Russian dialect word meaning a bum. To this day I am regarded by some members of the family as a black sheep. Finally I seemed to have reached an impasse in Washington. I felt that I was hampered there at home and had little chance to develop a career. I needed elbow room and the varied opportunity offered by a city like New York. So one day I set out for New York. From motives of economy, I rode in, between and under freight cars, getting fired off now and then, but finally reached the yards in Jersey City, where I was thrilled once more by the sight of the big buildings of New York. A much more modest sky line it was then than now, by the way; for, although that was in 1897, only thirty-two years ago, none of the great towers which now render New York so famous was then in existence.

It was a desperate hazard for a boy of fifteen to venture into so great a city with no friends, no money, no job and no trade; and I must admit that for a long time the matter of subsistence was a bitter problem. The small pittance which I brought with me I invested in papers, which I began selling on the street, meanwhile living at the Newsboys' Home on Duane Street, where board and lodging were furnished about as cheaply as it could possibly be done. I carried grips, did anything to earn a penny.

Hard luck dogged me, and one particularly blue day found me with no job, no money to buy papers and so deeply in debt to the Newsboys' Home that I dared not go back there, and actually hungry. Very much depressed, I wandered down the Bowery and could not resist stopping in front of a bakery window to gaze yearningly at the array of almost celestial pastries displayed there. As I stood there I felt a tug at my sleeve. I looked down—and as true as I live and breathe, there was none other than my twelve-year-old brother, who had likewise run away from home and followed me to New York! It sounds like fiction, I know, to tell of our chancing upon each other among all those millions of people; I doubt if I would believe it myself if it had happened to anyone else. But it's gospel truth.

In Someone Else's Shoes

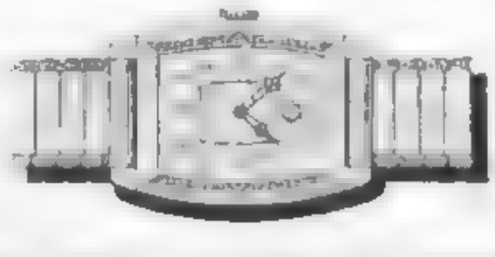
My pleasure at seeing the kid was not entirely unalloyed, for I at once began to wonder what the deuce I was to do with him. He was a serious liability to a fellow without a cent in his pocket. I could only do my darnedest. So I hustled hard all day, succeeding in carrying three or four bags for prosperous-looking men and thereby earning enough to appease our hunger a little. For a lodging that night we could afford nothing better than the bed of a truck on an East River pier.

Fortunately the night was mild. Al, wearied with his long day of tramping the streets, removed his shoes for greater comfort. We slept like the dead, and I was still pounding away after dawn next morning when I was aroused by a howl from Al.

(Continued on Page 270)

Give Lasting Joy—

to that one person you most want to please



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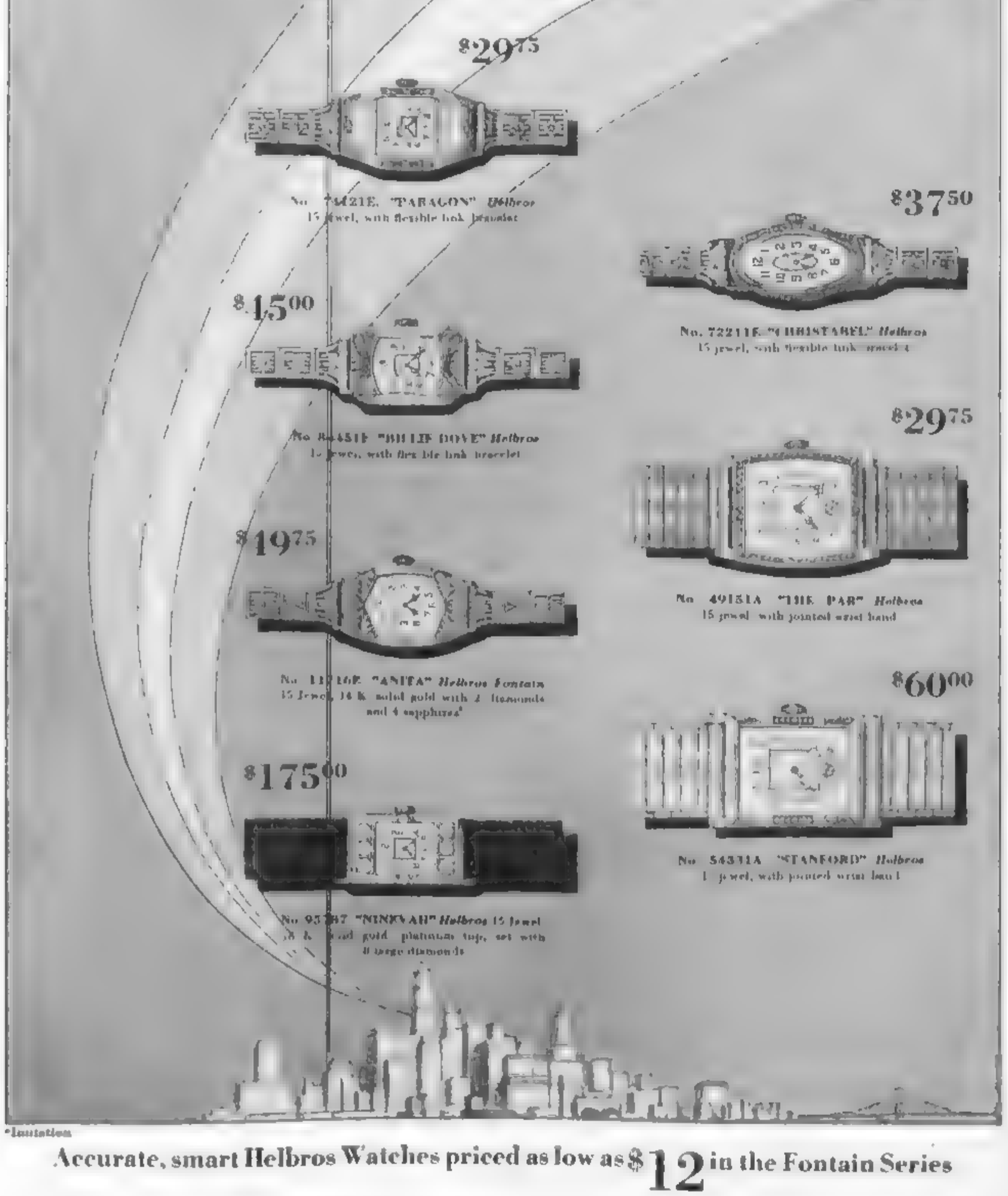
KEY your gift of good will and gladness to the modern tempo of accuracy, precision and speed—*the flying age.* Give the gift that is abreast of the times—Give the Helbros Watch . . . The Helbros is the choice of famous aviators including many of the leading pilots of the "World's Oldest Flying Organization"—the Curtiss-Wright Flying Service. The Helbros is also worn by Capt. McNeil, Commander of the S. S. Mauretania; by Major H. O. D. Segrave, world's record-breaking automobile driver, and other well-known celebrities. For each of these famous people Helbros created individual watches. Ask to see these special models at your jeweler's. HELBROS WATCH COMPANY 48 West 48th Street, New York City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The Sport of Kings in the Land of Perfect Outdoor Sports

After the winter vacationist has enjoyed a round of golf over splendid greens and fairways; after he has felt the thrill of landing a few of the big fish which are biting right now; after he has bagged the limit of quail or ducks; after he has had a dip on the warmer days in the Gulf, or in a splendid outdoor swimming pool—he can take a train to New Orleans, for an afternoon's pleasure at one of the oldest and finest race tracks in the country. There is so much to see and do on the Gulf Coast that he will enjoy every minute of his stay here. The climate is ideal—neither too hot nor too cold. The sun shines every day and there is just enough rain to keep the flowers in bloom and vegetation green.

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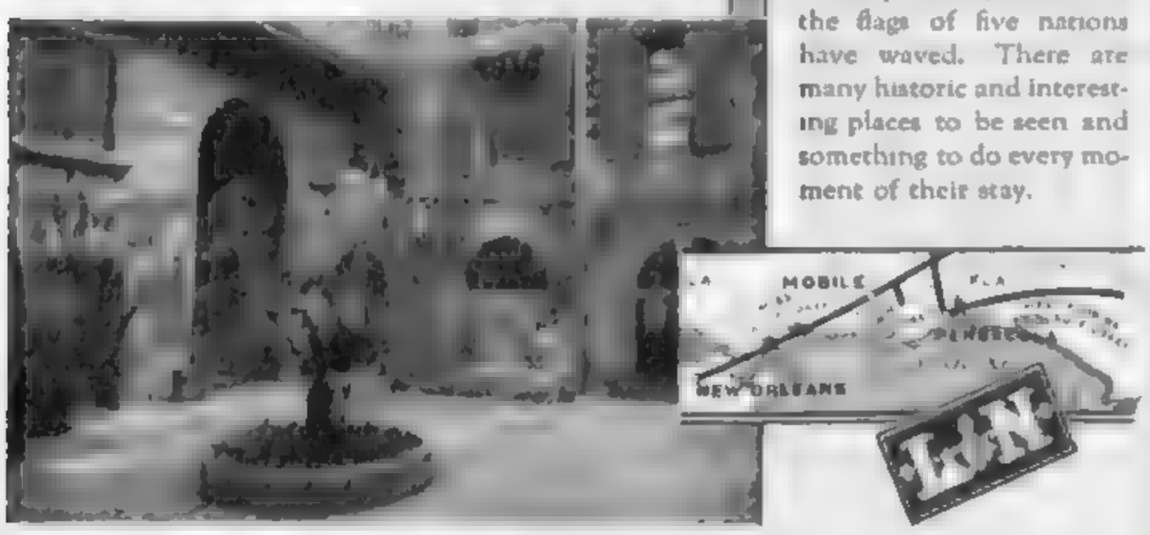

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Who is using IT?

Keeping pace with progress, traction systems of these cities have purchased Timken Worm Drive Trucks—

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In most other major traction properties, Timken Worm Drive holds a foremost place in the development program. The reason is simple—Timken Worm Drive is a practical expression of "The Public be Pleased!"

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Do you shave 25,800 hairs every morning?

IF your face is average, it has forty square inches of beard, an area one-third the size of this Saturday Evening Post page. Each square inch, in dense beards, has 645 whiskers.

How to save the skin, while shaving the daily crop of 25,800 bristly hairs, was the problem presented to Listerine chemists.

They solved it brilliantly by developing a new-type shaving cream. Included with tested softeners of stubble are antiseptic essences of Listerine and also glycerine. The effect is astonishing, unmistakably different.

The glycerine forms a salve-like film which protects the face. On that film the razor edge slides so cleanly that you marvel at the utter absence of pull or scrape. In the wake of the steel blade, you feel no heat as heretofore, because there is no razor friction.

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

(Continued from Page 266)

"What's matter?" I mumbled, sitting up sleepily.

"Somebody stole my sho-o-es!"

Sure enough, some prowler of the night, finding them loose, had snitched them. I was profoundly glad that I had kept mine laced to my feet. With Al walking in his stockings, we started out to find some more footgear for him somehow. A kindly old East Side shopkeeper gave Al a pair, very much secondhand and rather too large, but the best we could do.

I had now decided that the Newsboys' Home was the best place for Al. I steered him to its portals, but didn't enter myself because of my delinquent bill. He being a newcomer and so young, I knew they would take him in. During the day I was lucky enough to pick up a few dimes in one way and another, and by making a small payment on account I was able to sleep with my brother at the home that night.

I told him frankly the next morning that he must go home. It was almost more than I could do to take care of myself; and besides, I was deeply enough in disgrace at home already—of course I was believed to have lured Al to New York—and didn't want any more opprobrium heaped upon me. Al was quite willing to go back. His strenuous experiences with poverty in a great city had for the moment cooled his ardor for adventure.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Jolson. The second will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Victor micro-synchronous Radio, with Electrola, (playing Victor Records electrically) or the radio alone in its lovely Console, will provide more happiness, and *more lasting* happiness than any other gift at any price. Victor-Radio with Electrola is unique: it is perhaps *the only thing in the world that can please everyone, all the time!*

Tastes differ...widely and variously. And that is precisely why Victor-Radio with Electrola stands alone and apart. The entertainment it provides is as varied as human desires; indeed, it commands every kind of entertainment the world knows. You cannot ask for more than it will give you—and you need not be satisfied with less.

A few short months ago, the musical performance of this history-making instrument was news that thrilled the country. Today, this performance is accepted as the standard by which other instruments are judged...and of which they must inevitably fall short. For no other radio is micro-synchronous; no other radio is backed by acoustical experience comparable with Victor's; and no other radio bears the name "Victor" and the famous Victor trademark.

When you go to your Victor Dealer's to hear the three models of Victor-Radio, you will find them beautiful, compact and soundly built, as become Victor instruments. You will discover that they are as delightful to see as to hear. You will recognize them as the gift that keeps on giving...a royal gift...*at a very low price!* Victor Talking Machine Division, Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N.J., U.S.A.

MAKE THIS CHRISTMAS MEMORABLE WITH VICTOR RADIO!

Victor Super-automatic Station Selector. Just slide the knob to right or left...you have the station you want.

Victor-Radio

with Electrola